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CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

OCTOBER, 1897.



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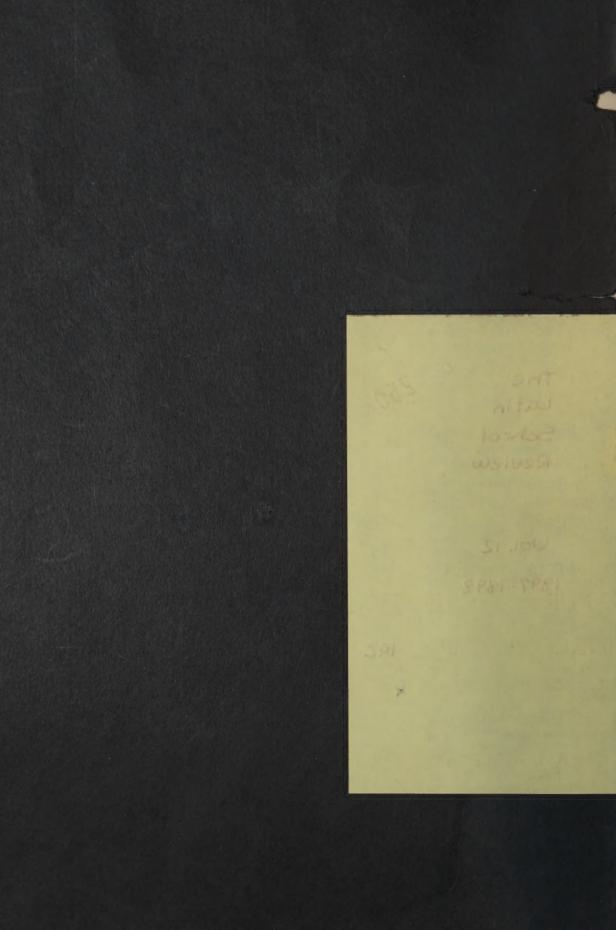
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THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL VOL. XII. REVIEW. NO. I.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, OCTOBER, 1897.

THE MONTH.

This year we come back to the old building for the last time. How glad and yet how sorry we are to leave it. We shall miss its narrow hallways and dingy rooms. I suppose, we shall have a fine piano in the new building, which will fill our hall with its sweet tones and compare pleasantly with the old one. What a great convenience the new building will be, with its gymnasium, large hall and easy stairs! What a marked contrast to the old one! Consider your blessings, Ninetynine, for you'll be the first to graduate from it.



It is to be hoped that very few of those present at the mass meeting the other night realize what a noise they made. It is a positive disgrace to have such rowdyism and disrespect as was shown by members of both schools. Is it not well to reflect what trouble is taken by the graduates who came down the other night in our behalf? What kind of a reception did they get? A reception that is

unworthy of fellows our age, cat-calls, stamping, whistling and yelling which drowned the voices of the speakers and spoiled the meeting. Let us hope that it will not occur again.



The rapid transit problem in Boston has been solved and two sections of the subway have been opened. This greatly relieves the strain to which Tremont and Boylston streets have been subjected during the last ten years. The sections opened to traffic are those from Arlington street and Shawmut avenue to the terminal at Park street. For the time being, several of the lines will pass over Tremont street, but the law requires that all the tracks shall be taken from the streets along the Common upon the completion of the entire subway.

The new elevated road is to use the subway, in connection with its own structure and the subway furnishes it an economical way of getting through the congested districts easily. In addition to these two completed sections and the other sections which will be finished and used within a few months, there will be a costly section which will pass under the harbor to East Boston.

The subway proves a very agreeable means of transit. The ventilation is good, and the white walls reflect the glow of the many electric lamps. The only criticism to be made is the lack of ornament. The architectural possibilities have not been sufficiently improved. All the stations and entrances furnish motives for architectural form. The art-loving public finds the subway very barren in this respect.



Probably all have been interested this summer in reading in the newspapers and magazines about the Alaskan Gold Fields. cording to current talk, it is an easy matter to reach there, if one has money enough to get to Victoria. But there is quite another side to the matter. It is a long journey from Victoria and many hardships must be suffered, in fact, for only three months during the year are the trails open. The cold is intense and the thermometer often reaches 60° or 70° below zero. Fifty degrees is an almost daily occurrence. At present there are large numbers of men going there and the old miners predict that many will starve or be compelled to turn back. Besides all this, there are many hardships to be encountered there, and the work of washing gold has to be performed freezing water. while earth has to be thawed before any work can be performed. Taking all in all, the amount which one receives for the gold-dust does not repay one for the privations which one has to undergo in reaching the Klondike, and for the labor in obtaining the gold.

RECESSIONAL.

For the benefit of those who are interested in Rudyard Kipling, we quote the following in reference to his poem on the Queen's Jubilee. James Lane Allen in the last number of the Atlanticsays: "It is strong but it is equally delicate. It is massive as a whole; it is in every line just as graceful. It is large enough to compass the scope of British Empire; it creates this immensity by the use of a few small details. It may be instantly understood and felt by all men in its obviousness; yet it is so rare that he alone of all the millions of Englishmen could even think of writing it. The new vast prayer of it rises to the infinite; but it rises from the ancient sacrifice of a contrite heart."

God of our fathers, known of old,— Lord of our far-flung battle-line,— Beneath whose awful hand we hold Dominion over palm and pine,— Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart:—
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,—
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

Far called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire.
Lo! all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget,—lest we forget.

If drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use

Or lesser breeds without the law,— Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In recking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!
Amen.

-Rudyard Kipling in the London Times.



WALTER B. BOYCE.

In the spring meet of the New England I. S. A. A., and in that of the National I. S. A. A., Walter B. Boyce, who clearly demonstrated that he is one of the finest all-round athletes ever produced by a New England school, took part.

Boyce played full-back on the '94 team at Brookline High, which won every game played and which was only scored against once.

In the spring of '95 at the annual meet, he lowered the time of the 220 yards dash from 25 2-5, to 25 flat, and bettered Driscoll's record in the high jump of 5 feet 2 inches by $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

He was chosen captain of the foot-ball

eleven of '95 and played in his usual place at full-back. In the spring of '96, with a handicap of nine yards in the 150 dash at the Harvard Λ . Λ . Meet, he won his event and was the only non-Harvard man in the finals. In June he won the broad-jump at the B. Λ . Λ . Meet with a handicap of 100 feet 6 inches, and in the Interscholastic Meet, he won the hammer-throw, breaking the record by two feet, with an actual throw of 123 feet.

In the all-round championship held this spring at Irvington Oval, he was a good third to such men as Clark and Hollander.

In the '97 spring meet of the Interscholastic Λ . Λ ., he was the star man. Nothing but his fine physique could have stood the

amount of work that he accomplished by winning first in the hammer and broad jump and taking a second in the high hurdles. In the low hurdles he was a head beyond the next man at the last wooden horse, but a cropper spoiled his chances five yards from the finish.

He lost a possibility in the shot by only half an inch, another piece of ill luck. While under the strain of a bad tumble, he immediately took his turn in the broad jump, clearing 21 feet 6 inches on his initial trial. His hammer-throw was 130 feet 8\frac{3}{4} inches, five feet better than the previous record.

In the National Meet, Boyce did excellent

work, winning first in the low and second in the high hurdles. In the hammer, Boyce took third to Brown, who established a new record of 149 feet 4½ inches. He also took third in the broad jump, clearly proving himself the best all-round athlete on the field that day.

Boyce is an ideal athlete, being a well built man and having the pluck and sand necessary to pull himself out of the hard holes. He is a very enthusiastic sportsman and is the life of the foot-ball and track teams at Brookline. He is not at school at present but contemplates returning early in the spring to complete his course.

CATALOGUE

OF THE

CAMBRIDGE LATIN SCHOOL # 1897-98.

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WILLIAM F. BRADBURY......369 Harvard St.

Master.

THEODORE P. ADAMS......Boston.

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Teacher of English.

Constance G. Alexander...... Buckingham Pl.

Assistant in Physics.

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Anderson, Ethel M	23 Hudson St.
Appleton, Ethel D	361 Harvard St.
Brooks, Gertrude D	57 Lake View Ave.
Bryant, Edith H	
Chase, Ethel L	
Conant, Ella B	18 Tufts St.
Crowley, Elizabeth M	
Davenport, Grace C.	
31 Coolidge	Hill St., E. Watertown.
Dimick, Esther13 R	ussell Ave., Watertown.
Downes, Mary E	
Fawcett, Nellie E	
Gauss, Helen W	58 Lake View Ave.
Goodridge, Lillie R	
Hale, Mabel G	
Heald, C. Gertrude	68 Oxford St.
Kastman, Valborg	351 Harvard St.
Lansing, Marion F1	034 Massachusetts Ave.
Lowe, Emma S	
Moller, Bertha J	330 Western Ave.
Nichols, Florence A	314 Harvard St.
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Pevear, Hannah L11	Irving St., Watertown.
Richardson, Persis E	
Ruggli, Ida G	25 Church St.
Russell, A. Eloise	
Tjernblom, Blenda K	

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White, Elsa H18 Concord Ave.	McGrew, Ruth E71 Walker St.
	Needham, Kathryn P41 Bowdoin St.
A 7 Cl 1 TV Cod D I	Pike, Sara L1529 Cambridge St.
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Adams, Kilburn E24 Walden St.	Sargent, Jessie O. D
Anderson, Alfred W	Scorgie, Anna M228 Brattle St.
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Bayer	Marean, Parker E46 Brewster St.
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Bates, Helen B	Miller, Lawrence C. 81 Hastings St. Munroe, Warren E. 42 Walker St. Parker, Frank P. 7 Haskell St. Pennell, William A. 29 Blake St. Pierpont, Harry W. 16 Lee St. Sheridan, William H. 13 Sparks Pl. Sherman, Herbert L. 35 Langdon St. Stevens, Horace P. 79 Raymond St. Stratton, Charles E. 24 Linnaean St. Sullivan, Patrick J. 33 Baldwin St. Thompson, William E. 37 Irving St. Trow, Frank E. 70 Putnam Ave. Wilson, Howard B. 16 Lee St. Woodbury, Ralph B. 14 Arlington St. CLASS III. '00. Barker, Annie L. 283 Huron Ave. Brewster, Elvira M. 40 Kirkland St. Briggs, Ethel J. 951 Massachusetts Ave. Carpenter, Florence A. 7 Linnaean St. Chamberlin, Charlotte A. 30 Linnaean St. Coleman, Mary L. 565 Putnam Ave. Craig, M. Blanche. 1 Lexington Ave. Crocker, Grace G. 32 Lee St.
Bates, Helen B	Miller, Lawrence C. 81 Hastings St. Munroe, Warren E. 42 Walker St. Parker, Frank P. 7 Haskell St. Pennell, William A. 29 Blake St. Pierpont, Harry W. 16 Lee St. Sheridan, William H. 13 Sparks Pl. Sherman, Herbert L. 35 Langdon St. Stevens, Horace P. 79 Raymond St. Stratton, Charles E. 24 Linnaean St. Sullivan, Patrick J. 33 Baldwin St. Thompson, William E. 37 Irving St. Trow, Frank E. 70 Putnam Ave. Wilson, Howard B. 16 Lee St. Woodbury, Ralph B. 14 Arlington St. CLASS III. '00. Barker, Annie L. 283 Huron Ave. Brewster, Elvira M. 40 Kirkland St. Briggs, Ethel J. 951 Massachusetts Ave. Carpenter, Florence A. 7 Linnaean St. Chamberlin, Charlotte A. 30 Linnaean St. Coleman, Mary L. 565 Putnam Ave. Craig, M. Blanche. 1 Lexington Ave.

Fitzmaurice, Joanna A149 Putnam Ave.	Parker, Henry S Buckingham Pl.
Ford, Margaret E341 Columbia St.	Regan, William J176 Spring St.
Fox, Gertrude W	Sullivan, Cornelius D
Herrick, Elizabeth H19 Oxford St.	Taunton, William H
Hildreth, Ellen E 6 Linnaean St.	Taylor, Edward H274 Windsor St.
Hill, Mary F42 Sacramento St.	Walker, Clifford H
Holt, Catherine F Langdon Sq.	Welch, Bernard B
Hopkins, Geraldine S276 Pearl St.	Weldon, C. Harold Pemberton St.
Huling, Elizabeth L101 Trowbridge St.	Whittemore, W. Stewart36 Irving St.
Johnson, Harriet E	
Lally, Lucy E26 Surrey St.	Personal Laurence Da
Lerner, Mary G	
Lovering, Elinor	CLASS IV. '01.
MacKaye, M. Hazel44 Martin St.	
MacLeod, Ethel M154 Green St.	Anderson, Flora E129 Putnam Ave.
McWain, Elsie D	Barbour, Lillian M Bigelow St.
Mills, Ethelwyn	Boynton, Hattie L
Norris, Grace M760 Massachusetts Ave.	Breen, Gertrude E26 Crescent St.
Pope, Mary E125 Oxford St.	Conant, Amy R 18 Tufts St.
Ruggli, Eva M	Costello, Agnes M
Stratton, Bertha L26 Linnaean St.	Cotter, Margaret C 11 Magnolia Ave.
Wilson, Jennie B 16 Lee St.	Crowell, Edna L45 River St.
Wyman, Mary S	Daggett, Helen D 49 Lee St.
	Edgerly, Caroline M 5 Fayette St.
	Fiske, Helen F
Barham, Frederick B	Garton, Florence H364 Harvard St.
Bartlett, Raymond S1673 Cambridge St.	Glidden, Georgia E17 Putnam Ave.
Bateman, George W	Goodwillie, Winifred B Beech St.
Bennett, Holland49 Linnaean St.	Hammond, Clara M859 Massachusetts Ave.
Blanchard, Arthur F	Johnson, Nancy P 30 Harris St.
Carr, Proctor	Jones, Florence G26 Tufts St.
Chase, Carl F	Lincoln, Gertrude32 Broadway.
Conlin, James F	McFarlane, Sarah E381 Broadway.
Counihan, Edw. A., Jr	Moller, Selma C330 Western Ave.
Cox, George H., Jr325 Harvard St.	O'Brien, Edith360 Green St.
Crowley, William D109 Fourth St.	Reynolds, Persis M126 Green St.
Davenport, John C	Rideout, Ethel L177 Auburn St.
31 Coolidge Hill St., E. Watertown.	Robinson, Ethel A
Davidson, Herbert C	Salmon, Alice
Coolidge Hill St., E. Watertown.	Scorgie, Helen C228 Brattle St.
Dolloff, Charles H	Scott, Ida R 2 Cleveland St.
Ellis, Alfred F	Sears, Mildred G
Estabrook, Angus D101 Washington St.	Severance, Louise T Hancock Park.
Good, Thomas F	Shackley, Jennie L42 Walden St.
Hathaway, Alton H341 Huron Ave.	Smith, Agnes II 8 Mellen St.
Haworth, Christopher27 Rice St.	Sparrow, Marion II
Leitch, Charles A	Stark, Margaret A38 Linnaean St.
Lothrop, Oliver A1741 Massachusetts Ave.	Sullivan, Mary V
Mason, Henry T84 Franklin St.	Williams, Bertha D18 Springfield St.
Mayhew, Clyde R98 Raymond St.	Winter, Mabel1037 Massachusetts Ave.
McGirr, John F1522 Cambridge St.	Wood, Madeleine40 Arlington St.
Mackintosh, Roger	Ammidan Dhilin D. 101 El., Ct. W. C.
19 Claremont Ave., Arlington Heights.	Ammidon, Philip R161 Elm St., W. Som.
Munroe, Arthur J	Balmer, John H
Murphy, Thomas F37 Hubbard Ave.	Bennett, Harold W
Page, Ralph W	Blake, Allen H
	Carstein, Gustav E45 Cogswell Ave.

Chapin, Harold C
Clark, John H
Coolidge, Philip T17 Garfield St.
Croswell, Ralph H65 Frost St.
Cummings, Robert E43 Fourth St.
Dana, Allston 113 Brattle St.
Farrington, H. Coleman. 1902 Massachusetts Ave.
Foster, Harry L
Gadsby, John F22 Bristol St.
Gauthier, Ernest S45 School St.
Good, Frederick L255 Putnam Ave.
Hall, Frederick G86 Hammond St.
Hanson, Harvey R18 Antrim St.
Hogan, Clemence J30 Russell St.
Holien, James F53 Webster Ave.
Hubbard, William O7 Upton St.
James, Reginald S88 Lake View Avc.
Jones, Harold M96 Prescott St.
Lantigua, Edward F100 Putnam Ave.
Locke, Arthur W
Loughrey, William H359 Cambridge St.
Masstrangialo, S. Raphael61 Austin St.
Mills, Henry W
Mulherin, Vincent J111 Spring St.
Page, Arthur W Buckingham St.
Parker, Stanley B Buckingham Pl.
Potter, H. Bertram87 Lake View Ave.
Rice, Horace J
Rideout, Howard E39 Austin St.
Sullivan, John S101 Plympton St.
Upham, Harold C10 Linnaean St.
Wesselhoeft, Robert391 Harvard St.
Williams, W. Woodward14 Sumner St.

CLASS V. '02.

Arnold, Margaret1683 Cambridge St
Barnes, Etta M14 Leonard Ave
Barr, Lillian E27 Whitney Ave
Bateman, May E27 Cushing St
Beunke, Addie E
Bicknell, Bertha O254 Green St
Breen, Corinna E38 Putnam Ave
Brennan, Marjorie D46 Mount Auburn St
Brooks, Rachel O429 Massachusetts Ave
Butcher, Letitia E197 Lake View Ave
Carman, Edith M94 Magazine St
Carroll, Anna F1576 Cambridge St
Coffey, Catherine T25 Bow St
Conant, Gertrude M18 Tufts St
Dallinger, Ruth384 Broadway
Davenport, Anna C
31 Coolidge Hill St., E. Watertown
Dillingham, Laura G
Dyar Sara W

Emery, H. Maude938 Massachusetts Ave.
Erickson, Agnes M
Fitzpatrick, Annie F1810 Massachusetts Ave.
Flewelling, Mary N 8 Lawrence St.
Frawley, Claire F141 Pearl St.
French, Florence H34 Essex St.
Hall, Evangeline R82 Hammond St.
Heywood, P. Ceres1576 Cambridge St.
Hickey, Ida M1734 Cambridge St.
Holt, Alice L 5 Hammond St., Somerville.
Hutchins, May S
Johnson, Hortense H214 Harvard St.
Lamprey, Marjorie M14 Lee St.
Lewis, Lillian G
Mackenzie, Agnes239 Brookline St.
Manning, Rose E
Marston, Annie M
McClellan, Lucy M63 Norfolk St.
McGrath, Katharine M 9 Camden Pl.
Medeiros, Belandina E84 Willow St.
Montague, Gertrude A257 Prospect St.
Myles, Gertrude E55 Hammond St.
Noera, M. Elizabeth G12 Forest St.
O'Hara, Mary A1210 Massachusetts Ave.
Parmenter, Harriet H80 Huron Ave.
Pike, Marion H14 Bigelow St.
Ricker, Jennie G179 Columbia St.
Rogers, Winifred H55 Dana St.
Russell, Fannie S176 Hancock St.
Sanders, Amalie C. D20 Mellen St.
Shaw, Marcia D. H
Stockton, May B57 Inman St.
Stuart, Eva E199 Hamilton St.
Sturtevant, Annie M
Towers, Frederika A. W1168 Massachusetts Ave.
Waugh, Alice L170 Magazine St.
Whittemore, Lillian I Sacramento St.
Wilson, Grace W94 Prescott St.
Wood, Annie W
Woodman, Alice L
Woodman, Tinec E Garage St.
777
Anglin, William F24 Flagg St.
Bailey, Ellwood W125 Washington St.
Baker, Edward H., Jr112 Lake View Ave.
Ballway, Edward J102 Putnam Ave.
Bicknell, A. Ingham330 Harvard St.
Boggs, Francis G336 Broadway.
Brainard, George H 4 Arrow St.
Breen, Paul R38 Putnam Ave.
Briggs, John DeQ140 Brattle St.
Browne, Edward K11 Glenwood Ave.
Burns, Timothy F
Cahill, James E56 Howard St.

Dillenschneider, Pierre A	51 Jackson	St.
Dooley, Edward P	121 Gore	St.
Driscoll, Nicholas	.17 Boardman	St.
Durrell, Harold C	17 Dana	St.
Dyar, Charles B	21 Summer	St.
Farnham, Harold S		
Fitzgerald, Lyman F		
Foster, George G		
Frost, Paul R		
Garfield, Walter T		
Gauss, W. Theodore W	0	
Gibson, Charles W		
Grainger, Joseph F		
Granstein, Archibald R		
Hall, Irving K		
Hanlon, Thomas F		
Hastings, Leslie		
Hawes, C. Arthur	12 Kidder	St.
Hill, George A	15 Antrim	St.
Hubert, George W., Jr		
Hyde, Dana C		
Jones, Frank E		
Kelly, Richard L	68 Otis	St.
Larkin, Benjamin D		
Locke, Horace E	14 Dover	St.
MacDonald, Daniel J	1001/2 Gore	St.
Macdonald, John L		
Marean, M. Browning		

McCarthy, Edward34	Mount Auburn	St.
Millican, Frederick J	40 Sidney	St.
Monier, Albert	4 Wilson A	ve.
Morgan, James C		
Murray, John F		St.
Myles, Frederick K. F	55 Hammond	St.
Osborn, Charles A., Jr	206 Elm	St.
Paradis, Joseph N		
Phillips, Walter E	12 Inman	St.
Pierce, Robert T. B., Jr	56 Plympton	St.
Ried, Frederick W	11 Avon	St.
Rogers, J. Lawrence	5 Craigie	St.
Russell, Harry W	10 Bigelow	St.
Sheehan, John J	129 Webster A	ve.
Shurtleff, John F	186 Elm	St.
Skene, Harold V	176 Prospect	St.
Smith, Robert L	41 Dana	St.
Snell, Herbert I	1 Norfolk	Pl.
Spain, Paul F	90 Howard	St.
Sumner, Louis W		
Sweenie, Albert E	24 Middlesex	St.
Thayer, Carl J		
Welsch, Myron F	16 Rockwell	St.
Weymouth, Frederick A	15 Beech	St.
White, Amos J		
Whiting, Lewis D	75 Otis	St.
Wilson, Theodore H	16 Lee	St.
Wolff, Lester T		

MASS MEETING.

A Mass Meeting was held in the Latin School hall, Tuesday evening, October first. Mr. Benshimol called the meeting to order, shortly after eight o'clock. He stated that the meeting had been called to elect the undergraduate members of the supervisory committee to take the place of George Dow, resigned and Harris Murdock who has graduated.

The schools divided into two sides. The Latin School elected their man in Winslow, '98, who received twice as many votes as his opponent, Barnes, '98. The High School then chose W. Clarkson for their representative in a close vote. Usher and Warnock

both received warm support. Mr. Clarkson's election was made unanimous.

Mr. Benshimol then brought before the meeting vesolutions concerning the appointment of a graduate treasurer, which read as follows:

Voted: That a graduate treasurer be appointed by the supervisory committee of athletics who should exercise supervision over all the athletic teams, have entire control of the finances and be responsible to this said committee, and to this said committee only.

Mr. Fletcher then proposed an amendment that the choosing of the treasurer should be made by the two schools. Mr. Clark, '98, spoke against it, saying that the undergraduates were not competent judges of the graduates and that the matter should rest in wiser hands.

The amendment was then voted on, but was defeated. The motion was carried.

After this, Mr. Benshimol called upon Mr. Stearns, who presented the base-ball cup which we have won and of which a description appeared in these columns last year. Mr. Stearns was warmly received and spoke of the lack of enthusiasm and interest in our school teams. He said that the men who had won the cup were not such giants as the undergraduates supposed, but that they won on account of pluck and pure grit. He knew that the graduates would help the teams if the teams would help themselves and more interest was shown in them.

Mr. Sanborn, our worthy coach, was called on. He spoke with contempt of the lack of enthusiasm in foot-ball, of the scarcity of men. When he was in school, there would be some forty or fifty men out trying for the team, but now there were seventeen the first day and that number had dwindled down to seven. In old times there was a difficulty in picking men, but now on account of scarcity of numbers, when each man came out his position waiting for him, yearning him; that it was with difficulty that enough men could be present obtained to make up an eleven. He said that the Somerville game was so near that the result could be nothing but utter defeat; that the result of the game meant that we should be dropped from the league never to return as two schools, that there would be small chance of our ever getting back at all:

There was but one remedy for this. More men should come out and try for the team, spirit should be inspired in every one who wanted to play. No matter how small a man was, he might have the making of a good player in him if he chose to put forth his best efforts. He alluded to the strength of the Somerville eleven and said it was as strong if not stronger than any team in the senior league and when we defeated them we should be fit to win from any of the league teams.

Mr. Murdock was then called on for remarks and said that he wanted to congratulate the school on receipt of the cup and the graduates on winning it. He then spoke of the debt which rested on the two schools and which Mr. Mark, last year's treasurer, tried to liquidate but was obliged to give up his position without doing so. He thought that each student should feel the responsibility of it and that it rested on each one's shoulders as much as on the school. The debt now amounts to forty dollars, a bill running since '95, at Thurston's and a bill at the Overman Wheel Company, which the '96 team incurred.

Both Ernest and Carl Adams spoke and put much weight on the lack of men and spirit shown in the school. Ernest Adams said that the under-graduates went so far as to complain of the way that affairs were run even when they did not support the team in the least.

Captain Warnock also spoke of the decline of athletics, and said that he was about discouraged, that we might have a good team if the fellows would come out and try. Mr. Benshimol then spoke at length on the change in athletics and ably seconded the arguments of the previous speakers. The meeting then adjourned.

TWO WAGERS AND THE FORFEITS.

CHAPTER I.

Everybody who plays tennis, from the beginner to the crack, loves to see a championship match, and even those who have never handled a racquet nor bounded a ball are fascinated by the game. Society patronizes the sport, and for that reason, if for no other, one will always find ladies at a big tournament. Some ladies become very enthusiastic over tennis; a few so much so that they wager goodly sums on their favorites, just as do their husbands on their turf favorites. the persons who most enjoy good tennis are those who know the fine points of the game. Women may be fascinated by white figures, the gleaming balls and the green court surrounded by a gay throng, but he who knows the difficulty with which a seemingly easy return is made, who sees the expert make successfully a stroke which he himself has tried in vain again and again,he is the one who really appreciates good tennis.

Every year, during the month preceding the great national tournament, the different club and state championships are decided, and for the sake of getting into fine form, the experts of the country are accustomed to take part in the more important of these tournaments. Full reports appear in the newspapers, large crowds witness the final matches, and altogether they take an important part in our tennis world, for on the result of these tournaments are based predictions for the great all comers' tournament at Newport.

One Saturday afternoon early in August, people in general were disgusted with the outlook for a pleasant half-holiday. Dark thun-

der clouds were coming up from the west and the prospects were good for a heavy shower. Occasional drops were falling as Edgar Colcord hurried through the parkway near the —— Club grounds. He looked furtively at the dark clouds, but his interest in the defense of the state tennis championship was greater than his fear of getting a wetting. He had been walking quite fast, and as he pressed forward he used his straw hat, which was decorated with the college crew band, to fan himself. Tall and well built, he commanded considerable attention as he hurried across the street between the park and the club grounds. He did not immediately enter the gate, but stood aside as though waiting for some one. He watched the gate closely. Now and then an acquaintance spoke to him and again a lady would bow, but they were only society bows with none of that warmth which betokens friendship. In return he would lift his hat, but rarely spoke. He was just in the act of looking at his watch when a young fellow grasped him by the arm and said, "Oh, I'm on time, old fellow; lets go

They started into the grounds together, an oddly matched pair. Colcord was tall, dark-complexioned and reserved. Roy Moore was short, light complexioned and very talkative. He had a finely cut face and a perfect form. On his classday just passed, the ladies had called him the "handsome senior." His chum and boon companion was a westerner; "Colorado Ed," he had been nicknamed by the men of his club. He was a junior, and popular only on account of his

ability in tennis and rowing. The two men had been rooming together for three years and there was not a more loyal pair of friends in Harvard, yet about the only things they had in common was the fact that their mothers had been great friends. The friendship seemed to have descended to the sons.

There was a great deal of interest in the tennis match which these two fellows had come to see, and in spite of the threatening weather a good crowd had come to see the chief event of the tennis season in the vicinity. The facts that the men to play were the two best players in the country, and that each had won the cup twice, were enough to make the match worth seeing. Colcord and Moore had just taken their seats in the grand stand when the players came out from the gymnasium, and, at the same instant, the sun came out from behind the clouds so that the weather conditions were really perfect. Play commenced, and everybody became interested.

Here and there all through the grand stand there were vacant seats, but now that the weather had cleared, people came from the club house and began to fill them, so that by the time the first set was ended nearly every seat was occupied. There were two seats just in front of Moore and Colcord which were not taken by the middle of the second set. Moore, who was not particularly interested in the match so far, began to speculate upon the sort of people that would occupy them. Finally, as the end of the second set approached, and since he had not been able to persuade his chum to bet on the loser, he decided to offer to bet the seats would not be taken; so he said, "Say, old fellow, you and I haven't had a wager for a week or more. You refuse to bet against my favorite, so I'll go you dinners tonight that those seats in front of us won't be taken. Is it a go?"

Colcord was deeply interested in the play, so he did not immediately reply, but as soon as the game in progress had been played out he laconically replied, "At the 'Tureen.'"

"Good enough," said Moore. I'm going to speak to some friends over to the right—I'll be back directly."

Colcord made no reply, merely nodding assent. The second set had been won by the winner of the first, so that, although both had been deuce sets, the result of the match was apparently very evident. He felt secretly glad that the one winning was so doing, for he had been beaten by him the year before in the intercollegiate series, and of course there is no disgrace in having been beaten by a champion. After the set had ended he left his seat and went over to another court where a very good match in doubles was being played. He watched this and smoked a cigarette while the participants in the principal match of the day were resting, but as soon as play commenced again, he returned to his seat.

The clouds of the early afternoon had kept many ladies from going early to the tennis court, but when the sun came out, many of them who had seats went late. Thus it was that Berla Whidden and her cousin did not leave her home in time for the match, but when it had come out so pleasantly they made haste to dress, had the phaeton brought round to the door and managed to reach the club grounds by the end of the second set. They immediately took their seats, and soon afterwards Colcord resumed his seat behind them.

At first Colcord paid no attention to the young ladies in front of him, except to note that they were there and that Moore would have to pay for the dinners. But during a lapse in the play he happened to look closely at the hat directly in front of him, and after that he payed but little attention to the ten-

nis. The hat was a purple one and had caused him no end of anxiety on the previous classday.

Edgar Colcord was by no means a woman hater, but he had never put himself out to please a lady. He would talk to ladies when circumstances compelled, but he preferred to keep at a distance. No girl had ever obtained any attention from him and until the classday just past none had excited his interest. But on that day at his chum's spread he had met this girl with the purple hat, and although he had no conversation with her except to be introduced, she had interested him, and in spite of himself, he could not bring himself to forget her, even though two months had passed, and he had not seen her since. It had angered him to think any girl could interest him, and it had angered him still more when, having mentioned the fact in a letter to his sister, she had replied, "It is probably a case of love at first sight, my dear Edgar." He almost felt that he hated the girl, and now here he was sitting right behind her. He could not see her face, but he didn't need to, for it was stamped on his mind. While he was trying to find the state of his feelings, his friend returned to his seat, and seeing people in front of him whom he knew, he leaned forward and spoke to them.

"Excuse me, Miss Whidden and Miss Thurston, but I thought I'd speak to you. I believe I haven't seen either of you since commencement week. You've been unkind enough to forget to speak to my chum here, when I was very particular to introduce him to you last June"—and Roy Moore talked on at a great rate, compelling Colcord to join in now and then, much to the latter's disgust. He could easily see that Roy wished him to enter into conversation with Miss Thurston and to please his friend and to escape talking with the owner of that purple hat, he began to converse with her.

Marguerite Thurston was a college girl just through her sophomore year. She was fairly tall, graceful and had good features, but she had an air of independence about her that belongs only to an athletic college girl, and consequently she had never been very popular with the young men. Colcord easily discovered her stock in conversation and eagerly plunged into a discussion of basket-ball, tennis, club-swinging, golf and rowing. Meanwhile Moore kept up something of a conversation with Miss Whidden, and although they talked a good deal, they managed to keep count of the score.

By that wonderful pluck that had always characterized his play, the man that had lost the first and second sets had won the third and fourth, so that when the last and deciding set commenced, everybody was excited and interest was at a high pitch. Miss Thurston applauded every good play, said "Oh dear!" when her favorite lost a play and "Good!" when the other man was passed. It just happened that her favorite and Colcord's were not the same man, so that they didn't get on very well together, and when after his man had lost the set after a hard fight and a deuce set, she very kindly said, "But he played a very good game," he took it with a smile and replied, "But the other fellow played better."

Moore and Colcord walked with the young ladies to their phaeton, saw them get started and then hurried for a car. When they succeeded in getting standing-room on the running-board, Moore remarked, "By Jupiter, that was a pretty horse of Miss Whidden's, but a rather frisky creature. I suppose she knows how to handle him, though."

"I suppose so," replied Colcord, and then said no more, for the car had started and conversation was not easily carried on. Colcord was thinking hard of the tennis match and wondering how anybody could lose a match after winning the first two sets.

Meanwhile the car was speeding down the avenue. A policeman stood on the front end of the running-board. Coming toward the car down the street was a horse and phaeton with two girls. As the car and horse approached each other the policeman noticed that the horse was rather skittish, and told the motorman to slow up. As the car slackened speed the horse also slowed up; when nearly opposite the car he stopped short and began to back, snapping one of the shafts as he did so. Miss Whidden, who was driving, pluckily held to the reins and struck her pet a sharp blow with the whip. The horse leaped forward, and agonized by the sting of the whip and the prodding of the broken shaft, circled in front of the car and started down the street at lightning speed.

The passengers in the car were terrorstricken. The stout policeman got off in a lumbering fashion, but was too slew to catch the horse. "Colorado Ed," who had taken in the situation at a glance, dropped from the car and started before the horse had got completely turned around. He was no sprinter, but he flew after the horse and managed to get hold of his bridle. Roy Moore had also seen the situation, but it took him a full second to get clear of the running board. He was a sprinter with a record of "ten and a fifth," and he caught up with Colcord just as the latter caught the bridle. Together they succeeded in stopping the horse.

Miss Whidden jumped out without assistance. She ran up to her pet, stroked his quivering nose and called him endearing names. Colcord had the pleasure of helping Miss Thurston out of the carriage and aiding her to the sidewalk. After learning that she was not hurt, he helped the policeman unharness the horse and run the buggy to the side of the road. The policeman took the necessary data concerning the car, handed it to Colcord, and then went off on the electric for down town.

As usual, a crowd gathered in a very few moments. Two boys on bicycles were sent off, one for a carriage, the other for Mr. Whidden's groom.

It was very funny, but neither young lady seemed to think that the young men had done anything very wonderful, and when the carriage and groom had arrived, Miss Whidden thanked the two men for waiting, and rode off. A reporter tried to get something out of Colcord, but he refused to talk, and he and Moore took the next car for La "Tureen."

(To be continued.)



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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are sorry to announce that on account of outside work, George Dow is obliged to give up the editorship of The Review this year. Robert B. Clark will assume Dow's place.

All the dates for the league games to be played by Cambridge High and Latin have been appointed, and the places have been arranged, except with English High School. The schedule is as follows:

November	5Boston Latin
November	9Brookline
November	12Boston English High
November	19 Hopkinson
November	25

The Boston Latin, Brookline, and Hopkinson games will be played at the Charles River Park; C. M. T. S. game at Soldiers Field. Give the team your most hearty support.

The Review can be found on sale at Thurston's, Sever's and Amee's, Harvard Square, also at Beunke's on Massachusetts Avenue.

Every one ought to have the directory of the two schools. This issue has the Latin School Directory; the next issue will have the High School Directory.

All those subscribing for The Review and not receiving their copy, please speak to the business manager as soon as possible.

The next issue of The Review comes out the eleventh of November. All copy must be in by the first of the month.

If there is any one who has subscribed for The Review and has not received his receipt, if he speaks to the business manager he can obtain it. Please speak at once.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

On the eighth of March, 1862, in the Norfolk Navy Yard, all was bustle and confusion. Workmen were hurriedly giving the last touches to the first ironclad of the Confederate navy. Soon the moorings were cast off, and slowly but steadily the ponderous mass of wood and iron ploughed its way through the blue depths of Hampton Roads. Her metal prow cut sharply through the waves, and behind her stretched a broad, ever broadening wake of white.

This huge, floating ram was called by the Confederates the "Virginia." She was one of the few vessels which escaped destruction when the Union abandoned Norfolk. The Confederacy had raised the sunken U. S. frigate Merrimac, cut her down and covered her with railroad iron. This work was hastily and secretly done.

About noon, on March eighth, the watch on the Union battleships anchored in the Roads, discovered a huge monster lazily approaching. The other vessels were warned, and all prepared for action. Admiral Buchanan of the Virginia had intended to make only a trial trip, but he now changed his mind and prepared to attack. As the Cumberland swung around, the better to deliver her broadside, Buchanan steered directly for her, and, with a dull thud, the Virginia's ram crashed into the anchored frigate. Instantly the Virginia backed away and torrents of wat er poured into her unfortunate victim. The Cumberland reeled, and, as her crew bravely delivered a last broadside, she went down to her doom. As she settled on the bottom, her topmasts reached just above the surface, showing where the noble frigate lay. Meantime, the Minnesota in attempting to escape, had run aground.

The Virginia now turned her attention to

the Congress. The latter headed for the shore, and soon ran aground in water too shallow for her pursuer to venture upon. But under a furious bombardment, the Congress was quickly forced to surrender. Night was fast coming on, and the tide was turning, so Buchanan directed his vessel back to the navy yard, where, during the night, her few slight injuries were repaired and all was put in readiness for a renewal of hostilities on the morrow.

About nine o'clock that evening, a small, dark object silently entered the harbor, and anchored near the stranded Minnesota. Next morning the Virginia, eager for battle, steamed confidently down to take the Minnesota. As she approached, out from behind the frigate glided a little craft, which, to the surprised Confederates looked like a "cheesebox on a raft." Undismayed, like David advancing to meet Goliath, the little vessel steamed boldly to meet her monster rival.

The tiny craft was merely a revolving turret of wrought-iron plates, on a long, low platform. Almost nothing but the turret was visible above the water. For days and weeks, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, John Ericsson, a bright, Swedish engineer, had been watching anxiously the progress of this invention, the success of which meant so much to him and to the Union.

When word was brought of the destruction wrought by the Virginia, work on the Monitor was hurried along, and, in an unfinished condition, she put to sea. Brave John Worden commanded the mite. He reached Newport News safely, and prepared to meet the formidable Virginia. The Monitor had a small crew, and carried only two powerful guns. Her staunch turret was expected to resist successfully any and every shock.

When within easy range of the Virginia, the Monitor ran out one of her heavy guns, and began one of the greatest naval battles in the history of the world. The Virginia promptly replied; then for two long hours a tremendous cannonade continued. Both vessels used the heaviest ordnance ever employed in a sea-fight up to that time. The Virginia poured broadside after broadside upon her tiny antagonist, but the missiles bounded harmlessly off, or missed their mark entirely. Meantime, the Monitor, continually circling around her big opponent, fired shot after shot straight at her mark. But the immense projectiles merely glanced up and passed over and buried themselves in the dark water beyond. The Virginia tried to close with the Monitor, but in vain; the small vessel was so agile that she seemed almost to dodge her op-

ponent's shots. Yet all this time within her turret, the crew were almost suffocated and blinded by the thick and heavy clouds of gunpowder smoke, which indeed did overpower some. The noise, too, of the concussion, intensified by being confined in so small a space, nearly deafened her men. One well-aimed shot from the Virginia had temporarily disabled the machinery which controlled the revolution of her turret, and rapid and skilful work was required to remedy the trouble.

At last, by some lucky chance, a shot from the Monitor entered a porthole in her opponent's side, doing terrible execution among the crew. Then, discouraged, but still firing, as if loath to admit herself beaten, the big Virginia reluctantly withdrew, leaving the little Monitor mistress of the sea.

NEW MUSIC.

White, Smith Co.:

Vocal. "Little Cotton Dolly," by the authors of the celebrated plantation lullaby, "Kentucky Babe"; Richard Henry Buck, words, and Adam Geibel, music; sung with great success by Isadore Rush. It is very bright and catchy.

"I'm a Peach," by Theodore A. Metz, author of the extremely popular song, "A Hot Time in the Old Town." This song will surely obtain as great a success as his previous one, if not greater. Every one should buy it.

"'Tis With Love," a duet from Barnet and Sloane's fairy extravaganza, "The Strange Adventures of Jack and the Beanstalk," which was greatly appreciated and received much applause from all Bostonians, which clearly shows its many attractive merits.

Sacred songs. "A Dream of Paradise,"

well adapted for a high voice; music by Hamilton Gray, and words by Claude Lyttleton. "The City Beautiful," for a medium voice; music by Y. L. Gilbert, words by William H. Gardner. Both songs are very pleasing and their authors very well known to music lovers.

Instrumental. "Barbecue," a military schottische by William S. Glynn. "Coûte que Coûte," or "Bound to Win," by Emile Waldenfel, a polka which is very taking.

"Fedora," a Russian mazurka, by the composer of the Flemish Dance, Theodore Bonheur. It is an extremely bright piece with variations. "Rosar March," by P. C. Rosar.

"The Gay Cavaliers" march and two-step by S. Frost. Spirit of Burlesque" march by the well known George Lowell Tracy, composer of the music of the song, "The King's Own." These last three marches have excellent time and are admirably suited for dancing.



The little piano upon which Wagner first learned music is one of the relics preserved in the Richard Wagner Museum at Eisenach, which has only lately been opened to the public.

Uruguay's armed rebellion of several years duration, culminated a short time ago in the assassination of President Borda. Señor Cuestas, president of the senate, succeeds temporarily to the presidency.

The highest price per word ever paid to an author is supposed to be the fifteen hundred dollars paid by Messrs. Scribner to Rudyard Kipling for his story "007" published in the August number of "Scribner's Magazine." The rate was twenty cents a word.

According to a Paris journal, a Frenchman has been trying to compel bees to make medicated honey. He keeps the bees under glass and gives them only the flowers that have the desired properties. Thus he obtains different kinds of honey by which many ills may be readily cured.

Canadian statesmanship could not have devised a plan better calculated to stifle enterprise and retard the development of the Northwest Territory than the scheme of taxation upon the chief industry of the region at the hour of its birth. It is in this territory that the enormous gold deposits have lately been discovered.

The new game preserve for which Mr. William C. Whitney is now purchasing land in this state will probably be more extensive than of the late Austin Corbin, in New Hampshire. Mr. Whitney's design is to preserve the forests and give the wild animals he has there a range similar to that enjoyed in the Rocky Mountains.

It is doubtful if there is a library in the world except the Congressional Library at Washington which boasts of a reading room for the blind. The new building is to contain such a reading room, and it will hold more than a thousand volumes printed in raised letters, and will be fully provided with catalogues for the use of the sightless.

The dollar mark in the price of wheat was reached in August for the first time since 1892. It is certain that crop conditions abroad are such as to insure the American farmer the best returns he has had for six long and trying years. The foundation of prosperity is thus laid with the farmers, who constitute nearly one-half of our population.

It is pleasing to note that the government has decided not to change the color of the twocent stamp from carmine to bank-note green. It was discovered before the printing of the green stamps had begun that a resolution of the recent Postal Congress had provided that the hue of our two-cent stamps and of stamps of corresponding effectuality in other countries should be carmine.

For the first time in thirty years, Rosa Bonheur has this season exhibited some of her pictures in Paris. The reason why she has not exhibited before is that she is able to sell all her pictures before they are finished. All in the present exhibition are dated 1897, and they present an evidence of a wonderful industry on the part of a woman who has already lived three quarters of a century.

Over ten thousand dollars has been turned over to Harvard University by the committee on the Child Memorial Fund. The money will provide an income for the purchase of books and manuscripts relating to the subjects of the courses in English which Professor Child used to teach. This transfer marks the completion of a successful effort to keep alive in Harvard the memory of one of her best men and most faithful and eminent teachers.

SIDE TALKS WITH BOYS.

"Any Questions of General Interest will be Cheerfully Answered."

'02.—A baby pathfinder can be procured at the office of the Latin School on Fayette street which will initiate you into the mysteries of this school, the use of radiators, office hours, etc.

Society Youth.—Be very careful if you think you are extremely popular with the girls, for it may undermine your character. An exchange tells us that there was only one man, not spoiled by being lionized; his name was—Daniel.

Student—Application for the use of the office during study hours must be made in person.

Inquirer.—The following is the epitaph for the class of 1897:

Green as the bay-tree, evergreen,

With its new foliage on,

The young, the healthful have they been— They passed, and they are gone.

C. L. S. '98.—Sarcasm is at times very fitting, as in the case of a young man stating that he owned an ass and his friend's assurance that it was a case of self-possession.

Bicyclist.—If the young men of today only

knew what a fit advertisement for the De-Long hook and eye (see that hump!) they are when riding their wheels, they would assume a more erect position.

Traveler.—One correspondent says that the greatest thing that impressed him at the Yellowstone Park was the fact that they had no signs, "Keep off the geysers."

Literary Student.—I am unable to find the quotation sent me, and think you must have erred in your writing of it, or sent a "perverted" quotation. A Brooklyn gentleman says: "Had Emerson lived a little longer, even he would have said, 'Hitch your bicycle to a star, young man,' instead of the original."

Geography Student.—I enclose the requested story: Teacher—"What is the capital of Turkey?" Small scholar—"'Tain't got no capital, Mam, it's bankrupt."

C. L. S. 1900.—On a rainy day be sure to look out for your M-i-t-s-h.

Ignorance.—Try not to disclose your ignorance by stupid inquiries and do not, as one correspondent did, inquire when the much talked-of Anglo-Saxon race is coming off.



The fad succeeding that of collecting monograms is the one of collecting seals of all kinds, which have been taken from the backs of envelopes. Some of these seals are very unique and are composed of three or more shades. These seals when mounted on a white photograph frame are quite as pretty as were the monogram frames. The seals are usually in dark colors which contrast well with the white background.

One of the most fanciful watches lately made is in the shape of a wild rose. The face of the watch forms the heart of the flower and the petals are of pink enamel while the stamens of the same material are yellow.

The leaves are covered with diamonds and a peculiarly beautiful effect is produced by placing some vivid green substance underneath the precious stones. The stem is of dull gold also thickly set with diamonds.

The latest style in handkerchiefs is the lace edge. A regular hemstitched handkerchief is used and lace about two and a half inches in width is slightly gathered and sewed on to the edge of the handkerchief. It takes about two or three yards for one handkerchief, and when finished the effect is very dainty.

ALL HALLOW'S EVE.

IIALLOWEEN comes on the last day of October. It is the vigil of Hallowmas or All Saints Day, yet it is essentially a pagan festival. In modern times many popular superstitions have attached themselves to this night. Spirits are supposed to be abroad and strange dreams foretell the future.

A Halloween party was given in Cambridge a year or two ago by a clever hostess who knew how to transpose old superstitions into pleasing novelties. As soon as the guests arrived each one was arrayed in a sheet and pillow-case and a mask to cover the face. This dress gave a decidedly ghostly appearance to the gathering.

As each young lady entered the parlor she was given a candle of some special color, which corresponded to the color of a taper which each of the young men received. On a table in this room were placed three plates, the first holding water, the second a ring and the third meal. Then one after another of the company was blindfolded and put his finger into one of the three dishes. The first signified that the person would cross the water, the second that he would be married, and the third that he would remain single.

Many of the well known pastimes were indulged in, such as bobbing for apples, cutting for the ring and pouring melted lead through a key and telling from the shape of the lead the occupation of your future consort.

About ten o'clock, each couple made a trip to the garden and by the light of the lady's candle dug up a carrot, by the shape of which, the appearance of the future husband or wife was determined. Then supper was served on small tables, each holding a jack-o'-lantern, which was the only light allowed.

The party broke up just at twelve, and each guest as he said good-night to his hostess, received a small box of "Soul Cake" to place under his pillow to secure prophetic dreams.

An exchange gives the following hints for housekeeping; any one following these rules explicitly, is sure to have great success.

For washing clothes warm water is preferable to cold and much better results are obtained by the use of soap than without it. The clothes upon being taken from the tub should be dried. It is not easy to iron them as they come from the water; but it is en

règle to sprinkle them before subjecting them to the ironing process.

Bread should be kneaded before being placed in the oven. After it is baked it is not so easy to manipulate.

In building a fire, the coal should not be placed first in the range. The kindling-wood should precede it and shavings or paper should be put in prior to the kindling-wood.

To these we would add:

Preserves are put up in the summer and fall, not in winter and spring. Potatoes or turnips do not make good preserves.

In blacking a stove, the more blacking you can put on the wall and the floor the better for the stove; it sets off to a greater advantage.

In making squash pie, it is customary to have an under-crust, otherwise it would be hard to serve.

Cookies are better baked than boiled. When boiled they are apt to be a trifle heavy and good results are rarely obtained.

ATHLETIC NEWS.

The following men were chosen to form a representative team of the Senior Base Ball League: Hutchins, B. H. S., catcher; Clarkson, C. H. & L., pitcher; Carroll, E. H. S., first; O'Reilly, E. H. S., second; Ware, B. H. S., short; Cuddey, S. H. S., third; Bogan, E. H. S., right; T. Kelly, B. L. S., centre; Robinson, B. L. S., left.

The results of the Essex County Interscholastic tennis tournament were as follows: in the finals of the singles, O. Ives of Salem High beat Shepard of Newburyport High; in the doubles Ives brothers of Salem High beat Sanborn and Hood of Danvers High.

A. F. Duffy, who won third in the 100-yard-dash for English High in the Outdoor meet, has gone to Worcester Academy.

"Pouch" Donovan, who trained the Brown University track team last year is to be athletic trainer at the Worcester Academy for the coming three years.



D ALUMNI △ NOTES △

SIXTEEN Latin School alumni received the degree of A.B. from Harvard last June, nine of them with distinction. Three of them had completed the course in three years, and four of them are Phi Beta Kappa men. A. M. Jones, '93, C. A. McGrew, '93, J. E. Mc-Whinnie, '93, C. K. Moore, '94, and C. L. Stebbins, '94, received their degrees cum laude; and Hugh Bancroft, '94, F. L. Lewis, '93, B. S. Oppenheimer, '93, and J. H. Shannon, '93, received their A.B.'s magna cum laude; and W. B. Holmes, '92 (A.B. Harvard '96), obtained the degree of A.M.; I. Haines, '93, and F. R. Stubbs, '89, obtained the degree of M.D., the latter cum laude; and F. W. Dallinger, '89, obtained an L.B. Seven C. L. S. alumni received Honorable Mention with their A.B.'s last commencement, viz.,—H. H. Davenport, in Philosophy; A. M. Jones in History; F. T. Lewis in Natural History, bis; J. E. Mc-Whinnie, in German; C. K. Moore, in German; B. S. Oppenheimer, in Natural History, ter; J. H. Shannon in Chemistry and Natural History, bis.

Five Latin School alumnae received degrees from Radcliffe last June. Miss Helen W. Munroe, '92, (A.B., Radcliffe '96,) obtained an A.M., and four '93 graduates obtained A.B.'s, viz.,—Miss Edith W. Taylor; Miss A. Mabel Vaughan, cum laude; Miss Mabel E. Harris, magna cum laude; and Miss Adèle Oppenheimer, summa cum laude.

In the Harvard rank-list for the year 1896-97, the names of C. L. S. alumni, or ex-members, appear two-hundred and twenty-two times. In the preceding year, the names of Latin School men appeared about one-hundred and seventy times.

This year the Latin and High Schools welcome as new teachers three C. L. S. alumnae. Miss Alice H. Stratton, '92 and Miss Mabel E. Harris, '93, who will teach respectively in the High and Latin Schools, were valedictorians of their classes. Both held the position of Secretary and Treasurer of The Review the former in the year '91-'92, and the latter in '92-'93. Both received degrees with distinction from Radcliffe; and while in college, both held office in their class organizations, and in several clubs. Miss L. G. Perrigo, C. L. S. '92, who will teach at the Latin School, was an Associate Editor of The Review in '91-'92; she received an A.B. cum laude, from Radcliffe in June '96.

A. M. Blackburn, '97, last year editor of The Review, has entered Colby University, Waterville, Maine.

Norman F. Hall, '97, has entered Harvard 1900, skipping the freshman class.

J. A. L. Odde '94 received Second Year Honors in Classics at Harvard, last spring.

George W. Creelman, '92, is teaching in a private school in the Ojai Valley, Nordhoff, California. He was editor-in-chief of The Review in '91-'92, and since graduation he has engaged in literary and journalistic work. He received an A.B. from Harvard in June '96.



A shrewd little fellow who had just begun to study Latin astonished his teacher by the following translations: *Vir*, a man; gin, a trap—virgin, a man trap.

"It is a solemn thing to be married," said Aunt Bethany.

"Yes; but it's a great deal more solemn not to be," chimed in her small niece.

Stephen—"But, Uncle John, whom do you mean when you speak of the 'best citizens'?"

Uncle John—"Well, there is myself, for instance, and—and—and I presume there are others, but they do not come to mind just at present."

A physician gave a patient a box of pills with the directions to "take one pill five times a day."

Overheard at Bar Harbor:

He—"Give me a kiss?"

She (decidedly)—"I won't."

He—"You shouldn't say 'I won't' to me; you should say, 'I prefer not.'"

She—"But that wouldn't be true."

Something to blush unseen—a negro.

"Papa," said Willie, "I guess I know why matches are made in heaven. It wouldn't be safe making them in the other place."

Boy—"Papa, where's atoms?"

Papa—"Athens, you mean, my child."

Boy—No, papa,—atoms—the place where people are blown to."

"Buy a trunk, Pat," said a dealer.

"And what for should I buy a trunk?" rejoined Pat.

"To put your clothes in," was the reply.

"And me go naked?" exclaimed Pat. "Not a bit of it."

Never waste any time—though arms go to waist sometimes.

First passenger—"Would you—ah—lend me your spectacles a moment, please?"

Second passenger—"Certainly sir."

First passenger—"Ah—thank you; now, as you cannot see to read your paper, would you mind letting me have it, please?"

"An absorbing subject"—a sponge.

Kisses are like a sermon in this respect—it takes two heads and an application for both.

Appearances are deceitful:

"Look here, Pete," said a knowing darkey to his companion, "don't stan on de railroad."

"Why, Joe?"

"Kase if de cars see dat mouf o' yourn dey will tink it am de depo' an' run rite in!" Feline amenities:

Hostess, proud of her popularity—"Yes, I fancy that there is no bell on this street that is rung oftener than mine."

Fair visitor—"Well, dear, I had to ring it five times."

Sunday school teacher—"And what did the lame beggar ask of Peter at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple?"

Tommy—"He asked for alms and got legs."

She—"I can't give you this dance, but I will introduce you to the prettiest girl in the room."

He—"I don't want to dance with the prettiest girl in the room, I want to dance with you."

Stranger, to farmer's boy—"Where is your father, my boy?"

Boy—"He's down with the pigs, sir. You'll know my father, he's got his hat on."

She—"Would you mind putting my tennis shoes in your pocket, Mr. Brown?"

He—"I am afraid I can't get them in my pocket, but I will be glad to carry them for you."

The Misses Brown—"So glad to see you, dear, but we can't kiss you, we both have such awful colds."

Fair visitor—"Dear me! how sad! I do hope you haven't got a cold, Mr. Brown."

"How is this, Rosa—you are still in mourning, and yet you mean to go to the masked ball?"

"What does it matter? I am going as queen of the night, all in black."

A man in Kentucky was found dead with several bullet-holes in his head, and the jury returned a verdict of death from undue excitement.

Complainant—"Your honor, the defendant is mum enough now, and one might think he had no voice. But if you had heard him holler when he ran into me, for me to get out of the way, you would have heard a voice that could be heard a mile off."

Justice—"And will you please inform the court why you didn't get out of the way?"

"I am told," said the caller, "that your husband is engaged on a work of profane history."

"Yes," replied the author's wife, "It certainly sounded that way when I heard him correcting the proofs."

"Do you take instantaneous photographs here?"

"Yes."

"Well, get in your work quick, then, before my wife takes a notion to go to some other gallery."

Grocer—"Well, little one, what can I do for you?"

Jenny—"Please, sir, mamma says to change a dollar for her, an' she'll give you the dollar tomorrow."

"And now, Mrs. Sullivan," said the lawyer, "will you be kind enough to tell the jury whether your husband was in the habit of striking you with impunity?"

"Wid what, sir?"

"With impunity."

"He wuz, sir, now and thin; but he sthruck me oftener wid his fisht."

~ ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL NOTES ~

Welcome 1901.

To work once more!

"Thoupe!"

To all wishing to get on the foot-ball team: Black eyes are required.

Lincoln, C. M. T. S. '97, is taking a post-graduate course at the High School.

Were you asked to join the "Happy Family"?

Mr. Sargent's gone—'tis sad. Mr. Green is here—not bad.

Playing whist: Miss M. (to partner)—
"What's your best suit?" Mr. S. (opponent)
—"He's got it on."

Every one was gad to see Miss Spare back, and especially glad to see her looking so well.

Miss Sawyer has left us for this year.

A few of the seniors are obliged to sit in Miss Crook's recitation room.

Have you heard the merry music of the zephyrs gamboling through the facial foliage of one of our C. M. T. S. seniors? Heard to best advantage in fourth hour senior French class.

'98 held an exciting class-meeting the last Friday in September when the following offcers were elected: President, Samuel Usher; Vice-President, E. Wilbert Marshall; Secre-

Don't forget The Review box in the lower corrider.

tary, Anna P. Lockman; Treasurer, Robert Hayden.

The "Freshies" believe in being on time—or even before—in singing.

Ask Miss D ----r, '98, to show you the result of her first evening at whist.

The High School should have extra good singing this year since Henry Donlan and Garfield Stone are both members of the entering class.

Where were our tenors the first singing day?

Dictionaries and an unlimited supply of paper should be distributed to Miss Deering's Institute class if she intends them to write essays à la Carlyle.

One of our C. M. T. S. '98 boys shows a suspicious familiarity with French exclamations.

Head winds begin to confront the cyclists, but then, what is prettier than the October blush on a high school girl's cheek?

There were twenty-five wheels in the girl's basement one day last week. We are surprised that some of the teachers don't ride to school some of these beautiful mornings.

'99 has elected the following officers for this year: President, William Warnock; Vice-President, Alice Worcester; Secretary, Miss Brownell; Treasurer, Charles McKusick.



I. C. SNOW

Importer and Tailor

Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, 830 MASSACHUSETTS AVE.,

It is the largest establishment in Cambridge. A You can find the finest assortment of Imported and Domestic Woollens at very low prices. All work will be promptly attended to, and guaranteed first-class. Repairing done at short notice.

~ LATIN SCHOOL NOTES ~

Those eyes!

M. D. Miller, '98, is in Harvard.

Everybody come out for the foot-ball team.

What shall we call the new class? Naughty too?

Miss Tjernbloom has returned to the Latin

Chipman, '97, has gone to the School of Pharmaev.

Ralph Durrell, formerly of '98, has gone to Andover.

D-r-t '98, "How terrible it would be if you were a Saint."

Goodridge, '98, has left school to work at his father's store.

The Delta Omega Chi is running prosperously again this year.

II. P. Smith, '99, has left school and is on board the training ship "Enterprise."

Several of our graduates are making a good showing for the Harvard eleven.

Fourth Class Geometry must be a favorite study, so many of the other classes take it.

Did you go to the Y. M. C. A. Pageant? Some of the C. L. S. girls had the candy table

W. V. Macdonald, '99, J. Hall, '99, and H. Weymouth, '99, are tutoring with Mr. Parker.

The fifth class seem to be still infants—that is if they can be judged by their behavior at the mass meeting.

We have three new teachers this year, Miss Harris, Miss Perigo and Miss Munroe. We are all sorry to lose Miss Boll. Miss McKusick, 1900, has left school to study music. Who will play the cornet for us in the morning exercises?

The Lee Street Colony must be very popular, so many of those who were there last year have remained there for this year.

A new society, the Phi Upsilon Nu has been formed by some of the upper-class girls. Strange the girls have to copy after the boys.

The following officers were elected by 1900: President, Holland Bennett; Vice-President, Miss Crocker; Treasurer, Clifford Walker; Secretary, Miss Briggs.

The members of the fifth class are so increased this year that it has been necessary to have another teacher at Lee street. Miss Munroe occupies this position.

Three of the teachers at the Lee Street School are taking post-graduate courses at Harvard and Radcliffe. These are Miss Hardy, Miss Baldwin and Mr. Benshimol.

The class also voted that the committee should not receive their pictures gratis as has been the custom in past years. Sam Barbour and Paul Kelsey were chosen to play the piano for the coming year.

'99 held a class meeting in Miss Bachelder's room, Monday, September 27, and the following officers were elected: President, R. F. Janes; Vice President, Miss Mandell; Treasurer, F. Parker; Secretary, Miss H. M. Prescott.

'98 has elected the following officers: President, E. H. Sparrow; Vice President, Miss Dimick; Treasurer, P. H. Kelsey; Secretary, Miss Gauss; photograph committee, Miss Hale, Miss Dimick, and Bancroft, Dow and Sparrow.

....THREE NEW BOOKS."

THE FEDERAL JUDGE.

A Novel, by CHARLES K. LUSH. 16mo, \$1.25.

A judge of great reputation for honesty and a rail-way magnate are the principal characters in this vigorous novel, which describes their relations to each other, and introduces some prominent features of American business life to-day. It is thoroughly interesting and significant, and includes a love story.

I INCLE LISHA'S OUTING.

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THE foot-ball season has opened with a rather discouraging outlook.

The candidates began practice Monday, September 20, and what few have been working, have worked steadily. Sanborn, '93, coached the team at first, and during his absence, Lovering, '93, has been keeping the boys hard at work.

There were only thirteen candidates the first week, and but seven more reported the next, making a total of twenty. From that time the number has steadily decreased, so that only eight or nine have been out to practice, with the Somerville game only a week off.

 Λ number of the old men are back, but most of them have not reported for practice.

Captain Warnock has been working hard, and deserves the support of every boy in the school. It seems too bad that out of about four hundred boys, not enough of them will come out and practice, to line up against each other. Although the team has practiced three weeks, the eleven has not yet been picked out.

This is the probable line-up: Houston will play center. He is one of the heaviest men on the team, and is the only fellow who knows how to snap the ball. He has been unable to practice much on account of a sore foot, but will probably play next Friday in the Somerville game.

Jaquith will play right guard. He covered that position last year, and has improved much with practice. He is rather slow at falling on the ball, but is working hard.

Whalen will play the other guard. He is the heaviest man on the team, but has not practiced much.

Fletcher will play one tackle while Usher will play the other. They have both played on the team before and play a strong game. They tackle well and should rival any tackles in the league.

Warnock will be seen at his old position at end. He has practiced hard, tackles finely, and is as good an end as there is in the league.

Lovering will cover the other end. He is a little slow, but tackles well and should make a good man for the position.

Quarterback will be the weak spot. The most likely candidates for that position are Kelso and Bartlett. Neither of them have played on the team before and are a little slow in passing the ball. Bartlett is a little the heavier, but Kelso has the advantage of being shorter. At present there is not much choice, but one game will probably show which is the better.

Crowley will play one halfback. He has played on the team for several years and is a good all-round man. Kelley will play the other halfback. He is heavy, a good ground-

gainer and tackles fairly well, but has not practiced much.

Julian Lucas, who has just entered the High School will play fullback. He played at that position on the Norwich Academy eleven last year and distinguished himself there. He will make a valuable addition to the team.

The most likely substitutes are Parker, Donovan and Spragg. Parker tackles well, is swift on his feet and will make a good end. He is a little light, but his good tackling will make up for that deficiency. Donovan played on last year's team, but has practiced but little. Spragg should make a good halfback. He is heavy, is a good runner, but is slow in getting started.

The other candidates are: Chase, Sullivan, Haley, Taunton, Paterson, Richardson and Kendall.

George Dow, who is manager of the team, has written for a number of games, but has not his list complete vet.



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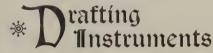
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LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL

VOL. XII.

REVIEW.

NO. II.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, NOVEMBER, 1897.

THE MONTH.

We must not forget that the work done by the representative team reflects on the reputation and honor of both schools. The situation is critical, and if this opportunity to reestablish the standing of the school in athletics is lost, the separation of the two schools must come. The immediate results of the separation can be little less than disastrous to all concerned.



The foot-ball outlook, which lately was so gloomy and unpromising, is much improved. The team played the Somerville game in a creditable manner and showed a snap and spirit which past teams have sadly lacked. At present the team is doing some very conscientious practicing, and under our enterprising new captain, it has a chance, not of winning the championship, but at least of keeping up the record of the school. It really seems as if some of the old spirit had survived, after all.



We congratulate the supervisory committee on its wise selection of Harris Murdock as graduate treasurer. We are sure that no one could be found who would devote himself more to the office. Although a recent graduate of the Latin school, Mr. Murdock has shown a great deal of business ability and that energy which is so necessary to every ambitious business man. Mr. Murdock has successfully managed whatever he has undertaken in the past, and he has our best wishes in his new enterprise.



Charles A. Dana, for a quarter of a century, editor of the New York Sun, was a man not only of brilliant intellectual achievements, but of unusual character. He was a man understood by very few, but whom every one admired for his frankness and his ability. He never wasted his time, but whenever tired by one occupation, took up something else. In his leisure moments, he studied the grammar of a new language. there were very few things could not talk understandingly about. He was a notable linguist, learned in botany and floriculture, was well acquainted with history and literature, was a connoisseur of pictures and all objects which attract collectors, and has edited an encyclopedia and published a collection of poetry which still holds a high place among books of its class. He held the office of assistant secretary of war during Lincoln's administration.

Besides all this, he was a man who rarely allowed himself to worry; he simply held himself above petty anxieties. He seemed never to get tired. He was so vigorous that he could pile one day's work upon another and make a constant progress toward the accomplishment of his desires. He liked this world and tried to make the most of its possibilities. He loved children, was fond of trees, flowers, animals and nature, everything in fact that was beautiful, curious or interesting. The results of this love and knowledge, we have before us in his work on the Sun.



SUPERVISORY COMMITTEE OF ATH-LETICS, CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOLS.

Voted at mass meeting October 1, 1897:

"That a graduate treasurer be appointed by the supervisory committee of athetics who should exercise supervision over all the athletic teams, have entire control of the finances and be responsible to this said committee, and to this said committee only."

Voted at a meeting of the supervisory committee: That the rules relating to treasurer be amended so as to read as follows:

Voted: That until further notice the managers of the different school teams are directed to observe the following rules:

I. No one appointed manager of a school

team shall assume his office or perform any of its duties until he has received a written ratification of his appointment from the secretary of the supervisory committee.

II. No manager shall order or purchase goods without the written order of the treasurer. The person ordering or purchasing goods in violation of this rule will become personally liable, and the supervisory committee will not be held responsible.

III. No person shall circulate a subscription paper, or take any other measure for raising money unless authorized by the chairman of the supervisory committee and the graduate treasurer.

IV. Every manager, at the request of the treasurer, shall render a full statement of his accounts, and pay over the balance in his hands to the treasurer, receiving a receipt for the amount paid over.

V. A member of, or player upon a school team is not to be allowed, under any circumstances, to order goods without being furnished with an order signed by the treasurer and undergraduate manager, which shall specify the article purchased, and the person or firm from whom it is to be bought.

VI. All managers are hereby made directly responsible to the treasurer, and are required to conform to these and such other rules as may from time to time be made.

Voted: That Harris II. Murdock is appointed treasurer of athletics to serve until further notice.

Henry J. Winslow, Secretary of the Committee. October 22, 1897.



TWO WAGERS AND THE FORFEITS.

CHAPTER II.

The two young ladies of our story had little to say during their ride to Miss Whidden's home. The excitement of the afternoon, with its doubly exciting ending, had evidently worn upon Marguerite Thurston's strength, for as the carriage rolled along the smooth road, she leaned back in the corner of the seat and sighed long, deep sighs. However strong of muscle her athletic training at college had made her, it had not been able to make her courageous, and strength without courage is useless. After she had sighed several times without attracting her cousin's attention, she gave vent to a most pitiable "Oh dear!"

Her cousin looked up finally and said in her sweet, deliberate way, "Well, Margy, my dear, how do you feel after so much excitement? If that naughty pony had only behaved himself, we would have had no trouble. Father will scold when he hears of it, mother will faint and those two brothers of mine will torment us to death. You didn't get hurt in any way, did you, dear?"

"Oh no," said Marguerite, "but I am fear-fully tired, and I was so frightened when Dick started to run away! What a plucky girl you were to hold on to the reins when I was so awfully scared, and what fast runners those fellows must be, to have been able to catch him. I can't imagine what would have happened if they hadn't stopped him. Mr. Colcord must be very strong also, for he lifted me from the buggy as easily as if I had weighed about ninety pounds."

Miss Whidden had been looking out of the window while her cousin was speaking. Suddenly she said:

"Here we are at home. Let's hurry into

the house and explain matters," and suiting her action to her words, she opened the carriage door, jumped out before the horses had stopped and was half way up the steps before her athletic cousin had stepped on to the walk.

Evidently the girls were ahead of the news of their accident, for they found Mrs. Whidden reading quietly in the library. They did not immediately broach the subject of their mishap, each one waiting for the other.

Mrs. Whidden was telling the girls a bit of society news, when the front door slammed noisily, and Mr. Whidden came rushing through the hall, calling for his wife in an excited manner. He burst into the library, and upon seeing his daughter and niece safe and sound before him, a very relieved expression settled upon his face.

"Oh," said he, "I'm very glad that neither of you were hurt." And then, as if answering the puzzled look on his wife's handsome face, he continued:

"As I got off at the corner, Dr. Shultetus ran up to me and told me that you young ladies had had a runaway, and but for the prompt and heroic action of two young men, you would probably have been very badly hurt. I ran home as fast as I could, expecting to find you both stretched out on couches with half a dozen doctors attending. As you seem so calm and collected, Berla, perhaps you'll tell us how it all happened."

Berla told her story; evidently she was not willing to admit that she had needed the assistance of anybody; she laid the blame of the whole thing to the breaking of the shaft.

Her cousin, however, made a very thrilling

story out of the occurrence. To her mind, the young men were heroes, and she was quite warm in her praises of Moore.

Of course Mrs. Whidden became interested in the young men, and upon reflection, she remembered that she had met Colcord the previous classday. She had known Moore's family for several years. Mr. Whidden, on the other hand, remarked that young Colcord was trying to learn something of banking in the Globe National Bank, and that he would look him up on Monday and invite him to dinner for Tuesday evening; he would let the ladies see that Moore got an invitation for the same evening. He ended up by joking the two girls upon their adventure and banteringly asked them:

"And will you girls do the romantic thing, and marry those boys, as the story-books would have it?"

Meanwhile Colcord and Moore had reached their destination down town. Unlike most hotels, the one which they entered had a very handsome library, and Moore declared his intention of going in and writing a letter. They went into the room together, and while his chum was writing his letter, Colcord amused himself by looking over the magazines.

He was turning over the pages of a popular illustrated monthly in rather a listless fashion, gazing upon the "Types of Fair Women" critically, but with little interest. Suddenly he frowned deeply, for there was a picture of a girl in evening dress, greatly resembling the girl he thought he hated, Berla Whidden. He looked at the picture long and attentively. Moore chanced to look up and in so doing saw the deep frown on his chum's face.

Instinctively he glanced at the page which caused such a look. From where he sat, the resemblance of the print to Miss Whidden was perfect. A series of funny ideas rushed through his brain, but putting them aside he

went on with his letter. Soon after, Colcord threw down the magazine and went out of the library.

As soon as his chum had gone, Moore left the table and hastily picked up the magazine, and began to turn over the leaves. After some search, he found what he sought. A nearer view disappointed him, but the resemblance to the girl whom he thought he loved was very strong and he quickly tore the leaf from the book and put it in his pocket. Then he finished his letter and went out to look for his friend.

Meanwhile Colcord had been inspecting the different parlors of the hotel, which were richly decorated, one in red, another in blue, and the handsomest of all in green. He was standing in the doorway of the last named room when glancing over his shoulder, he saw Moore come out of the library. He immediately went into the library, picked up the magazine which he had just been looking at, and sought for the picture which had claimed his attention. When he found the leaf which he had intended to take was missing, an expression of great astonishment crossed his face. He walked slowly from the library, wondering why Moore should want that picture.

He met Moore in the corridor and together they went into the dining-hall, Moore, as usual, talking gaily, but what was unusual, Colcord also was talkative.

The conversation of men at dinner is not apt to be interesting, particularly when it comprises such a wide variety of subjects as athletics, society, plays, actresses, preachers and church fairs.

When Colcord and Moore had entered the hotel library, they had not noticed a lady who was quietly reading in a large easy-chair. Perhaps if she had been younger, they would have done so, but as they had not seen her,

she had been a quiet observer of the whole scene, and when Colcord had finally departed, her curiosity was raised to such a pitch by the expression of his countenance, that she also picked up the magazine, and turned over the pages. She also looked astonished when she came to the torn page, and she said, half aloud:

"How funny! That must be the picture that reminded me so much of Berla. How queerly those young men acted about it! That tall fellow waited for the handsome, curly-haired one to go away so he could take it, and then how astonished he looked when he found it gone. It isn't possible that they know Berla, and yet—! I guess I'll write her a note," and sitting down to the desk where Moore had been but a few moments before, she penned the following note:

Hotel La T----.

My Dearest Cousin:

Don't be alarmed at receiving two notes the same day from your old maid cousin, but something rather odd has just happened before my eyes, and it may interest you to hear of it.

If you will look on page 724 of this month's Munsey's you will find a very good likeness of yourself. Your attention may have been called to it before, but that doesn't mat-Your poor unobtrusive cousin was sitting here in an alcove of the library about half an hour ago, quietly reading a book, when two young men came into the room. One of them, a rather handsome, short, light, curlyhaired fellow, with the '97 colors on his hat, sat down at the table and began to write a letter. The other one, a tall, dark-complexioned man of rather sober countenance, picked up a magazine and began turning over the pages. You know how I love to study faces. Well, I was studying his, and by the way, it's a very honest face, when suddenly he looked startled and then angry. He stood so for quite a little

while, and then threw down the magazine and left the room. The young man who was writing had looked up unnoticed and seen the odd expression on his companion's face. After the tall fellow had left the room, he deliberately tore the attractive page from the magazine, put the picture in his pocket, and soon after left the library. Immediately, the other man came back. I cannot describe the puzzled look on his face when he found the page torn out. Now neither of these men had noticed me, and my dear girl, for curiosity's sake, I want to know if you know either of them. Really, one can imagine lots of romantic things after witnessing such a pretty scene. Come over Monday afternoon and tell me all about it.

Affectionately, the second time today,

ELEANOR WHIDDEN.

August twentieth.

When the lady had finished her letter, she immediately posted it in the office and then went up in the elevator.

Colcord and Moore were almost through their dinner, when a party consisting of three ladies and a gentlemen came into the hail and took seats at the next table. One of the ladies looked rather closely at the young men, and in doing so, encountered the penetrating glance of Colcord's dark eyes. She flushed slightly and dropped her eyes in some confusion.

Moore was talking in his easy style when he overheard one of the ladies at the next table say something that caused him to pause and listen. This is what he overheard:

"Indeed, Mr. Hudson! That will be lovely! You know the Caldwells of Chicago will be there during early September and with them, the Whiddens and Miss Thurston, and our party, there will be a very jolly crowd at the Point. Last year we found the Caledonia very nicely managed, and I am sure that you will like it."

Moore tried to hear more of what was being said, but failed. Colcord had heard also, and he looked rather suggestively at his chum and said:

"I suppose September will find you at the Caledonia?"

"Rather," said Roy, "and you'd better come also. My uncle owns a good share of the Caledonia, which is quite enough reason for going there. It will be twice as much fun as camping in Maine, and I think fully as exciting."

"I'll think it over," said Ed, as he arose from the table after they had discussed the subject. "I believe you pay for the dinner, since you unfortunately bet that those seats would not be occupied."

"I shall be satisfied if I never lose anything more through betting," laughed Roy, arising. "Or through girls," added Ed smiling, as they passed from the hall.

Now it happened that Cousin Eleanor was not different from the rest of her sex. So when the young men had left the hall, she immediately proceeded to entertain Mr. Hudson and his brother's wife and her sister with the story of what she had witnessed in the hotel library just before dinner. Of course the ladies were deeply interested, but Mr. Hudson laughed and called it all foolishness. To his mind there was nothing strange in a couple of college boys taking the picture of a handsome woman from a magazine.

On the first delivery of mail Monday morning, Berla Whidden received two notes from her cousin, one written at noon, the other at six-thirty on Saturday. Of course the latter interested her the more, and she immediately hunted up the magazine and her cousin Marguerite. Together they pondered the little mystery and found it a good topic of conversation during the long drive to the hotel.

Marguerite thought the picture in the mag-

azine an excellent one of Berla, but she didn't feel particularly pleased to think that Mr. Moore was interested in her cousin's picture. However, she expressed nothing but profound interest in the affair, and to tell the truth, she was profoundly interested.

The interview with Miss Eleanor did not reveal anything new, and their conversation after a time turned from that subject to their coming visit at the shore. They had no idea of seeing these young men down there, and perhaps if they had, they would not have planned some things as they did.

About the same time as these three ladies were chatting in Miss Eleanor's room at the hotel, Mr. Whidden entered the Globe bank and called for Mr. Colcord. Ed had seen him many times, and had an idea that he had come to say something about the event of Saturday afternoon and he found that he was not mistaken.

Caspar Whidden was popular with young people, and in his polite and pleasant way he thanked the young man before him for his timely and serviceable act, and invited him to dinner the following evening. He told Colcord that his daughter had not appreciated the danger of her position until after the opportunity of thanking her rescuers had passed, so he hoped he would overlook any seeming lack of appreciation of his and his friend's kindness on her part.

Colcord in return accepted the invitation, after modestly declaring that he and Moore had only acted as gentlemen would, and that no especial credit was due them simply because they happened to be at hand when the accident occurred. To his own amazement he found himself warmly praising Miss Whidden's deportment throughout the excitement, and as soon as he realized what he was doing, he blushed deeply and inwardly cursed himself. Mr. Whidden took his leave, taking it

for granted that Colcord had blushed out of modesty.

The early morning delivery brought to Ray Moore, as he was at work in his father's counting-room, a neat envelope. A smile of pleasure crossed his face as he opened it. He did not stop to admire the Sigma Kappa monogram, but greedily read the following note:

My Dear Mr. Moore:

Mother and father wish you to come to dinner Tuesday evening. My cousin and myself of course desire your presence also, since we wish to thank you for your kindness of Saturday. Lack of appreciation of my dan-

Head Master.

ger on my part, and excitement on Marguerite's caused us to fail to do so Saturday. You will kindly overlook the failure? Mr. Colcord will also be present Tuesday.

Your sincere friend,

BERLA WHIDDEN.

August twenty-second.

He put the letter into his pocket and went at his work, but there was a pleasant expression on his handsome features all that morning, and he forgot to swear at the office boy, who had committed his daily fault of forgetting to turn the calendar.

(To be continued.)

Secretary and Librarian.

CATALOGUE

OF THE

ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL, 1897-'98.

22000 320000	
RAY GREENE HULING101 Trowbridge St.	MARTHA L. BARBITT219 Prospect St.
Master.	Name and Address of the Address of t
EDWIN L. SARGENT18 Agassiz St. (in absentia).	
CHARLES F. WARNER46A Trowbridge St.	CLASS '98.
JOSEPH A. COOLIDGE20 Martin St.	Acker, Anna G53 Prince St.
RUSSELL T. GREENE, JR	Arnold, Ella T1683 Cambridge St.
CLARA A. ARMES	Baldwin, Bessie W 10 Hilliard St.
MABEL L. CHAMBERLAIN24 Erie St.	Barbour, Eleanor L12 Ellery St.
CAROLINE CLOSE143 Prospect St.	Bartlett, Myra D12 Soden St.
BERTHA L. COGSWELL257 Prospect St.	Benner, May36 Holworthy St.
GERTRUDE H. CROOK	Beunke, Millie E
GRACE L. DEERING	Bradley, Esther L74 Hampshire St.
ESTHER S. DODGE	Breslin, Elizabeth M 8 Clay St.
Myra I. Ellis	Breslin, Ellen G Willard St.
MAUD A. LAWSON	Brigham, Mabel H 4 Hastings Sq.
HENRIETTA E. McIntire 1600 Massachusetts Ave.	Buck, Elva E 10 Andrew St.
MARY MOULTON	Cabot, Della E259 Norfolk St.
Louisa P. Parker41 Langdon St.	Close, Bertha M380 Broadway.
LILLIAN C. ROGERS	Connell, Elizabeth M80 Plympton St.
CAROLINE A. SAWYER	Coolidge, Edith F24 Whitney Ave.
48 Mount Vernon St. (in absentia).	Cronin, Jennie W
EMMA A. SCUDDER	Dexter, Mary S Cleveland St.
FLORENCE W. SMITHPleasant Pl.	Dickson, Carita B 2 Hastings Sq.
MARTHA R. SMITH782 Massachusetts Ave.	Downes, Lillian A108 Inman St.
MARIA E. SPARE108 Mount Vernon St., Boston.	Duncan, Ethel L21 Irving St.
Delia M. Stickney19 Trowbridge St.	Edwards, Alice M
ALICE H. STRATTON260 Linnaean St.	Emerson, Marian G 5 Kinnaird St.

Emery, Carrie W	
Estabrook, Ellie B	45 Garfield St.
Fiske, Mary E	
Fitzpatrick, Alice C	398 Broadway.
Fuller, Mabelle E	
Garraghan, Nellie G	9 Leonard Ave.
Gray, Mabel E	
Gray, Mildred	
Hall, Susan B	
Hanson, Elizabeth M	10 Loopard Avo
Hastings, Olive A	
Holman, Mary E	
Houlahan, Alice G	
Houlahan, Emma J	
Howard, Florence G	
Howard, Helen W	
Katon, Eva C	
Kay, Beatrice J	
Kelley, Kittie L	
Knox, Sadie M	152 Cherry St.
Lane, Elizabeth	19 Florence St.
Lilienthal, Alice E	
Lochman, Anna P	
Maclin, Mary A	15 Crescent St.
Majeweski, Annie L	
Mann, Irene K. L	
McIntire, Blanche E16	
McMahon, Mary E	
McPeake, Agnes C	
Messer, Ida A	
Miller, Mildred A	
Morrison, Olive B	
Morse, Annie M	
Murch, Mabel K	
O'Keefe, Nellie F	
Power, Nellie L	
Powers, Alice M	
Ryan, Elizabeth M	
Sands, Mabel A	
Seymour, Mary G	
Sheehan, Margaret E	
Sherwin, Grace L	
Simpson, Carrie E	
Tabb, Mary E	
Taylor, Cordelia	
Toomey, Catherine M	
Wardwell, Nanna P	274 Combridge St
Wardwell, Nama 1 Watts, Anna D	
Wood, Edith M	
Wyzanski, Carrie I	82 Otis St.
Bragg, Charles L	239 Prospect St
Bramhall, Otis H	
Campbell, Leon	
Carpenter, Arthur H	
Clapp, William F	
Cutler, Edmund H	
Catter, isamuna II	Ouner Ave.

Dewing, Arthur	18 Lancaster St.
	4 Gardner St.
	10 Garden St.
	14 Pleasant St.
	35 Trowbridge St.
	29 Maple Ave.
	80 Wendell St.
	174 Elm St.
	14 Ellsworth Ave.
Lincoln, Alfred	32 Broadway.
Locke, Henry W	
	.1595 Massachusetts Ave.
Neiligan, Peter J	8 Montgomery St.
	18 Plympton St.
	454 Broadway
	14 Clifton St.
weilman, waiter F	1 Leonard Ave.

CLASS '99.

O.Z.II.	0 00.
Beckett, E. Grace	76 Putnam Ave.
Beckett, Florence J	76 Putnam Ave.
Beverly, Beatrice	16 Columbia St.
Bird, Amy J	988 Massachusetts Ave.
Bonds, Harriet E	25 Washington St.
Brownell, Beulah O	
Carter, Florence A	Elmwood Ave.
Church, Mabel E	
Clay, Theresa C	
Comey, Florence L	
Cooledge, Elsie M	24 Whitney Ave.
Cooter, Flora E	
Cotter, Mary E	
Curtis, Alberta L	
Deehan, Louise A	
Dickson, Myrtle C	
Donnelly, Mary F	133 Thorndike St.
Duffy, Mary C	
Dougherty, Katharyn	
Duhig, Mary E	
Durgin, Mary E	
Dyar, Amey C	
Elliott, Anna F	
Eyles, Louise H	37 Antrim St.
Flanagan, Frances B	22 Mt. Pleasant St.
Fleming, Katherine V	
Gage, Olive M	
Gerry, Annie J	
Googins, Grace L	
Hanscom, Lena E	
Hogan, Ellen T	
Jellison, Mary E	
Keenan, Agnes M	

Lang, Elizabeth T269 Putnam Ave.	Stephens, Arthur H. B
Leach, Ethel S176 Huron Ave	Warnock, W. Alfred1619 Massachusetts Ave.
MacDonald, Mary F541 Cambridge St.	111111111111111111111111111111111111111
Macey, Elsie	
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Moulton, Amy L95 Magazine St.	CLASS '00.
Mullins, Mary E336 Green St.	
Mulrey, Alice M150 Holworthy St.	Aldridge, Charlotte
O'Brien, Alice M2280 Massachusetts Ave.	Allyn, Jennie B471 Broadway.
Persons, Alice C	Anderson, Gertrude M
Phinney, Clara E125 Magazine St.	Austin, Mary C61 Spring St.
Plaisted, H. Florence4 Leonard Ave.	Blackwell, Roberta373 Broadway.
	Boland, Margaret T 6 Gore St.
Poole, Cora B	Brannan, Mary T52 Plympton St.
Poitrast, Lillian M64 Sacramento St.	Breen, Mary L
Rayne, Mary A12 Jay St.	
Rivers, Sadie L140 Columbia St.	Brown, Nettie A
Robinson, Margaret L40 Plymouth St.	Browne, Bessie B167 Columbia St.
Ross, Jennie B33 Cypress St.	Busiel, Winnifred M 3 Ellsworth Park.
Rosenberg, Carrie J82 Otis St.	Checketts, Florence E20 Washington St.
Severance, Pearl W	Coleman, Jessie199 Western Ave.
	Collins, Catherine A. V
Shea, Julia A. G	Corcoran, Katharine G
Sheehan, Catharine G129 Webster Ave.	Cowdrey, Amy L189 Hamilton St.
Sweeney, Mary E151 Raymond St.	Cross, Mona B82 Windsor St.
Thayer, Gertrude S85 Washington St.	
Wales, Stella L30 Hubbard Ave.	Crowley, Mary F
Welch, Annie E	Cummings, Mary A 2 Hubbard Ave.
Welch, Ellen E Madison Ave.	Daly, Sarah A54 Banks St.
Wellington, Carrie E White St.	Deady, Isabella A
Wood, Ella L8 Gardner St.	Dolan, Emily J
Worcester, Alice R58 Garfield St.	Donovan, Mary L18 Leighton Ct.
more activities to the second	Doran, Catherine M39 Rindge Ave.
	Easton, Mabel H208 Windsor St.
Beane, Jr., George A Prescott St.	Fish, Fanny E
Burke, Jr., Albert G60 Buckingham St.	Fiske, Annie F
Clarkson, Walter31 Everett St.	Flewelling, Ethel B Hancock Pl.
Connolly, Arthur L56 Amory St.	Foxeroft, Ruth D
Creelman, William C441 Putnam Ave.	
Evans, James R	Garraghan, Mary I 9 Leonard St.
	Gauley, Sarah
Finnegan, Thomas F	Geberlin, Anna C96 Willow St.
Foster, Harvey W29 Sidney St.	Gildersleeve, Thresa E52 Irving St.
Fuller, Frank W30 Lee St.	Goggin, Ellen T 2 George St.
Gallagher, Thomas G38 Gore St.	Goss, Annie E
Haley, Frederick L344 Massachusetts Ave.	Gray, Elizabeth M33 Antrim St.
Hawkes, Nathan W365 Western Ave.	Greene, Katharine35 Sargent St.
Higgins, Wilbur W	Haff, Nettie I 6 Sycamore St.
Holman, George E283 Windsor St.	Halberg, Mary T28 Broadway.
Hughes, Walter H15 Jay St.	Halliday, Elsie E 15 Creighton St.
Kelso, William R	
	Harding, Annabel H
Kerr, George F253½ Broadway.	Harrell, Jessie
Lovering, Joseph1 Larch St.	Hawkins, Charlotte E37 Clark St.
Lynch, Maurice M	Hennessey, Catherine F783 Cambridge St.
MacKusick, Charles E82 Franklin St.	Horgan, Grace112 Holworthy St.
McMenimen, William35 Fourth St.	Hixon, Mabel F90 Norfolk St.
Oakes, John H14 State St.	Jennison, Ruth R
Oliver, Charles R	
	Kelly, Dora M. L900 Huron Ave.
Patterson, Thomas H	Kelly, Dora M. L
Patterson, Thomas H	Kenny, Margaret N39 Seventh St.
Ross, Joseph B	Kenny, Margaret N39 Seventh St. Landers, Annie E22 Magazine St.
	Kenny, Margaret N39 Seventh St.

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Lewis, Anna D19 Grant St.	Clarkson, Fred H31 Everett St.
Lewis, Elizabeth E47 Parker St.	Derry, Arthur T12 Trowbridge St.
Lyons, Julia A151 Otis St.	Dillingham, Charles F20 Hubbard Ave.
Mahady, Ellen F 6 DeWolfe St.	Doran, Daniel F 5 Clay St.
Mayhew, Vesta U98 Raymond St.	Dow, Fred F 5 Sacramento St.
McCarthy, Bridget L	Duhig, Walter S
McCarthy, Mary L	Flint, George M
McCormac, Bertha226 Chestnut St.	Garfield, Chester A37 Irving St.
McElearny, Mary A42 Dunster St.	Harrington, Charles D82 Allston St.
McHugh, Grace H	Hartman, Joseph187 Cambridge St.
McKenzie, Gertrude T14 Thorndike St.	Holt, John H
Montgomery, Mary E	Howard, James U37½ Kinnaird St.
Moran, Mary E43 Clay St.	Hughes, Fred
Mullaly, Jessie J	Kane, Fred E
Negus, Lucy S	Kendall, Leonard J24 Bowdoin St.
Nelligan, Elizabeth J 9 Montgomery St.	Mahoney, Jeremiah F28 Hayes St.
Nelligan, Margaret E157 Washington St.	McCullar, Harvey S
Nelson, Mina J	McInnes, F. H. L86 Windsor St.
O'Brien, Alice G Second St.	Medley, Edward F 2 Chestnut Park.
O'Brien, Aloysia B	McSweeney, Charles H192 Third St.
O'Brien, Emma M19 Surrey St.	Murray, William H8 Sixth St.
O'Hara, Theresa R384 Huron Ave.	Nye, Waldo E125 Chestnut St.
Oliver, Leslie K793 Cambridge St.	Prescott, William C10 William St.
O'Neil, Ruth 8 Bay St.	Rhoades, Howard89 Hancock St.
Palmer, Helen E1673 Cambridge St.	Richardson, George 7 Frost St.
Petrie, Lillian R	Rondina, John A25 Fourth St.
Petrie, Marguerite B16 Quincy St.	Roper, Henry J39 Hubbard Ave.
Phelan, Mary J	Shannon, James E Second St.
Povall, Elizabeth G32 Ellsworth Ave.	Sullivan, Charles F
Prentice, Jennie F	Sullivan, John J
Robart, Gertrude79 Auburn St.	Sullivan, Timothy C 5 Bradbury St.
Roberts, Marian E76 Orchard St.	Taylor, William B2366 Massachusetts Ave.
Rogers, Margaret	Wells, William A
Seymour, Stella W	Whalen, Geoffrey L2532 Massachusetts Ave.
Shea, Frances M	Whelan, Walter J
Shedd, Naomi B	Wyeth, Henry D
Smith, Edna P	Kutland St.
Smith, Georgianna L129 Webster Ave.	
Strath, May L381 Putnam Ave.	CLASS '01.
Sullivan, Anna L	Adams, Cecelia H24 Walden St.
Toye, Margaret G	Alexander, Josephine1534 Cambridge St.
Trow, Gertrude A	Anderson, Anna V15 Haskell St.
	Anderson, Jessie E 10 Tremont St.
Tupper, Grace E	Atwood, Grace R40 Russell St.
Tufts, Lillian G	Austin, Sarah B
Vittum, Albertha	Babcock, Martha M
Wadleigh, Anna B 1 Highland Park.	Balkam, Mildred G210 Hamilton St.
Warnock, Sarah A1619 Massachusetts Ave.	Balmer, Christina A79 Plymouth St.
Welch, Mary J82 Dudley St.	Barry, Mary J190 Prospect St.
Adams, Kenneth S45 Oxford St.	Bates, Alice G
Ahern, John J 6 Foster St.	Bertch, Caroline E33 Seventh St.
Allison, Robert 1 Second St.	Boudout, Alice B
Austin, Edward C	Boynton, Amy D201 Harvard St.
Austin, Herbert G	
Babcock, Edwin M31 Inman St.	Brigham, Eva J
Blewett, Walter S	Brine, Mary F
Brown, James L1725 Massachusetts Ave.	Brosnahan, Ella G
Clark, Jr., Lewis C48 Western Ave.	Brown, Marian M
The state of the s	Durke, Sarah U

LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW

Burton, Edith G54 Sacramento St.	Jenkins, Bertha I51 Regent St.
Cameron, Catherine C124 Auburn St.	Johnson, Fannie E Allston St.
Campbell, Mary A302 Elm St.	Jones, Lucy M
Carney, Gertrude M	Keenan, Mary T51 Ninth St.
Carroll, Nora V	Kelley, Catherine G
Caswell, Lou E	
	Kelley, Gertrude M
Chamberlin, Helen G30 Grant St.	Kempton, Annie M29 Hollis St.
Chamberlin, Mary E	Leonard, Alice E14 Third St.
Charlton, Pansy B60 Franklin St.	MacKusick, Alice E82 Franklin St.
Clarke, Isabel S Florence Pl.	Mahady, Jennie J 6 DeWolfe St.
Clarke, Mary R	Mahoney, Margaret M346 Vine St.
Colman, Gertrude M. J Gladstone St.	Mann, Olive C80 Oxford St.
Comerford, Grace M	March, Elizabeth A107 Pleasant St.
Connell, Helen C80 Plympton St.	Marshall, Grace J
Cox, Bertha D	Mathy, Lucy A45 Cherry St.
Crowley, Margaret E74 Spring St.	McCoy, Katharine F
Davidson, Virdella D14 Whitney Ave.	McClusker, Gertrude P1345 Cambridge St.
Dayfoot, F. Muriel2336 Massachusetts Ave.	McDow, Alice M91 Tremont St.
Deastlow, Rose43 Fenno St.	McLaughlin, Elizabeth38 Ninth St.
Dempsey, Julia L134 Bridge St.	McLaughlin, Helena F
Dennen, Mabel H	Millett, Nellie S
Dinneen, Margaret M10 Parnell St.	Millican, Etta L40 Sidney St.
Donnelly, Grace A	Morehouse, Mabel E34 Fairmont St.
Dorr, Eva L	Morrison, Louise V377 Columbia St.
Downey, Margaret T28 Hunting St.	Newman, Bridget A185 Spring St.
Duvey, Isa M	Newton, Grace A
Eagleston, Emeline C	Niland, Mary A
	O'Brien, Alice G
Eckert, Bertha M	O Brief, Affect G 22 Warren St.
Fairbank, Alice M98 Putnam Ave.	O'Keeffe, Catherine F33 Warren St.
Faulkner, Mary G360 Western Ave.	O'Mara, Katharine1111 Cambridge St.
Field, Josephine H154 Allston St.	Park, Anna M46 Antrim St.
Ford, Frances P	Park, Jean G46 Antrim St.
Galvin, Hannah G101 Dudley St.	Parker, Josephine M
Galvin, Katharine F 8 Murray St.	Perry, Mabel A Corliss Pl.
Gilman, Elizabeth A	Phinney, Ethel V259 Norfolk St.
Godsell, Mary86 Howard St.	Place, Forrest E314 Broadway.
Gonyon, Helen92 Henry St.	Quinn, Jenny T24 Winter St.
Gordon, Ethel	Raymond, Edith M518 Putnam Ave.
Gosnell, Harriet E32 Fairmount Ave.	Raymond, Grace1268 Massachusetts Ave.
Grant, Mary M	Regan, Annie E184 Gore St.
Gray, Hannah G33 Austin St.	Rogers, Elizabeth14 Murdock St.
Greely, Elizabeth M284 Harvard St.	Rogers, Mary S
Greenlaw, Daisy I	Rooney, Alice Rose4 Barnes Ct.
Griffin, Margaret T107 Cambridge St.	Row, Georgetta1608 Cambridge St.
	Rundstrom, Eda H
Hayward, Bertha E	
Herring, Annie R 6 Oak St.	Russell, Edith
Hewitt, G. Ethel	Russell, Gertrude V
Hillery, Charlotte A	Shallow, Katie G
Himeon, Florence W35 Norfolk St.	Short, Carrie A54 Columbia St.
Hogan, Lizzie F	Smith, Mary G19 Hayes St.
Hopkins, Annie B276 Pearl St.	Smith, Mattie
Horan, Mary L	Spragg, Florence G472 Putnam Ave.
Howe, Alma M 9 Miller Ave.	Stackhouse, Clara M
Hubbard, Mary CBellevue Ave.	Stevens, Ida M57 Frost St.
Hyde, Ethel A12 Whitney Ave.	Stevens, Lottie F
Igo, Bridget E4 Lexington Ave.	Sullivan, Ellen M36 Ellery St.
Jackson, Ethel M24 Union St.	Sullivan, Julia E1231/2Bridge St.

Sullivan, Mary E	
	U.
Sullivan, Sarah F	1.
Sweeney, Agnes F	t.
Thompson, Sadie S	
Turner, Jennie S	
Vail, Elsie H	
Valencia, A. Isabel	
Walker, Edith M	
Warner Jessie R	
Webb, Fanny	
Wheeler, Millie F	
White, Helen G	t.
White, Nettie H	t.
Woodburn, Gertrude I114 Auburn St. McCarthy, Carbray20 Union S	t.
Woodland, Clara E	t.
Woods, Bertha A	t.
Woods, Millie W389 Massachusetts Ave. Monroe, Raphael G47 Baldwin S	t.
Young, Viola	t.
Nealey Percy H 446 Green S	
Aldrich, Robert	
Banks, Sidney30 Wendell St. O'Banyonn Fraest G 29 Howard S	
Barnes, Jr., Frank W37 Davenport St. Prentice, Charles T99 Gardner S	
Barrier, Edward A	
Barry, Joshua A	
Batchelder, Arthur D111 Washington St. Sheridan, Edmund R. 106 Hamilton S	
Plake Pelah I Brantic Ct	
Boland, David W	
Brigham Walter S 72 Huran Ave	
Bullook John T 100 Sight St. Stone, J. Garneld 8 Warland 8	
Bunyan, Charles H	
Rvette Alphonso I 336 Windsor St	
Carder Eugene C Thompson, Ernest A	
Corportor Horny W 446 Green Ct Inompson, Frank L29 Cleighton S	
Toomey, Jerry W	t.
Chase, Alfred W	t.
Coady, Dennis A	t.
Coon, Harry J	
Crawford, Arthur A 9 Gerry St. Zacheus, Nils O 124 Pine S	
Curran, William	
Cusack, George40 Market St. SPECIALS.	
Deuschle, Louis H112 Sixth St.	
Donlan, Henry C	
Egan, Ralph I	
Fairbank, Harry98 Putnam Ave. Nichols, Marian L94 Brattle S	
Fish, Carlton N	
Fish, Ozro M	



SOMERVILLE - CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN AFFAIR.

According to a prominent member of the Executive Committee, the facts concerning the Somerville-Cambridge High and Latin affair are these: The executive committee do not believe in allowing two schools to combine and play against a single school, as they consider that it is for the best interest of foot-ball that as many teams as possible should take part in the annual series. The committee do not object to letting schools combine to enter the junior league, though they do not encourage it, but it is obvious that a team from two schools combined is strong enough to play in the senior league; each of the schools would be strong enough or at least one of the schools would be strong enough to put a team in the junior league.

Last year therefore, the committee prepared a rule which was endorsed by the association to the effect that hereafter no combined schools should be admitted to the senior league. Cambridge High and Latin Schools combined are, however, allowed to play as combined schools in the senior league as long as they hold their place there, but if they should ever be displaced from the senior league, they cannot come back to that league as combined schools, but must separate.

In regard to Somerville: the Somerville High school was admitted to the association some years ago as a single school. It afterwards separated into two schools known as the English High and the Latin High. This was never brought to the attention of the committee and the two Somerville schools continued

to play as one combined school under the name of the Somerville High. In 1896 they won the junior championship, and this fall the question came up of admitting them to the senior league. As a combined school, they were not eligible as seniors. The committee has, however, a right mit any single school senior even if it has won the championship, and they therefore ordered that Cambridge should play a game with Somerville High, meaning thereby the single school, and that the winner of that game should be entitled to play as a senior.

By a misunderstanding the two schools combined to play against Cambridge. The game therefore, decided nothing as to the membership in the senior league. Neither Somerville High nor Latin applied for entrance as single school, so there was no team to displace Cambridge from her position.

Somerville High and Latin were, however, allowed to remain in the junior league as a combined school.

After the Somerville game, Mr. Benshimol went to Principal Baxter of the Somerville Latin school and got his avowed statement that three Latin school scholars had played on the Somerville team in that game. This tact was added to the protest of the game by Cambridge, and as a result Somerville came near being debarred from playing in either league, while Cambridge retained her position.



THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Review is indebted to the Boston Journal for the cut of Walter Boyce in its last issue. By some oversight the management failed to express its thanks.

The November number of the Review can be found on sale at the same stores as last month, namely: Thurston's, Sever's and Amee's, Harvard square, and at Beunke's on Massachusetts avenue.

Remember there are three more foot-ball games to be played yet: November 12, Boston English High; November 19, Hopkinson; November 25, C. M. T. S.

The cup in the case on the second floor of the Latin school is the one that was won by the track-team in a team-race with Andover, June 27, last year. The cup in itself is pretty, but its greatest value lies in the fact that the time inscribed on it, three minutes and thirty-three seconds, lowered the inter-scholastic mile relay race time by five seconds. It has been decided to keep the cup in whichever school the captain of the track-team is.

J. E. Purdy has been chosen class photographer of Cambridge Latin school '98. He gave perfect satisfaction last year; no doubt he will this year also.

Harris H. Murdock has been appointed graduate treasurer of the Cambridge High and Latin school athletics.

The December number of the Review will probably come out a week later than usual on account of it being the Christmas number. All copy must be handed in before the THIRD of December.

The election of Samuel Usher as captain of the foot-ball team has been ratified by the supervisory committee.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Of the fourteen girls in C. L. S. '97 who received diplomas last June, nine are this year in Radcliffe, four in Smith, and one is not attending college. Three girls, who did not take the full course, did not receive diplomas. Of these, two are in Radcliffe and one is studying at the New England Conservatory of Music.

Last June the class of '97, C. L. S., formed a permanent organization, following the example of '95 and '96, and elected the following officers: president, Norman F. Hall; vice president, Miss Louise I. McWhinnie; secretary, Miss Florence I. Graham; treasurer, Louis Mendelsohn.

To the new teachers mentioned in our last issue, two more C. L. S. alumnæ must be added. Miss Helen W. Munroe, C. L. S. '92, and Miss Esther S. Dodge, '92, are teaching respectively in the Latin and High schools. The former received an A.B. magna cum laude, from Radcliffe, in June, '96, and an A.M. last June; the latter received an A.B. from Boston University in June, '97; during the latter part of her course there, she was editor of the Boston University Beacon.

Roger Gilman, C. L. S. '91, is tutoring in a private family in New York City. At the same time, he is pursuing some graduate study in architecture at Columbia college.

Last July, C. W. Bronson, E. H. S. '94, left Cambridge for Klondike. He was well equipped for the journey and for the hardships of the region. He had had three years' study in Mining Engineering at the Lawrence Scientific School, was the second strongest man in Harvard, and had more than a year's supply of provisions.

L. Warren, E. H. S. '96, is playing full-back on the Harvard 'Varsity eleven.

Hugh Bancroft, C. L. S. '94, last August rowed at No. 2 in the Weld eight, at the annual

regatta of the N. A. A. O. at Philadelphia. Bancroft was recently appointed captain on the staff of Major-General W. A. Bancroft.

Married: October 7, Miss Mabel Mac-Leod to Franklin T. Hammond, C. L. S. '88.

Married: September 30, Miss Helen Ried to Clarence A. McGrew, C. L. S. '93.

- F. T. Lewis, '93, designed the "Tree Tickets" for Harvard '97, last Class Day. The ticket showed a picture of "The Tree," one hundred years ago.
- W. B. Holmes, C. L. S. '92, Harvard '96, is assisting in the department of chemistry at Johns Hopkins University.
- H. N. Stearns and J. F. Bacon, '95, played with the Harvard 'Varsity base-ball team through the fall practice.

Max Benshimol, C. L. S. '91, is continuing his studies in the Harvard Graduate school, as a candidate for the degree of Ph.D.

F. W. Dallinger and A. P. Stone '89 have recently formed a law-partnership. Dallinger has been elected for a third term in the Massachusetts Senate.

Miss M. B. Lippincott, C. L. S. '92, is teaching in the Medford High school.

A. S. Apsey, '89, is president of the Cambridge Common Council.

Miss Edith W. Taylor, '93, is teaching in Miss Pierce's school, Brookline.

W. R. Estabrook, formerly C. L. S. '97, exeditor of the Review, is among the Adirondacks. He left Cambridge last spring, after a severe illness, and has since been recuperating. He will probably be obliged to live in some such atmosphere as he is now in, and will be unable to return to Cambridge.

C. E. Baldwin, '95, is playing right end on the Harvard '99 eleven.



THIRTY million pins are every working-day turned out of a Birmingham factory, the largest manufactory of the kind in the world. The output of all the other factories is about nineteen million per day.

The English island of Thanet is almost wholly composed of chalk. The island is ten miles in length and five in breadth, and geologists say that there are not less than fortytwo billion tons of chalk in sight on it.

The superintendent of the congressional library has a very unique way of dusting the million or more books under his charge. He attaches an ordinary rubber hose to the compressor of the pneumatic tube system and by turning on the hose dusts his books by force of air.

There is much interest taken in naval circles in the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse. She is the largest ship afloat and is nearly as large as the now non-existent Great Eastern. She is 649 feet over all with a beam of 66 feet. In speed, she is the fastest of the ocean greyhounds and has broken all existing records between Southampton and New York. Her average speed is 23 knots. The cost of this floating palace was \$3,500,000. She has 68 engines with a total of 30,000 horse-power, and she burns 500 tons of coal daily.

Associate Justice Field of the United States Supreme court has made application to President McKinley to be retired from the bench. He has served since 1863 and has been one of the most courageous and valuable members of the Supreme court. It is expected that Attorney-General McKenna will be nominated to succeed him.

Book collectors have been keen to possess that rare pamphlet entitled "Sunday Under Three Heads," written in 1836 by a struggling and then almost unknown author named Charles Dickens. The novelist wrote under the pseudonym of "Timothy Sparks." Only a dozen copies of the work are known to exist and at the last recorded sale, one of them brought over a hundred dollars.

The new Chicago public library was opened the first of last month. The building was begun five years ago and cost nearly \$2,000,000. While the structure is massive and plain, the interior decorations are costly and beautiful. The mosaic work is especially fine; its total area is said to be 10,000 square feet more than that of any building constructed since the thirteenth century. The book capacity is two million volumes. An annual expenditure of thirty-five thousand dollars is authorized, a larger sum than is expended by any library except the British Museum.

A medical paper inveighs against cradles and rocking-chairs, declaring that the soothing feeling which rocking superinduces is really a mild congestion of the brain.

The Germans have adopted a new gun for their field artillery. It is of nickel steel and fires a grapnel shell five miles. It can shoot fifteen of these shells a minute. Mayor Harrison of Chicago has entrusted the promised revolution in street-cleaning to the management of a woman, Mrs. E. A. Paul. Mrs. Paul stood the highest on the list of eligibles returned by the civil service examiners, and has made a thorough study of the street-cleaning problem. Unless all signs fail, Mrs. Paul will be Chicago's Col. Waring.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

Through the kindness of Mr. Bradbury, we are enabled to print the following examination results. Last July the Latin school sent thirty-six candidates to the Harvard and Radcliffe examinations, from the class of '97. Five of this number had not completed the prescribed course, and did not receive diplomas; beside these thirty-six, one scholar went to Wesleyan, one to Wellesley and four to Smith. The record of the Harvard and Radcliffe candidates is as follows:

FIN.	ALS.		FAILURES.				Honors.		
Candid	ates.	Sub.	Hrs.	Sub.	Hrs.	Sub.	Hrs.	Clear.	
Boys	23	288	405	13	17	49	67	14	
Girls	13	156	223	10	12	13	21	-1-	
Total	36	444	628	23	29	62	88	18	

Fifty-three candidates from the class of '98' took the preliminary Harvard and Radeliffe examinations. Beside this number, two boys have entered Harvard as postponers, and one girl has entered Radeliffe as an advanced student. The results of the preliminary examinations follow.

Preliminaries. Failures. Honors.						RS.		
Candid	ates.	Sub.	Hrs.	Sub.	Hrs	. Sub.	Hrs.	Clear.
Boys	26	128	177	6	6	24	34	18
Girls	27	151	207	5	7	39	56	22
Total	53	279	384	11	13	63	90	40

The Latin school then sent in all, ninety-two candidates to Harvard and Radeliffe last summer. Of this number, fifty-nine passed in everything which they attempted; including the six who went to other colleges, the Latin school sent out ninety-eight candidates last year.

The feature of the examinations was the record of Wyman '97, who tried and passed in twenty-two hours, and received eighteen hours of honors. This record entitles him to a place among the four record-holders as the following table will show:

Name and School.	Hours passed.	Honors won.
Hugh Bancroft, C. L. S. '94	. 18	14
Arthur D. Wyman, C. L. S. '94.	. 22	18
Edmund K. Arnold, C. L. S. '91.		14
A. W. Hodgman, Lowell High school, '85 \\ \cdot\ \cdot\ \cdot\ \]	. 20	18

Thus it will be seen, Wyman has broken the record for hours passed, and equalled the record for honors obtained.

At graduation, last June, Wyman had completed the course in four years, and had obtained as an average for the course, a percentage of 93.6, only 0.1 per cent below the second highest mark obtained in the Latin school:

Miss Winnifred Warren,	'87	 .96.3
W. E. Stark, '91		 .93.7
Miss Helen Fuller, '94		 .93.7
Arthur D. Wyman, '97		 .93.6



Although it has been said that girls do not get up Greek letter clubs, still one has been started by them among us. The members are all in the Latin school. How the club will prosper is the question.

It is thought a mistake to get up so many small clubs, for they invariably fall through.

However, it is to be hoped that the Phi Upsilon Nu will be successful, especially as it is composed of some girls who intend to make it as great a success as the Delta Omega Chi, although in no sense a rival of it. The girls have chosen very pretty pins and anticipate having a good time. They are going to give a few "at homes" this year to their friends.

The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

A most interesting work of Mr. Frederic Kenyon's has been published lately, interesting because it gives us glimpses of the winning personality of one of the most beautiful of English poets, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The publication of her life-letters will excite renewed interest in the poetical works of the woman who wrote the well-known "Sonnets from the Portuguese," the "Poets Vow," "Casa Guidi Windows," and other great

poems that speak eloquently of her genius. For she was indeed a great poet, one who gave her whole soul to literature. "Men and women of letters are the first in the whole world to me," she says, "and I would rather be the least among them, than dwell in the tents of Princes." But she was not the least. It is interesting to observe what Mrs. Browning says of the works of other great authors. When Tennyson's "Princess" first came out; she wrote: "At last we have caught sight of Tennyson's 'Princess,' and I may or must profess to be a good deal disappointed. What woman will tell the great poet that Mary Wollstonecraft herself never dreamed of setting up collegiate states, proctordoms, and the rest, which is a worn-out plaything in the hands of one sex already, and need not be transferred in order to be proved ridiculous? As for the poetry, beautiful in some parts, he never seems to me to come up to his own highest mark, in the rhythm especially. The old blank verse of Tennyson was a divine thing, but this new-mounted for certain critics--may please them perhaps better than it pleases me. Still, the man is Tennyson, take him for all in all, and I never shall forgive

whatever princesses of my sex may have illtreated him." Yet she admired the poet if she did not like his epics. "He is one of God's singers," she says, "whether he knows it or does not know it."

Such expressions of opinion interest us, yet we care more for Mr. Kenyon's book, because it shows us the poet as a woman, a very real woman in all her tenderness and sweetness. Her affection for her friends was one of her most winning traits. It breathes in all her letters. She wrote very tenderly of Margaret Fuller, when she died, hoping that she might find the peace in death that "none seemed to want more than she."

There are delightful little pictures in Mrs. Browning's letters, charming for their simplicity. Such is her mention of the christening of the baby, Hallam Tennyson, just a simple little account; but for that very reason, it

seems to bring the poet nearer to us. In a pretty, playful letter to Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Browning spoke of furnishing the house in which she and her husband lived in Florence, early in their married life. She spoke of the efforts of the two not to get into debt; then she said: "Oh I take no credit to myself. I was always in debt in my little way before I married; but Robert, though a poet, and dramatist by profession . . . has a sort of horror about the dreadful fact of owing five shillings five days, which I call morbid in its degree and extent, and which is altogether unpoetical according to the traditions of the world."

After reading these letters, the poems of Mrs. Browning will take on a new color and warmth. They will touch us more deeply when we read them as the thoughts of this lovable woman as well as poet.

C. L. S. DEBATING SOCIETY.

The first meeting of the year was held in the Latin School hall on Friday, October 8. The vice president, Mr. Wyman, '97, called the members to order at 7.45, and in a few well-chosen words gave them his best wishes for success, contrasting the lack of interest last year with the enthusiasm of the first years of his membership. The following officers were then elected: president, Arthur B. Flanagan, '98; vice president, Henry S. Mason '00; secretary, Holland Bennett, '00; treasurer, William J. Regan, '00, and rhetorical committee, Messrs. Clark, '98; Davidson, '00; Counihan, '00; Ellis, '00, and Bennett, '01 After some discussion of minor importance the meeting adjourned.

Friday evening, October 22, the society met to discuss the following subject: "Resolved, That Seth Low should be elected mayor of New York." The debate was opened by Mr. Ryan, '00, for the affirmative, who was followed by Mr. Leach, '00, negative; Mr. Bennett, '00, affirmative, and Mr. Witte. '98, negative. The debate was then thrown open to the house, and among those who spoke were two new debaters, Mr. Wilson, '99, and Mr. Ried, '02. Later in the evening they were elected to membership. Mr. Murdock, '97, made some criticisms on the speak-The discussion was closed by Mr. Bennett for the affirmative and Witte for the negative, and the jury, after considerable deliberation, decided five te three in favor of the negative. On motion of Mr. Bennett, the society instructed the president to appoint a committee of three to confer with a similar one from the High school in regard to a joint debate to be held some time during February or March.



"The tax-gatherer"—a claw-hammer.

Teacher—"Cato learned Greek at eighty." Scholar—"I think I might if I kept at it."

No bird is actually on the wing—wings are on the bird.

"It's a great comfort to be lift alone," said an Irish lover, "especially when your sweetheart is wid yees."

She—"So you don't like the hat just in front of us? How would you like it trimmed?"

He (savagely)—"With a lawn-mower."

Up in the subject:

Teacher—"Name six animals of the frigid zone."

Tommy--"Four polar bears and two seals."

"Go my son, and shut the shutter."

'Twas this I heard my mother utter.

"The shutter's shut," the boy did mutter,

"And I can't shut it any shutter."

Mama (to Willie, who is sliding down the cellar door)—"Willie, what are you doing?"

Willie—"Makin' a pair o' pants fer a poor orphan boy."

A judge, pointing with his cane to a prisoner before him, remarked:

"There is a great rogue at the end of this stick."

"At which end, your honor?" asked the prisoner.

Smith—"Hello, Jones! you don't look very well this morning."

Jones—"And I don't feel as well as I look. Got up in the middle of the night to take some pills and swallowed four collar buttons before I found out my mistake."

An altered case:

Magistrate—"Do you mean that such a physical wreck as he is gave you that black eve?"

Complaining wife—"Shure yer honor, he wasn't a physical wreck till after he give me the black eye."

In Philadelphia:

Her friend—"And when are you going to be married?"

She—"In three years. Charles, you know, is so impatient."

Mrs. O'Rourke (proud of her linguistic abilities, to grocer)—"I know that last jar was poor deluded milk. There was so much sentiment at the bottom."

"Hannah," said the mistress to her new girl, "you can take that white spread of mine and put it in soak."

"Yes'm," said Hannah, "an' who is yer favorite pawnbroker?"

Sunday school teacher, after relating the story of the New Testament, pauses effective-

ly after saying, "and all this happened nineteen hundred years ago."

Small Chloe (feeling called upon to say something)—"Law, Missus, how time do fly."

Flynn—"Oi see th' docther goin' t' yer house, Mrs. Murphy."

Mrs. Murphy—"Murphy is bad off. Th' docther sez he has th' daylariums wid trimmins."

Jones—"Heaven blesshim! He showed confidence in me when the clouds were dark and threatening."

Robinson—"In what way?"

Jones—"He loaned me an umbrella."

Mrs. Aristocrat—"Did you hear what Mrs. Nouveau Riche said to me at the concert this afternoon?"

Mrs. Wellborn—"No, my dear, do tell me all about it."

Mrs. Aristocrat—"Well, she informed me she had decided to have a black regret in her new hat."

"I would like a cake of soap," said the Irishman, going into a store.

"Will you have it scented?" said the clerk. "No tanks, I'll tak it wid me."

He was young but ardent. "I wish I were the glove that presses your levely hand," he said to the charming maid.

She glanced at him with a bewitching smile. "Aren't you enough of a kid as it is?" she softly asked.

Professor, grasping frisky freshman by the collar—"Young man, I believe Satan has got hold of you."

Student—"I believe he has, sir."

BY THE BARS.

The following verses may be read either forward or backward without altering the sense:

The stars were all alight,

The moon was overhead;

I named her queen of night,

As she my footsteps led.

So wondrous fair was she,

I asked her to be mine.

As she glanced up at me,

I thrilled with love divine.

Beside the meadow bars,

As we stood lingering there,
Her eyes were like the stars,
In radiance, wondrous fair.
"You're all the world to me,"
She murmured, sweet and shy,
A thrill of ecstasy
I felt at her reply.

Love led us all the way,
As we turned home again;
Our hearts were light and gay,
The world was blissful then.
Though shadows crossed the sky,
No gloom our hearts could know,
True bliss is ever nigh
When hearts are blended so.

—Exchange.



HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

Why those tearful faces?—Cards.

1900 is having a hard time with its class society.

Miss Rodgers has a number of star football players under her protection.

Miss Wy—y, '98, is losing her voice. What a pity!

Houstan's Monday report was quite lively and caused many smiles.

There has been a hearty response to Mr. Chapman's call for scholars to sing in the chorus.

Crushed Olives seem to be in demand with some of the Harvard freshmen, particularly foot-ball players.

Where are the class socials? Are there to be no more?

'98 has selected its social committees who have decided to make the socials of this year more interesting.

How that three days' vacation weakened our memories!

Every one appreciates Mr. Lincoln's fine playing in the hall at the morning exercises. It has been a long time since a young man has played for us.

A good many of the '98 girls have broken the tenth commandment over some pretty glass-pins that were brought from Venice to one of their number.

It is hoped that pupils in astronomy don't do too much "Star-gazing."

Are you looking forward to the Thanks-giving vacation? It's not far off.

The female members of the "Happy Family" had a pleasant meeting last week.

To all who are interested: "Brown-bread ice cream is very healthy"—so he says.

Whispers from the hall:—He peeks. I know he does. Who peeks? Well you're "green."

Virgil was undoubtedly a great poet, but most of us find it very hard to appreciate him properly.

We are glad to have some new rousic at last. We will be still more glad when we have more.

How rapidly the Latin school is going up. Soon we will be unable to see down Cambridge street.

Our school is getting to be quite "Bostonian." Λ great many of the girls, we notice, have taken to wearing glasses.

Who would have believed that any Cambridge fellow did not know where Lowell lived? Yet several in the Institute division did not.

The following is a sample of a young lady's German conversation: "Oh, je bin très schläfrig; il faut schlafen." She has just begun German, however.

Our boys are bright—in some things. In a bonnet rush a short time ago one of them won a prize for the best trimmed hat and a '98 girl won the prize for the most becoming.

Every one misses Mr. Sargent. The scholars who have had him, know what they miss, and those who have not, have been told what they miss. We can think of him now in Europe, perhaps telling some of "those same old jokes" to the people there, and wonder how they take them.

The editor of the High School Notes having heard complaints that the notes were all about '98, wishes to say to the lower classes, that if they write notes for their classes and put them in the Review Box in the lower corridor, she will be glad to put them in the Review.

English High School Debating Society.

The society began the year by holding a meeting October 8 for the purpose of organizing. The officers are: president, William Donovan; vice president, William R. Kelso; treasurer, Leon Jaquith, and secretary, Arthur Stevens.

The president appointed at this meeting a committee to revise the constitution. It seemed to many that the old constitution was

not good enough. The committee consisted of Messrs. Dewing, Haley and Oakes.

The society held its first regular debate Fri day evening, October 22. The subject was "Resolved, That Cuba should be annexed to the United States." The negative side was given the decision. The speakers were Dewing, affirmative; Stephens, Connolly and Oakes, negative. Mr. Huling also spoke and gave in addition some valuable advice as to the financial management of the society. The report of the committee on revision of the constitution was accepted. new members were admitted, and Mr. Robinsou, last year's president, was made an hon orary member. Subject for next debate is: "Resolved, That the West End Street Railway should adopt three-cent fares."

MUSIC REVIEW.

White, Smith & Co.:

Vocal. "The Song of the Christmas Bells," anthem, with solo for soprano or tenor.

"Spring Has Come," part-song for mixed voices by Alonzo Stone.

"Who Givest All," alto or mezzo-soprano solo and quartet.

"Magnificat," by F. N. Shepherd.

"Good-bye," part-song for ladies' voices.

"Flora's Garden," quartet.

"The Story of the Christ-child," Christmas song, composed by Frank N. Shepperd for soprano or tenor.

"The Song of the Christmas Bells," words by William H. Gardner, music by Philip Greely for low voice.

"O Loving Spirit," with violin or violoncello ad libitum, for soprano or tenor, by E. H. Bailey.

"The Voice That Sang Alone," for contralto, by Fisher and Conrad.

"Pickaninnies' Jubilee," schottische by Fred II. Day. "A Bunch of Blue Heather," Scotch song, words by William H. Gardner, music by J. L. Gilbert, composer of "Bonnie Sweet Bessie," for medium voice.

"Imogene," ballad for soprano or tenor by Buck and Geibel; very bright.

Instrumental. "La Perle de l'Orient," morceau brillant, by Leonard Gautier.

"Bluebells and Cornflowers," waltzes by Emile Waldteufel, composer of the famous "Habanera Waltzes."

"The Veterans' March," by Joseph Meinrath.

"South Car'lina Sift," wing-dance two-step by George Lowell Tracy, bright and sparkling.

"The Daughter of the Leader of the Band," as sung by Marie Dressler in "Courted Into Court."

"National Guard Patrol," march-song and chorus by Buck and Geibel.

All this music can be found on sale at Briggs and Briggs, Harvard square, Cambridge.

LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

Why doesn't 1901 have a social?

No more class meetings for 1902.

Where are the class teams this year?

Cox, '00, has entered Mr. Hopkinson's school.

The first class has chosen Purdy as its class photographer.

Have you seen the Phi Upsilon Nu pins? They are quite pretty.

Several scholars from the E. H. S. have joined the fourth class.

Some of the Latin School girls have really contributed to the foot-ball team.

One-half the members of the Debating so ciety belong to 1900. The other classes should show the same spirit.

We miss the colony from Lee street during the singing hour on Fridays. It is too bad that there isn't room for them.

Why don't more of the girls come to the foot-ball games? Only a few Cambridge girls attended the game with Somerville.

Of the fifteen scholars who started to take the four years' course, only eight remain. How many will there be in January?

The C. B. M. C. held a most enjoyable Hallowe'en party at Miss Helen Yerxa's. Many old-fashioned festivities were indulged in.

Miss Spring is greatly missed by the scholars. Miss Utter is taking her place.

1902 has elected the following officers: president, Mr. Hyde; vice president, Mrss Russell; treasurer, Mr. Sumner; secretary, Miss Hayward.

The following officers have been elected by 1901: president, Mr. Potter; vice president, Miss Hammond; treasurer, Mr. Bennett; secretary, Miss Edgerly.

The first class is thinking of having a new class-pin. They certainly showed poor taste when they chose the present ones, but they were young and inexperienced then.

The class of '00 held its first social at the home of Holland Bennett, 49 Linnæan street, Saturday, October 30. The usual Hallowe'en games were enjoyed during the greater part of the evening. Cox was the prize winner.

Some curiosity has been aroused by a notice on the board in Mr. Adams' room addressed to the members of the U. S. We cannot tell you what the letters stand for, but it is the name of a club formed by some of the girls in the first class. Miss White is said to be president.

A sad accident happened to Miss Chase, '98, some time ago. As she was standing at recess in front of the school, with a number of other girls she was knocked down by a runaway horse and quite seriously injured. We are glad to see her back in school again.

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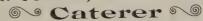
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COAL AND WOOD

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TELEPHONE CONNECTIONS.



The Cambridge High and Latin foot-ball team began the season well by defeating the Arlington High team 6-0.

The Cambridge goal was never in danger and the score should have been much larger. Cambridge kicked off, and Lovering soon had the pig-skin over the Arlington goal line, and kicked an easy goal.

Crowley, Warnock and Lovering played well for Cambridge, while Paterson, Berthrong and J. White played the game for Arlington. The line-up was:

Arlington	Cambridge
Fitzpatrick, r. e	l. e. Bartlett, Kelso.
Sears, r. t	.l. t. Sullivan, Spragg.
Paterson, r. g	l. g. Whalen.
White, c	c. Houston.
Lloyd, l. g	r. g. Jaquith.
Elwell, l. t	r. t. Fletcher.
Freeman, l. e	r. e. Donovan, Parker.
Cook, q	q. Warnock.
Berthrong, r. h. b	l. h. b. Kelley.
Buckley, l. h. b	r. h. b. Crowley.
J. White, f. b	f. b. Lovering.

Touchdown, Lovering; goal, Lovering; time, 15 and 10 minute halves; referee, Murphy.

Cambridge High and Latin 8, Medford 4.

October 13, Cambridge gained its second victory over Medford High on Cambridge Common. The game was uninteresting and wrangles rife. The best play was when Scott of Medford caught a kick on Cambridge's 40-yard line and carried it the length of the field, scoring Medford's only touchdown. The line-up was:

Medford	Cambridge
J. Grey, r. e	l. e. Locke.
Cookson, r. t	!. t. Sullivan.
Moye, r. g	
Wyman, c	
Sawyer, l. g	.r. g. Whalen.
Hodgdon, l. t	
Witham, l. e	
Drake, q	
Λ . Grey, l. h. br.	h. b. Crowley.
Curtin, r. h. b	.l. h. b. Kelley.
Scott, f. b	

Touchdowns, Kelley 2, Scott. Time, 10 and 15-minute halves. Referee, W. B. Sanborn.

Somerville High 8, Cambridge 0.

October 15 the Cambridge team was defeated by the Somerville High team 8-0. Only praise can be said for those who played for Cambridge in that game. The stubbornness with which they resisted the Somerville backs shows what material there is in this school for a foot-ball team. Somerville kicked off, the ball going beyond the side Cambridge then kicked off and Cotter got the ball on the 15-yard line. After three downs Pipe was pushed through the right side of the Cambridge line. and started for the goal, with only Lovering between him and the goal posts, but Pipe made a misstep and Lovering made one of his fine tackles. The ball then changed hands several times, until finally Somerville pushed it over for a touch-down. No goal.

Soon after the opening of the second half, Lovering was pushed through the Somerville line and ran 32 yards before he was downed. Ask your Grocer for Swansdown Flour



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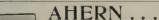
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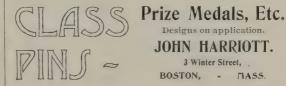
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but Cambridge soon lost the ball and after a few minutes more of play, Somerville pushed the ball over for another touch-down. In this half, the playing was harrassed by the presence of the crowd upon the field.

The line-up was:

ute halves.

.t ne fine-up was:	
Cambridge	Somerville.
Donovan, r. e	l. e. Butler.
Fletcher, r. t	31. t. Storey.
Oakes, r. g	
Houston, c	
Whalen, l. g. $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \cdots & \cdots \\ \cdots & \cdots \end{array} \right.$.r. g. Weems.
Usher, l. t	
Parker, l. e	
Warnock, q. {	q. Fitz.
Crowley h b 5 · · · · · · · · ·	h. b. Stone.
Crowley, h. b. \{	h. b. R. Pipe.
Kelley, h. b	.h. b. Palmer.
Lovering, f. b	f. b. Cotter.
Score, Somerville 8; Touch-	downs, Stone.
Cotter. Umpire, Jones; Refe	eree, Murphy;
Linesmen, Boysen and Shea.	Time 20 min-

Dean 6, Cambridge High and Latin 0.

On Saturday, October 23, Cambridge met her second Waterloo at the hands of the Dean Academy boys, at Franklin.

Most of those who played in the game were substitutes, but that is no excuse for our miserable showing.

In the second half, Cambridge had the ball on Dean's three-yard line after a 60-yard run by Crowley, but was unable to push the ball over. Clarkson, Crowley and Donovan played well for Cambridge.

Boston Latin 22, Cambridge High and Latin 0.

The Cambridge High and Latin school team was defeated by the Boston Latin team last Friday by the score of 22 to 0.

The game was too one-sided to be interesting, but Cambridge played a plucky game from start to finish. Boston Latin showed a tendency to kick at every close decision and so delayed the game several times.

Usher kicked off and Finneran was downed on his 30-yard line. Boston then began to hammer at the tackles, but each rush yielded but little gain. Boston then tried some end plays, but could not gain around either Donovan or Clarkson. Boston then recommenced her center plays, each play gaining five or ten yards, until O'Neil was pushed over for a touchdown. No goal.

After the kick-off, Kelley of the Latin school made 20 yards before he was downed. Boston then tried Clarkson's end again and made 45 yards, getting to Cambridge's 20-yard mark. Oakes then secured the ball on a fumble, but Cambridge could not advance it. Usher was signed to kick, but the kick was blocked and Moran fell on the ball for a touchdown. Freed kicked the goal.

The second half was similar to the first. Boston began her center plays and Finneran was soon pushed over for a touchdown.

The final score came after a very poor de-



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cision by the umpire. Warnock signaled Usher to kick. The ball was snapped back by Hayden too soon, but as neither Warnock nor Usher touched the ball, it certainly was not in play.

The over-alert Moran picked up the ball while lying on the field during the dispute and ran over the goal-line with it, and the play was allowed. A goal was kicked by Freed, which made the score 22 to 0.

Boston Latin Cambridge H. & L.

McGrath, l. e. r. e. Donovan.

E. A. Reagan, l. t. r. t. Welsh.

Talbert, l. g. r. g. Whalen.

Casey, cc. Hayden.
Fick, r. g l. g. Oakes.
F. Reagan, r. tl. t. Bragg.
Moran, r.el. e. Clarkson.
Freed, q. bq. b. Warnock.
O'Neil, h. b h. b. Usher.
Kelley, h. b h. b. Spragg.
Finneran, f. b f. b. Locke.

Score, Boston Latin 22, Cambridge H. & L., 0. Touchdowns, O'Neil, Moran 2, Finneral. Goals from touchdowns, Freed 3. Umpire, Mr. O'Connell. Referee, Mr. Sands. Linesmen, Messrs. Logan and Watson, Time, 20-minute halves.



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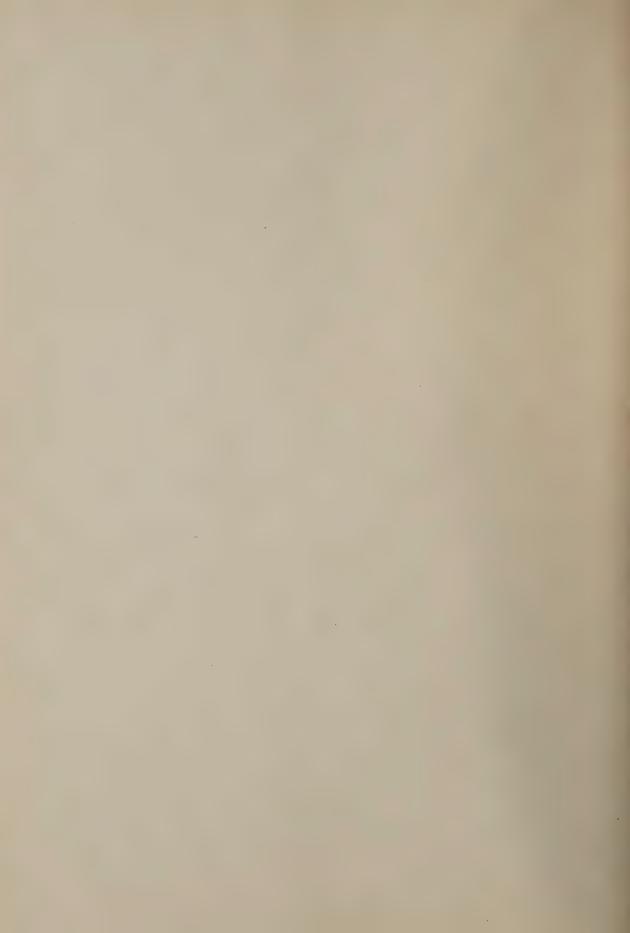
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THE

LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL

VOL. XII.

REVIEW.

NO. III.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, DECEMBER, 1897.

THE MONTH.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat,

Of peace on earth, good will to men.

And thought how, as the day had come
The helpers of all Christendom

Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men.
Till ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day

A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

—Longfellow.

×

The foot-ball season is over, and we have surpassed last year's team by making a tie with Brookline for last place instead of being boldly and simply last. When we consider the difficulties with which the team had to contend, how many changes were made in the make-up and what hard work it was to get the men out to practice, the team ought to be praised rather than severely criticized. In

fact, there have been many times when the team has shown to an advantage. If all the games had been played as well as the C. M. T. S. game, we should not have come out so far down in the list. Let us hope that next year's team will be more fortunate.



Our last game is played. The question comes, have we advanced in our foot-ball as compared with last year? This may be answered with one word—yes. The team started practice late, has had several captains, and no regular coach, and yet has held "Hoppy" down to eighteen points, and Training school down to ten, while last year the team was beaten by these same teams 42 to 0 and 34 to 0 respectively. This goes to show that there are the players and the spirit in the school, but that the team has lacked practice. The blame for this rests on no one person or persons, but can be traced back to last year's team. 'The example set by them is enough to disorganize any school team, but with all the difficulties and trials of the coachers, captains and managers, the team has covered itself with glory.

×

On Saturday, November 27, Cambridge had arranged to play with Brookline on

Charles River Park. The two teams were on the field, but Mr. Harlow, the referee, post-poned the game on account of the condition of the ground. Brookline, however, refused to abide by this decision, and lining up, made a touchdown and kicked a goal. They then sent a protest to the Executive Committee of the League, claiming the game, six to nothing. The committee refused to allow this protest, so that Cambridge is now tied with Brookline for last place.



Polo is now the popular game, and at this our team ought surely to win. All but one of the old players are back again, and we should free ourselves from the reproaches which we have incurred through foot-ball from outsiders, and in fact from many of the scholars. It is not fair to criticise a school team for its work when no aid is given to it. No team can be expected to win when it receives nothing but censure from those who ought most to support it.



In the list of scholarships at Harvard for 1897-98, the names of six Latin school men appear. In the first, or highest ranking group, H. H. Fox, '96, and A. W. Wise, '95, are assigned John Harvard scholarships; in the second group, J. B. Hawes, '96, receives a Bassett scholarship, J. E. Lansing, '94, a Pennoyer, and J. A. L. Oddé, '94, a George Emerson Lowell. In group three, Allen Jacobs, '94, is assigned a Matthews scholarship.



Mr. Herbert J. Chase, until recently teacher in physics at the Latin school, has resigned his position to teach in the Newton High school. Mr. Chase took great interest in our athletics, and did his best to have them kept pure and clean. As a teacher he was much liked, as he made the course in physics very interesting. Mr. Chase was a graduate of

Bates college and began to teach physics in the fall of 1894. In spite of Mr. Chase's popularity. Mr. Phinney of Brockton, who is to succeed him, will receive a cordial welcome, and has our sincere wishes for his success.



To the Editor of the REVIEW:

The supervisory committee has requested me to make a statement through the Review to the undergraduates concerning the condition of the treasury at present and concerning our future policy.

All our old debts have been cleared off and there is now a fair balance in the treasury.

At the beginning of each school year, an undergraduate subscription will be asked for to pay for annual dues to the league and entry fees. No other subscription will be asked for unless it is very necessary.

For the foot-ball and base-ball teams, supplies will be furnished according to the financial outlook of each, which of course is governed largely by the prospects of each team upon the field.

For the polo and track teams, no supplies can be furnished unless the condition of the treasury warrants. It has been proven that money can be made on foot-ball and base-ball, even with losing teams. Our idea is, however, not to make money on the teams, but to use the profits of each team for its own supplies.

In short, the well-tried policy of "pay-asyou-go" will be carefully followed and great care will be taken to guard against contracting bills which we cannot handle.

The instructions to managers and players which appeared in the November Review are to be followed strictly by all to whom the instructions may refer.

H. H. MURDOCK, Graduate Treasurer.

December 3, 1897.

WINNING HIS CHANCE.

A Story of Luck and Pluck.

It was a sultry June day. The highway from the town of Norton to that of Montvale was dry and dusty. All nature seemed oppressed with the excessive heat and even the birds among the drooping foliage had hushed their bursts of song.

A tall, rather shabbily dressed youth with a small bundle under his arm trudged steadily along through the heat and the dust. It required a not very keen scrutiny to note that his face, though pale and anxious was clearcut and handsome. There was a certain air of nobility in his manner, an expression of gentleness in his eyes which at once bespoke good character and a lofty mind.

And Tom Dana had come naturally by these valuable attributes. The Danas had once been wealthy people in a near-by city and foremost in society. But Colonel Dana had died when Tom was but six years old and Mrs. Dana, left a widow, had shortly found that there existed many claims against the estate, and that for a year previous to his death the Colonel had been deeply involved in an unfortunate stock speculation. When contending lawyers had settled matters, there was absolutely nothing left for the widow and her two sons, Jack, a consumptive youth of twelve years and Tom, but six years. There were no relatives capable of giving her assistance, and Mrs. Dana, a weak, frail woman, was called upon to face the world and find bread for herself and her two dear ones.

The death of Jack Dana added soon to her burden of sorrow. Even at his tender age, Tom seemed to appreciate his mother's position and winding his arms about her neek he said in his baby fashion:

"Tom take care of 'oo, mama. Tom fight for 'oo."

In reply the bereaved woman clasped the tiny lad closer to her and gave heartfelt thanks, that at least one ray of light was yet permitted to fall aslant her darkened life.

For ten years Mrs. Dana struggled on. Tom was sent to school despite the fact that the money requisite for this was won only at the cost of great privation. But during the vacation period Tom worked and added his scanty earnings to the general fund. Being young and inexperienced, he did not note the appalling fact that those years of hard toil were drawing to a certain close the life so devoted to him until it was too late. With the sudden and unexpected death of his mother, it seemed to Tom as if all foundation had gone from under him, and left him alone and bitterly desolate.

He was sixteen years old. School was now for him a thing of the past. The furniture of the little home was sold to pay the funeral expenses. Tom was left with not a cent in his pockets.

But he was brave and resolute. He had yet his mother's example and her memory and this was to him a wonderful stimulant.

"I will never yield to temptation for her sake!" he said resolutely.

Tom found a position in the store of a merchant in the city who had known Mrs. Dana, and thought it his duty to assist the orphan lad. The boy was small and the duties hard, but Tom did not mind this. He kept on hopefully, until one day a great disaster swept down upon him.

In company with Tom was another clerk,

Jack Dawson by name. Dawson was a jolly sort of fellow, fond of a good time and addicted to keeping late hours about town with boon companions. He was much given to railing at Tom for what he styled his Puritanical ways, and endeavored to entice him away upon some of his expeditions. But Tom always had a pleasant excuse.

As is usually the case Dawson found it necessary to have more money in his pockets than the extent of his salary would warrant. Then came the old story. Playing at cards he lost his savings and soon began to embezzle small amounts from his employer. These, small at first, were unnoticed, but finally Dawson grew bolder and took a large sum.

Mr. Brightman, the merchant, one day discovered a slight shortage in the accounts. At once his suspicions were aroused and he employed a detective to watch the two clerks. Dawson, was acute enough to discover this fact and was at once put upon his guard. He did not attempt further stealings, but fearing that what he had done would be brought home to him, he took advantage of a plan to avert the crime from himself and at the same time wreak a mean revenge upon Tom, whom he hated for being what he was pleased to term a "goody-goody" young man.

Marked bills had been placed in the cash drawer. Jack at once recognized these while making change for a customer, and abstracting them from the till he managed to place them with others in a pocket of Tom's coat which hung in the dressing-room. A little later Mr. Brightman went to the till and found the bills missing. At once he called in the detective and both clerks were confronted with the charge.

Tom, naturally was indignant, while Jack was as cool and unconcerned as could be. The boys were searched and when the missing money was found in Tom's pocket, the orphan boy was as much astonished and dazed as

though a thunderbolt had struck at his feet.

In vain he protested his innocence. Mr. Brightman at first was very angry and threatened to carry the case into court. But finally, being a kind-hearted man he relented and satisfied himself with giving Tom a lecture in his private office, and then discharged him.

Then Tom Dana began to learn what a really cold and hard world it was for one suspected of complicity in crime. In some way the report spread through the city that Tom Dana was an embezzler and that he owed it to Mr. Brightman's leniency that he was not at the present moment in State Prison. Of course this was the malicious work of Jack Dawson who chuckled triumphantly over the success of his shrewd game. Poor Tom now had a hard time.

No matter where he applied for work, he met only with cold responses and shoulder shrugs. At times it seemed to him as if he could not stand the ordeal, and that the whole world had turned against him. The cloud of disgrace was heavy over his soul.

It was at this critical point that the real elements of Tom's character showed their strength. He was like thousands of other young men, striving for his chance, and he adhered to the rigid and firm belief that his only way to win was to drive straight ahead with courageous determination. If pluck would bring luck, he would surely win.

But he soon found that there was no longer a chance for him in his native city. His heart sickened as he reflected upon his inability to clear his name, and he finally decided to strike into a new field. So he tied up his small effects in a bundle and set forth upon his journey. His pockets were empty as well as his stomach. The first night he was compelled to sleep sheltered in a hay field, where, buried in the windrows of sweet-scented hay, he slept soundly. At an early hour he was again upon the road. Soon he came to a trim little cot-

tage, before which was a pile of wood. A kind-featured lady who dwelt there offered him a hearty breakfast and fifty cents in money to saw up the wood. Tom at once went to work.

He soon finished the pile of wood and went in to get his pay. The lady, who was a widow, kindly set an appetizing meal before him. For a brief while Tom was happy in the belief that among strangers he would find employment and stand clear from the cloud of disgrace which hung so heavily over him. But before the meal was half finished his benefactor laid down a newspaper which she had been reading and said:

"Dretful case that about the embezzlement from Grocer Brightman warn't it? I've heerd 'em say that Tom Dana never did have no bringin' up anyway an' that he orter be in States Prison. Did you know about him?"

The food stuck in Tom's throat. He dropped his knife and fork. Another mouthful he could not have tasted. There was a dull red spot on each cheek and a feverish light in his eyes.

"Yes," he said in a voice which was almost falsetto. "I know the young man well and I can truly say that he is innocent of the charge against him. As for his bringing up, it could not have been better. He possessed one of the sweetest and truest of mothers, who is now in Heaven. I only wish that I was with her."

Tom arose from his chair. Tears glistened in his eyes. He picked up his cap and bowed starting for the door. It seemed to him as if he would suffocate. So this was the way people talked about him. Why was the world so hard; why did they not give him a chance? Bitterness filled his soul.

Mrs. Burton, for that was the lady's name, dropped her spees and looked at her visitor in a dumbfounded manner. Tom bowed low and closing the door went out. He plunged

into the dust of the highway recklessly and soon vanished from sight. Mrs. Burton went to the window and gazed after him. It was only after a long period of reflection that she was able to guess the truth. Then she exclaimed dismally:

"Well, for goodness sakes! If thet young man is Tom Dana, I'm dretful sorry I said what I did, for he don't look one bit like an embezzler, not one bit!"

Tom strode on in the blazing heat. He passed through the town of Norton. His mind was in a seething whirl, and it seemed to him as if every eye was upon him and every finger pointed at him as Tom Dana the embezzler. Beyond Norton, however, he grew calmer and once more his pluck returned.

"They cannot know me everywhere," he said. "Some day if I live I will prove my innocence. May a kind Heaven enable me to do it."

The sun was long past the noon hour when Tom came in sight of Montvale. A great crowd was gathered here to witness a game of ball on the common. Flags were flying and a band of music was playing. Tom drew near and at once became interested in the proceedings.

There was a great rivalry between the ball nines of Norton and Montvale. The score between them, in the matter of games was even, and this game was to decide which team should win the championship of the series. There were rooters for both nines and they made the air tremble with their yells. Forgotten were his troubles, forgotten all else by Tom Dana, in the fascination for the game which now seized him.

The Nortons went first to bat. Their pitcher it was claimed was an importation from a professional league. But as this could not be proved he was allowed to play. Dick Stearns was his name and he quickly showed his ability when the Norton's went into the

field after scoring two runs. He promptly struck out his men in one, two, three order. Oh, how the Nortons did yell.

"Norton wins today," said a base-ball prophet near Tom. "That fellow will not give them a hit. He is a star."

At once Tom's sympathies were placed with the Montvales. Their pitcher and captain was Sam Hardy, a manly young fellow and the son of the mill owner of Montvale. He was a lover of fair play and a clean straightforward fellow as one could see.

But the heavy batters of the Norton team at once jumped upon his delivery. In the next inning four more runs were made. Then an accident happened. Sam, in chasing a runner down to second, fell and sprained his shoulder. How the Nortons did yell then. The Montvales had no pitcher as good as Hardy and the game seemed lost beyond redemption.

An excited meeting of the Montvale players was held. It had been half decided to forfeit the game or place a protest against Stearns. The Montvale people were downcast. How the Norton rooters did yell and how abusive they were. Tom's face was like a flame and he began to chide some of those nearest them. He only met with jeers.

Harry Hunt, the Montvales' second best pitcher, now went into the box and the game went on. Four innings were played and four more runs were made by the Nortons. As yet, not a hit had been made off Stearns. Then Hunt gave up the ghost, straining a ligament in his wrist and Montvale was wholly in despair. The air was full of hisses and jeers.

Tom Dana could stand it no longer. Forgetting everything he thrust himself into the crowd of ball players and confronted the Montvale captain, Sam Hardy. Without a moment's hesitation he said:

"It is too bad! They are not giving you a

fair show. I beg of you to let me help you. I used to pitch for the Glenmores of Rock City. My name is Tom Dana!"

Hardy looked Tom up and down critically and sudden light came in his eyes.

"Dana!" he exclaimed, "I have heard of you. But they have some heavy batters on the Norton team. They have ten runs already and this is the fourth inning. I am afraid there is no chance."

"Play one more inning," said Tom. "Try me just once!"

Hardy wavered a moment.

"I'll do it," he said suddenly.

Tom pulled off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. The Montvales cheered a little, and then a hush fell upon the field. Everybody was anxious to see what the new pitcher would do.

Stearns was the first to bat. He grinned as he swung the bat over the plate. He had already made two home runs. Tom gave the signal to the catcher. Then he shot the first ball outside the plate.

"One ball!" called the umpire.

Again Tom sent the sphere whizzing across the corner of the plate. The umpire called "Two balls!"

There was a dull murmur in the stand. The Norton's were getting ready to jeer the new pitcher. Tom balanced himself carefully and the third ball went into the catcher's mitt.

"One strike!"

Stearns had fanned the air. A look of amazement was upon his face. A better inshoot he had never faced. He looked for the next ball to nail it. Like a meteor it came.

"Two strikes!"

A pin could almost have been heard to drop on the diamond. Again the ball went down, slowly this time. Stearns made a terrific blow at it.

"Three—striker out," called the unpire.
Then what a change. The whole Montvale

contingent rose and cheered like mad. The tables were turning.

The next man went out on a pop fly. The third, Tom struck out. Then the Montvales went to bat. By good chance Stearns was a bit rattled this inning, and let two men get their bases. But he struck out the next two. Then Tom Dana went to bat. Stearns smiled and put in a twister right over the plate.

"One strike," called the umpire. Again the ball shot down the diamond.

"Two strikes!"

"He's a good pitcher, but like all pitchers he can't bat!" groaned a Montvale man. The next moment Tom swung his bat and the ball left it like a shot from a cannon. When it stopped rolling through deep centre, Tom had crossed the plate driving in the two men on bases. Three runs! How the welkin did ring. The crowd yelled itself hoarse. But the game went on. The Nortons yet had a great advantage.

Tom held the Nortons down for three innings without a hit. Not again during the game did a Norton man cross the plate. On the other hand the Montvales, cheered by the work of their new pitcher who batted like a fiend, went in to win. And win they did, by a score of twelve to ten.

Tom Dana was the hero of the occasion. Not until the game was over and the victory won did he remember his true position. Then a great black pall shut down over his happiness. What would these new made friends say if they knew of his disgrace? Would not their friendship turn to hatred?

But Sam Hardy, grabbed him by the shoulders and forced him into his own private carriage. In spite of excuses and pleas, Tom to his dismay was driven to the home of the young ball captain.

Colonel Hardy, the rich mill-owner, had witnessed the game. He came home while Sam was at the table with Tom. The Colonel

fairly hugged our hero.

"You are the hero of the hour," he cried. You have done us all a great favor. If we can do anything to repay you, call on us. By the way, where do you work?"

Tom's face paled. Ineffable sadness filled his eyes.

"I—I am out of work," he said. "I am going through the country looking for work."

Colonel Hardy and Sam exchanged glances. Then the mill-owner said:

"Make yourself comfortable with us for a day or two Tom. Perhaps we can help you—"

But Tom rose suddenly It seemed as if he would stifle.

"I—I cannot accept your kindness," he said fulsomely. "I do not deserve it. I will not deceive you. I am in disgrace."

Then it seemed to Tom as if the world grew black around him. He tottered and would have fallen but for Sam. For a moment there was silence in the room. Then Colonel Hardy spoke:

"I do not know what you mean, my boy!" he said. "It is hard to think of one with so honest a face as yours doing wrong. Believe me, I will be your friend. We all have transgressed at some time, and it is human to err. Now tell us, Tom, what is your trouble?"

Those words spoken so kindly, were the first Tom Dana had heard since his mother's death. He felt a quivering sensation about the heart, then something seemed to snap in his breast. He turned and held out his hand appealingly.

"I am not guilty," he cried.

In a moment Colonel Hardy caught both his hands.

"I believe you," he cried heartily. "And I will help you to clear yourself. Call me your friend, Tom Dana."

What followed was all a happy dream for the orphan boy. Tom told his story and to his surprise neither Sam nor Colonel Hardy affected to doubt it. They spoke comforting words and the Colonel said:

"I have heard of this young Dawson. I strongly suspect that he is at the bottom of all this trouble. He is dissipated I know. Leave the case in my hands, Tom. You shall live here with us."

"No," said Tom resolutely, "I must find work. I thank you for your kindness—"

"Then you shall have work," cried the Colonel, "there is a vacancy in my office now. The salary is twenty dollars a week. You can fill the position, and,—then you know we don't want to lose the services of the best pitcher the Montvale team ever had!"

All laughed heartily and Tom saw new vistas opening before him. The result was that he accepted the position. Six dollars per week was his former salary. Twenty dollars was a rise which made him feel rich.

The next day Colonel Hardy returned from Rock City with happy news.

"When we cornered the young rascal," he said, "he made absolute confession. I gave old Brightman a piece of my mind. Every newspaper in the country will show the matter up and, Tom Dana, vindicated, you will be the most popular fellow anywhere about. The Montvales play another series next month with the Nortons and you are selected pitcher of our team so long as you choose to hold the position. Now think no more of the past but consider your chance in life won, by luck, as well as by pluck."

Tom Dana's career was from that moment successful beyond the ordinary. He had but one regret which he would express in moments of realized happiness.

"Oh, if mother were only with me now, to enjoy and share my success."

Tom Dana, you are no exception to a common rule. Many another in life's hard course, at the moment of a success won by luck and pluck, has experienced that same yearning, which to the orphan may never be.



ENTSCHULDIGUNG.

(From the German of Emil Pohl.)

Am I to blame, that I his heart have stolen,

That he has played my songs upon his lute?

Am I to blame because my hair is golden,

Because my eyes have won for me repute?

Am I to blame because my sweetest poses

Appeal to him, my sighs his soul can maim,

And he through love for me no more reposes,

Am I to blame?

TWO WAGERS AND THE FORFEITS.

CHAPTER III.

It was evening when Roy Moore and Edward Colcord arrived at the dingy old terminal station of Cape Ann. Summer travellers have grumbled for a decade over the sooty, uncomfortable, barn-like structure, and among the grumblers influential politicians have been numbered; but the old station still stands, and every summer the grumbling begins anew. Half choked by the smoke of the engine, Moore added his grumbling to the countless preceding ones, saying, "Lord, this is worse than Salem!"

They found the hotel barge waiting outside, and as they were the only guests, they had plenty of room in which to stretch their cramped legs. It did not take much time to pass through the old town, made new with are-lights and electric cars, and soon they found themselves riding close by the shore, with the "Eyes of Cape Ann" peeping at them from behind an eminence in the distance. Far out on the end of a point was a little fourth-order light, seeming like a star on the horizon beside the neighboring first-order lights. Now the road left the shore and passed through a clump of overhanging willows, through which the bright new moon danced in fitful rays. Emerging, they were borne along a regular country road, and finally rounding a curve they came upon the whole settlement at the Turk's Head.

A number of people were seated upon the hotel piazza, but only one of the group arose as the carriage stopped before the door. He was the clerk, and he ushered the young men into the office, and a little later disappeared with them up the broad stairs.

Meanwhile the group upon the spacious piazza broke into smaller groups, some of the gentlemen strolling along in the moonlight to smoke, some of the ladies to see the effect of the moonlight upon the sea. Two of the latter walked along together, deep in conversation.

Very naturally the conversation of Miss Thurston and Miss Whidden turned upon the late arrivals, and the two young ladies, although they were well aware of the identity of the young men, made many conjectures upon the probable length of their stay, the happenings which might take place and whether they should see much of them. The Whiddens had left town soon after the informal dinner party in honor of their rescuers, and consequently had not seen the young men since.

Miss Thurston had been walking along letting her cousin do most of the talking, when suddenly she broke out impetuously:

"Berl, I'm going to tell you something. I must tell some one, and you're the only person in whom I can confide. Since that Saturday when we had that fortunate escape from a serious runaway, I have come to think a great deal of Edward Colcord. Now, to make a long story short, I want to ask you if you think there is any hope of his taking an interest in me. After dinner at your house that evening, Mr. Moore seemed to take a great deal of pleasure in your company, while Mr. Colcord was content to talk to Uncle Caspar and Aunt Minnie. Now, my dear girl, I don't want you to think for a minute that I have fallen in love, but you and I are going

to be more or less in the company of those two young men during the next month, and as it is evident that Mr. Moore prefers your company to mine, I would like to know to what extent I shall bore Mr. Colcord."

During her cousin's speech, Miss Whidden had changed color several times, but unnoticed by her companion. She was not surprised at her disclosure, for Miss Thurston was a rather impetuous creature, but she wished she had not been asked to hear it. While she would not admit it to herself, she rejoiced in the fact that Mr. Colcord paid no special attention to Miss Thurston, while she cared nothing for Mr. Moore's attentions to herself. She answered her companion in a jocose tone, for thus she could best hide her own feelings:

"My poor Margy! You have found so many men ready to court you, that when this reserved fellow from Colorado refuses to be immediately entrapped by your beauty, you imagine that you are interested in him. Keep up your courage, and you'll bring this woman-hater around in three days. But let's turn around, for there's going to be some dancing in the hall this evening, and we might as well be there for the fun."

"I don't have such faith in my powers," replied Miss Thurston, "and I am willing to wager a treat to our set at college that Mr. Colcord has got some little friend from the West that prevents him from being too agreeable. Do you take me?"

Miss Whidden blushed furiously, but blushes are indistinguishable in the meenlight. She replied quickly:

"Of course, but I can't imagine how we're going to find out."

Upon their return to the inn, they found the dance-hall ablaze with light and some people already assembled. The two girls hurried to their rooms, which were on the first floor of the ocean side of the rambling hotel, and later returned to the dance-hall, which was in an adjoining building.

The dance was an informal affair, to which some of the cottagers had come, and also a few people from the town. Mr. Moore and Mr. Colcord decided that they would go in to enjoy the fun, although Mr. Colcord was rather reluctant. They entered just in time to be introduced around and enter a Portland Fancy.

After dancing for about an hour, Mr. Colcord, who had just finished a waltz with Miss Whidden, proposed that they walk down to the shore and get cooled off a little. As the evening was warm and others were doing likewise, she agreed, and soon they were walking along the beach in the rear of the hotel.

She would not take his arm, preferring to pick her way unassisted. Once she almost fell, but he caught her. Even then she refused to accept his arm, but after a second stumble she gave in, and he put her little arm upon his strong one.

She did about all the talking, telling him of an expedition to the lighthouses, and that led her into telling the legend of the Turks' Heads, upon one of which they were standing. He listened attentively, asking questions which led to further stories.

The evening was very light. The moon was still high enough to shed a brilliant glow over all the earth, and the brilliant lights of the "Eyes of the Cape," only half a mile away, lit up the sea and shore. The light scarf which Miss Whidden had thrown over her head had slipped down upon her shoulders. Her dark auburn hair seemed to glow with light, and as Colcord looked down upon her, he felt a thrill of joy come over him. She must have felt the power of his eyes upon her, for she stopped talking and looked up at him. He looked down into her blue eyes, blur as an Italian sky, with an expression that made her heart beat quickly; she checked her feel-

ings and made him hurry back with her.

Moore had just finished dancing the waltz with Miss Thurston as Colcord and Miss Whidden had gone out the door. Miss Thurston quickly agreed to go out, and soon she and Moore were walking along the road towards Cable Rocks. Both were ready to talk, Moore of Miss Whidden, Miss Thurston of Colcord. Finally she cornered her companion and tried to learn something of Colcord's home. Moore very unkindly led her on to believe that his friend was something of a woman-hater, and gave her the impression that she had wagered wrongly in the afternoon. He in his turn could learn nothing new about Miss Whidden, and soon he changed the subject to the new dances which were to be introduced in the winter. By mutual consent they turned about after walking about five minutes.

When Colcord and Miss Whidden returned to the hall they found that they had missed three dances, and a fourth was just commencing. Moore was again with Miss Thurston, and as she noticed Colcord's reappearance and beaming eyes, she said to her partner:

"I don't believe that Mr. Colcord is much of a woman-hater: if he is, he's getting over it."

After that dance, people left the hall, and Moore and Colcord walked up the road to smoke a cigar and talk. Moore was a bit gloomy; for, some way or other, Colcord had been in the graces of Miss Whidden that evening and he had not. He told Colcord of his promenade with Miss Thurston and her attempt to pump him about Colcord, and he ended by saying:

"Either Miss Thurston is greatly interested in you, Ed, or I don't know what I'm talking about."

"Stop your jollying," replied Ed. "Of

course you don't know what you're talking about. I'm tired. Let's turn around and go to bed."

About ten days after this, Colcord and Moore were seated on the rocks, reading and smoking. Colcord closed his book and looked out upon the sea, and then tried to read again, but gave it up. He looked at his chum and spoke to him:

"Roy, I want to say something to you, and I guess I'll say it now unless you want to read."

Moore looked up and said:

"Drive ahead, old fellow, but don't look so glum. It isn't a funeral, is it?"

"Well, I'm going to tell you a story. Once upon a time, two fellows, who loved each other dearly, rendered a service to two young ladies who were cousins, and as luck would have it, they saw considerable of these cousins. Now if things could only be properly arranged in this world, these two fellows and these cousins would have paired off and all would have been smooth sailing. But alas! Both fellows fell in love with the same girl. No one knows how it stood with the cousins. Now one of these fellows had never been in love before, except with his chum, and rather than break off with his chum, he preferred to get over this love affair. So, Roy, my boy, you may consider the coast clear for you in the future."

Moore had looked into his chum's face all the time he had been speaking; he loved his chum greatly, but to hear him speak thus was a revelation. He looked towards the sea; tears came into his eyes; he could not speak.

Class-day came again, and this time Colcord had the pleasure of inviting instead of being invited. The Whiddens were there with Miss Thurston, and of course Moore was present. Colcord had studied hard during the year and his usually grave face was as

grave as ever, although he endeavored to be jolly. Moore was sad also. Finally he got Colcord alone and said:

"Didn't you get my note this morning?"

"By Jove!" said Colcord, "I got it this morning at breakfast and forgot to open it," and pulling a letter from his coat pocket, he opened it and read:

"Dear Ed:

Was thrown over last night for the second time. I've told her everything. I suppose that I may congratulate you tomorrow, if you do a good job on class day. Yours,

Roy."

Colcord continued staring at the letter for several minutes, then he looked at his friend took his hand and said:

"I'm awfully sorry for you, old man. Do you wish me luck?"

"You're the best fellow living, Ed, and I wish you the best of luck."

They wrung each other's hands in a tight grip and then separated, Ed to entertain his guests, Moore to meet old friends. Colcord was lively and full of fun. A classmate stopped him and wanted to know what the good news was, but Ed only smiled the more and said nothing.

That night as Miss Thurston was helping her to disrobe, Miss Whidden said in a gay tone:

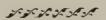
"Margy, do you remember a wager that we made last summer in regard to Mr. Colcord?"

"Yes," replied her cousin, "have you learned anything definite?"

Then something was whispered in her ear that made her smile and then she hugged her little cousin tightly and said:

"I'll treat the girls next fall, but you'll have to do the trick also. He's the best fellow in the world next to one, Dr. Marsh, whom I adore and who adores me."

THE END.



I. S. F. B. A.

From the table which follows, it will be seen that Boston English High has won the championship with the Cambridge Manual training and Hoppy tied for second place:

Nov. 5.—E. H. S. 10, Hoppy 6.

Nov. 12.—E. H. S. vs. C. H. & L. postponed.

Nov. 16.—E. H. S. 59, B. H. S. 0.

Nov. 20.—E. H. S. 20, C. M. T. S. 0.

Nov. 25—E. H. S. 44, B. L. S. 4.

Oct. 29.—C. M. T. S. 36, B. H. S. 0.

Nov. 12.—C. M. T. S. 0, Hoppy 0.

Nov. 16.—C. M. T. S. 16, B. L. S. 0.

Nov. 25.—C. M. T. S. 10, C. H. & L. 0

Oct. 30.—Hoppy 36, B. L. S. 0.

Nov. 19.—Hoppy 18, C. H. & L. 0.

Nov. 24.—Hoppy 64, B. H. S. 0.

Nov. 5.—B. L. S. 22, C. H. & L. 0.

Oct. 26.—B. L. S. 6, B. H. S. 0.

Nov. 9.—C. H. & L. 0, B. II. S. 0.

ALUMNI NOTES.

- R. L. Emerson, '90, is studying at the Harvard Medical School.
- T. H. Taft, E. H. S. '97, is singing in the Technology Glee Club.
- A. W. Reynolds, '94, is clerk of Congress at the Cambridge Y. M. C. A.
- A. M. Goodridge, '96, is assistant business manager of the Harvard Lampoon.
- C. A. McGrew, C. L. S. '93, is on the reportorial staff of the New York Sun.
- E. A. Dunlop, '97, last fall, entered Harvard 1900, skipping the Freshman class.
- F. E. Thayer, '95, president of the Harvard Chess Club, and captain of the chessteam.
- H. H. Murdock, '97, is on the executive committee of the Harvard Civil Service Reform Club.

Miss Edith M. Barrett, E. H. S. '95, is teaching in one of the public schools in New Britain, Conn.

- Mr. Estabrook requests us to state that he will be able to return to Cambridge next fall and will not be obliged to live in a different atmosphere as before stated. We shall all be glad to see our former editor once more.
- N. S. Bacon, '91, is studying at the Harvard Medical School, and also assisting in the Department of Chemistry.
- H. H. Murdock and A. D. Wyman, C. L.S. '97, are members of the Harvard Freshman Debating Society, and N. F. Hall, '97, and A. L. Richards, '96, are members of the Sophomore Debating Club.

The statement that Miss Edith W. Taylor, '93, was teaching at Miss Pierce's school, in Brookline, made in our last issue, was incorrect. Miss Taylor is pursuing post-graduate work at Radcliffe, while Miss A. M. Vaughan, '93, Radcliffe '97, is teaching in Brookline.

Miss Annie F. Stratton, '94, Miss S. E. Chandler, '94, Miss F. W. James, '95, Miss M. D. Watson, '96, Miss K. H. James, '96, Miss M. S. Bradbury, '96, Miss Wesselhoeft, '97, and N. F. Hall, '97, and K. S. Barnes, E. H. S. '96, took part in the French play, "Athalie," recently given at Harvard.

C. P. Adams, C. L. S. '95, has been rowing with the Harvard 'Varsity squad; J. B. Hawes, '96, and H. Bancroft, '94, have been rowing in Weld crews, the latter being captain and stroke of the crew which won the Weld four-oared race on November 24. C. W. Locke, '97, was captain of one of the Weld freshman eights.

At the annual business meeting of the Cambridge Latin School club of Radcliffe college, the following officers were elected: President, Mary II. Winslow, '95; vice president, Blanche W. Cook, '95; secretary, Mabel V. Arnold, '96, and treasurer, Maude E. Fellows, '94. The members of the club are preparing a dramatic entertainment under the management of Caroline L. Humphrey, '94, Eva N. Merrill, '94, and the officers. This is to be given during the third week in January. The exact dates will be announced in next month's issue. This has been arranged for the purpose of raising funds for the scholarship which the club hopes to establish at Radcliffe college in a few years. The admission will be twenty-five cents and all interested are cordially invited to attend.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

As there may be some who have not yet subscribed for the Review, but may want to for the rest of the school year, the management offers subscription to any one for the remainder of the school year for fifty cents. It includes the Christmas number, through the June number, making seven copies in all.

All who have not yet subscribed, ought to do so at once.

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The Christmas number of the Review can be found on sale at the same stores as last month, namely: Thurston's, Sever's and Amee Bros.', Harvard square, and at Beunke's on Massachusetts avenue, and also at George B. Ketchum's, 735 Massachusetts avenue, opposite the old City Hall.



The election of Donovan as captain of the foot-ball team for next year has been ratified by the supervistory committee.



The New Year number of the Review will be out the thirteenth of January. All copy for publication must be handed in before the third of January.



C. L. S. '98 have chosen the following committee for their drama and dance: Mr. Clark, chairman; Miss Dimick and Miss Abbott, Messrs. Barbour and Kelsey. It will be given in the Newtowne Club hall, Friday, the twenty-first of January.



Walter Clarkson has been elected captain of the polo team and also captain of the base ball team. His elections are awaiting ratification by the supervisory committee.



J. E. Purdy has been chosen class photographer for English High School '98.

BLACK JACK'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Isaac was rather an old negro, pretty short, but finely proportioned, and as strong as an ox. He was an old servant of the family, a man of sterling working qualities, faithful and obedient, surrounded by a shield of good humor hard to be broken through, and as steady as time. He planted the gardens in summer, was boss in the corn-field and cottonpatch, cut "stove wood" during the hotter months, and "light 'ood" in the winter, besides doing all the odd jobs and errands, too important or difficult for Sally, the house girl. It was Christmas eve, and there were great preparations going on up at the big house. I overheard Isaac talking to one of the field hands, Black Jack, on his way home from milking the cows. He had put down his pails, and was speaking with the tone of one who knows.

"How cum I kin tell dees gwine be a big time?" he was saying. "Ain't I done kilt dat ar bigety turkey gobbler yow set yow eye on, fo' it wuz hatched good, an' 'twas time, I lay, 'cause yow ain't de onliest nigger dat ud grab 'im up fo' yow cud squinch yow eyebalis, ef he dast to roos' low'r 'n de pine top, dat yow An a whole passul er yuther fowls, 'sides havin' ter pick der feathers frum de littlest, to de ol' rapscalion hisse'f. Man sir, dis nigger bin totin passels an' bun'ls, boxes an' jugs fum de depo' to de house, fetchin' pepper fum de smoke house, ter sprinkle on de barbacue, en cinermons en nutmegs to overtop dem pies, dat I bin seein' Aunt Kate makin' fer mos' a week. Watcher reckon gwine be done wid all dem taters dat ar yaller Pete bin totin' in, an' de groun' peas fum down de valley?-Ain't I bin to de mail mos' ez many times ez

yow bin crost dat fence to sample dem winterapples in de barn? En let alone dat, I bin a-bringin' pop-crackers en sweetnin' bread nuff ter settle all de chullens in dis settlement wid de cholerics." He then proceeded with his pails towards the old homestead, singing,

"An when de foot strike Zion
De lights all lit along de sho'
We'll bid ol' Hell a long farwell
Wid de lights all lit along de sho'."

"I boun' yow ain't gwine fergit me, is yow, 'bout time de presents is changin' han's sum'ers twixt sun-up an' sun-down termorrer?" said Black Jack, the field hand, to me with a broad grin.

"I reckon not," I answered, "and I suppose you have a handsome gift in return." This seemed to please him immensely, for he laughed long and loudly.

"I speck I'll hatter give dat gol' wa'ch I odert tuther day," he answered, "but whilst I studyin' up sump'n perticular fo' de 'casion ef yow wuz to drap 'roun by my shack I mowt show yow sump'n for de ol' boss. Hi, yi," and he was laughing again.

Word had been given out the quarters that the person who should give the most unique and characteristic Christmas present to Mr. Fairfax, owner of the plantation, known among the hands as the "ol' Boss," was to get a "bran new, Sunday-go-ter-meetin' pare o' close, and de present ain't to cos' nuthin' nuther," Ike had said in giving forth the message, several days before.

Each black workman had set upon some blan, and Black Jack was as active as the rest.

"Ef dem close ain't mine, den hits 'cause

de worril done ruin't fo de day come," he had confidentially said.

But even the men who did not win the prize would receive a present from the head of the house, well worth the having, since Mr. Fairfax saw to the comfort and welfare of all his servants. Well known and looked forward to was the barbecue which took place each year, "in de low groun." It was a great time for the negroes, and a meeting of gaiety and fun.

"Dey certainly 's gwine be plenty vittals t' night," Jack said after a moment. "Me 'n Joe Bennet, we killed them two likely shoates an' a passel er sheep in de lot, an' skunt um ready fo' de fire, an' dat lanky Adams, he dug de trench thirty foot long er more, whilst ol' Harry built de fire. Dat man kin fix barbacues, sho's whats what en what ain't isn't. He uster be de barbacurer in de Barnap plantations way fo' de war, en dey had barbacues in a minute in dem days. Dey lasted mos all de evenin' and part er de night, an' he'd des put de vinegar and de pepper to dem roasted hogs till dey toasted mo' samer dan flap-jack cakes and sorgum lasses.

"Eat um, gee, eat um, goo, Eat um, up, dem barbecue."

He finished with a little absurd jingle.

Just at this moment a party, composed of several young men, two sons of "de ol' boss," and some visiting neighbors, passed down the lane, while returning from an all day's "bird-hunt." Their luck seemed to have been particularly good, if one could judge from the remarks of old Aunt Kate, the cook, when I carried the bag of game, which they entrusted to me, into the kitchen.

"Who ever heerd tell er sech doin's?" she exclaimed. "Dees nuff birds here to las' all winter, let 'lone Christmas," then seeing that another job was shifted to her shoulders she added, testily, "I ain't gwin skin all dem par-

tridges. Ef dey kin kill dey kin skin um, en if dey kin skin um, I speck dey kin eat um, least ways ef dey all got as big a place fo' dey vittels ez what Marse Frank got. He's de eatines' man dis side de fallin-off place."

The Christmas guests were beginning to arrive when we came in, and a big party was on the front porch, Henry, George, and Copeland Fairfax, all brothers, sons of the senior Mr. Frank, and Miss Frankie and Miss Nellie, the twin daughters. The country preachers and a jovial drummer, who knew Mr. Fairfax as a boy, entertained the company with their experiences, while "Doc" Chapman, and an old veteran, Colonel Brooks, talked about the war, the latter telling how once he swung his coffee pot over his head, while behind a low embankment, and it was turned into a sieve by Yankee bullets. Montgomery and Miss Carnegie Bell were conspicuous among the guests, as "folks of quality" according to Isaac. Joe Bell, Jack Houston, Alice Bell, and myself, all about twelve years old, romped on the front lawn with Rover, the favorite setter, and hero of the day's hunt, which involves quite a story, and must be left untold. But the head of the house and Bob Powell, an old hunter and settler, were missing from the group, for they had set out in the morning, determined not to return until they should bring down the prince of the pine forest, a Virginia buck.

A loud shout of praise and joy broke from the company on the porch as the two old hunters appeared, with a great deer swung on a pole, which two stalwart sons of Ham supported on their shoulders. They doffed their caps, and soon afterward were telling the story of the chase to an interesting audience at supper. It was as all other deer-hunts in that region. The dogs had been sent into the upper part of a swamp by Joe the houndkeeper, and the hunters took their stand on deer paths leading from the swamp. As Joe himself soon afterwards told the yarn,

"Dey soon sot ol' man deer a-runnin.' I seen 'im, an he fambly, tearin' down de creek wid de dogs atter 'im, head up an' feet a-flyin' and dey a-runnin' long, bayin' deep, yump, yump, at every jump. De ol' buck he led de way, jumpin' twenty yards ev'y leap, an' leapin' twist a secon'. Yow couldn't hardly keep yer eyes on 'im, ez he flashed by de pines, an' he look like he got one er dese yer sto' [store] stools sot upersiderdownermost on he head. Man sir, I sut'ny wuz glad I want near 'im. I wuz skeered whar I wuz."

"What were you afraid of?" I inquired.

"I dunno, honey, sep'un I wuz bleedged to be skeered. Well, howsumever, he turnt out in de swamp, he did, atter so long a time, an' set up de path, straight blam towards whar de ol' Boss wuz settin' as calm as you please, hinst de bigges' tree in de woods. He des come a-sailin, an' de dogs wuzn't in it. De ol' Boss know'd he comin' 'cause he heerd 'im an' 'bout time dat deer got sum'ers nigh whar he sot, he cock dat 'bad' gun, he did, git up an' step out inter de path. Hi, hit look likes sump'n' gwine happen den, sho nuff. De deer, he seed 'im, but he ain't stop. He des nat'ally riz in de ar, up towards de elements, an' turnt whilst he risin'. He warn't up dar but 'bout time hit takes a sheep to wiggle hees tail, fo' he wuz gone, but de ol' Boss done finish him. Dat big gun lam-a-loose, ker-blim, an de soun' hit de hill on ter side de creek an' come back, ker-blim. De barrel smoke like de Wash-house chimbly on ironin' day, an' de ol' Boss stept up, vellin' to Marse Powell dat de job done finish.

"But bless yo soul, honey, hit ain't nigh dene. Dat ol' buck, he des gittin' breff, an' time he see Marse Frank's shiny knife, he lit out frum dar, towards de creek, leavin' a pool of blood behine him big ez a barrel-head. Marse Powell, he up wid hees gun an' de ball went a-zoonin' ker-wee-oo. He ain't miss no mor'n de ol' Boss did, yit dat ar beswitched critter kep' a-goin'. He mout er bin runnin' to dis blessid minit, ef he hadn't come to de creek. We follered clost behin' wid' de grit des a-fiyin'. He made fer ter jump, en ef he didn't clear dat creek wid two balls som'ers 'bout his liver ez big ez yo thumb, denn I ain't kin tell a ha'nt fum a preacher. But dar he come to he las'. When we get to de creek, he lay on ter side, mo' deader dan a cat killed nine times."

Directly after supper I joined Isaac, who was already waiting for me, and we hastened to "de low groun" where the barbecue was to be held.

"I spek you' ma'll be atter me 'bout carrin' yow down to de res' er de folks," he said, but I paid little heed and soon turned the subject by asking him what he was going to give Mr. Fairfax for a present.

"Dat's been a-pesterin' me of'n on fo' mo'n a week," he answered, "but I done saved de beef livers of dem three yearlin's I kilt ter day, and I spek I'll hatter give 'im dem, 'cause dey say de ol' Boss has a mon'stus likin' of sech eatin."

But all conversation was cut short by our arriving upon the scene which I had long been looking forward to. Inside a large clearing almost completely surrounded by the humble shanties of the hands was a large collection of negroes. They were all attired in their best, which wasn't much, and there were all sizes and sexes. The sounds of laughter could be heard on all sides, but as we entered the area the parties nearest us greeted us with

"Hi, here comes ol' man Ike." and

"Howdy, young Marser."

"Dat's de Fairfax Yankee cousin," I overheard one say to another.

"Look out'n de way," Ike called out, "an' let de young Boss git a seat."

I sat down on a piece of ramshackled fence and enjoyed the scene. Right in front of me there was a trench, some thirty feet long, and three feet deep, which was half filled by a big bed of red-hot coals. It takes quite an amount of skill to bring the oak bark to that stage, but there they were before me, bright and hot as could be. Over the trench small oaken poles were stretched and upon this there were several whole sheep, and hogs and even a yearling bull. They had already been cooking for a long time, and were turned over at regular intervals, and well sprinkled and soaked with a great mixture from the half of a barrel. It smelled strongly of vinegar and from the taste afterwards also had not a little pepper in it.

On either end of the trench there were large light wood fires going, which lit up the whole space. On the other side of the barbecue for me, for such it was, there were long tables, made of pine boards, with seats, constructed during the course of the afternoon for the farther aid in demolishing the formidable array of meat. Nor was meat alone to constitute the feast, for large platters of cakes were placed along the tables, and these could from time to time be supplied from the many boxes of cookies which were not far from the scene of action. And all hands were engaged in roasting sweet potatoes in the hot ashes, left by many fires, built in the afternoon for the purpose.

Soon all the rest of the company came down from the house, and on their arrival, Sam Soude, the preacher, as well as ploughhand master, stood up on an old meat box, and after a moment began to speak in a deep bass voice, at first welcoming "Marse Fairfax an' all de company an' likewise to give thanks fo' all present, an' dem as couldn't be (mighty few, I guess) fo' de remembrances, and espe-

cussly de barbacue an' de sweetnin-bread. An' ef dey evah wuz a mo' finer fambly, or better company, dan dey wuz, den hit didn't live nowhar in dem parts. Brederin," he concluded, "I spec Marz Frank ud like a tune."

He waited a moment, cleared his throat, then began to sway his body and beat time with his foot. A moment later he began to lead, in long, swinging tones, the verses of a song, the words of which convey utterly no idea of the sweetness and effectiveness of the whole affair. Rather slowly at first he started:

"Ef I cud, I sho'ly wud Stan' on de rock whar Moses stood Pharoe's a'my got drownded, Oh! Mary don' you weep."

Then the whole company with many gesticulations and swaying motions, joined in the chorus:

"Mary, don' you weep, don' you wail, don' you moan,

Mary, don' you weep roun' de corner stone, Pharoe's a'my got drownded, Oh, Mary don' you weep.

Then Sam took it up again, this time clapping his hands softly in accompaniment:

"I wanter go ter heven, an' I wanter go right I wanter go ter heven all dressed in white. Pharoe's a'my got drownded, Oh! Mary don' you weep."

The chorus was much louder this time and could be distinctly heard across the valley:

"Som'er deze days, 'bout twelve o'clock Dis ol' worril gwine reel an' rock,"

Sam continued, and each time after the whole company had joined in the chorus his melodious voice would sing forth a couplet:

"See dat sun how sturdy she run, Never let de day ketch vou work undone."

He sang something like twenty verses before the last one.

"Two bullfrogs a-climbin' up de bank An' one fell back, rank-tum-a-tank, Pharoe's a'my got drownded, Oh! Mary don' you weep."

The last echo died away and it was as still as death for a moment; then we all joined in hearty applause.

It was not long before the barbecue was done, and the noisy, happy company were all seated at the spacious tables. The cookies and the pigs likewise disappeared with potatoes and sheep. We, the few white spectators, ate nothing except a little piece of the barbecue, which the doctor, Mr. Fairfax, and Colonel Chapman declared excellent. The rest of us, little used to barbecues, were in favor of less vinegar, pepper and salt.

It was a sight long to be remembered, the long rows of dark faces, the bright fires, and what was left of the barbecued animals still over the glistening coals, all inside a space enclosed by the negro shanties.

After they had finished eating, and what little that had been left had been disposed off, Sam once more started the singing project, which was a most favored one among the "hands." After he had led a song or two, he stopped and the lead was taken up by any one in the congregation. The songs they sung were of a religious character, but although the melodies were most beautiful, and had a fine swing, yet the words were so ridiculous that I was kept in spasms of laughter the whole time. We did not stay to the end, but the last song I heard was led by old Harry, the wood-cutter, and the words went thus:

"Hipercrit, Hipercrit, God despise Tongue so keen an' 'boun ter tell lies."

Then the chorus:

"I wouldn't be so buzy 'bout tellin' de lies Only I wanter be dere when de angels cry Little David, play on yo' harp Hallelloo, Hallelloo! Little David Play on yo' harp, Hallelloo!

Oh, Shachum, Shachum, Bednigo,*
God gwine work aroun' de fire-side shown
An' I wouldn't be so buzy bout de fire-sideshow

Only wanter be dere when de Angels cry."

and the whole company joined in about little David and his harp,

"Oh broder, min' how you step on de cross De foot, hit slip and de man be los' I weuldn't be so buzy 'bout de man bein' los' Only I wanter be dere when de angel cry, Little David, etc."

He sang on, but the words were no longer intelligible, although it seems as though I could hear the clear, deep voice to this moment.

At about ten o'clock next morning, which was Christmas, after we had all examined our stockings and enjoyed the fine holly-tree in the parlor, received our other presents, and shot fire-crackers to our heart's delight in an old powder-can (it is queer, but they had firecrackers there on Christmas), the whole party of us collected on the back piazza to see what presents the hands were going to bring Mr. Fairfax. Isaac was the first to appear, with his livers; then one by one the grinning men came in, dropped their hats on the steps, said "Howdy" to the company, and placed their gift on a long shelf prepared for them. had come except Black Jack—who, by the way, was the fellow who had asked me to come around to his shanty the day before, and I had forgotten to do it.

Then a sight most ridiculous presented itself to the company. That negro, Black Jack, with a look of terror, came running through the yard, hatless and breathless with his coat flying and minus a shoe, holding a large bas-

^{*} For Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego.

ket above his head, which shook and jolted about in a most lively fashion. At his heels were the whole pack of dogs, barking and jumping up on him and fighting among themselves.

Poor Jack's cries for help went at first unheeded, while the whole company laughed till to laugh was a sin. At last Johnnie Houston drove back the dogs while the negro stumbled up the steps, forgetting in his haste and confusion, all formality. He dropped his basket, the lid flew open, and a very queer animal sprawled out. He was grayish-white, had a sharp face, and a long, tapering, hairless tail. It was an opossum. On this poor frightened

beast the dogs again charged, and poor Jack was again in a sad plight. It was the 'possum which had attracted the dogs before, and I think the poor beast would have been torn to pieces if Jack hadn't seized it by the tail and held it aloft, while the women on the porch gathered up their dresses and fled into the house, and the male members of the party scattered the dogs and rescued the ridiculous pair.

Perhaps you would be glad to hear that Black Jack was awarded the Christmas prize, and was the envy of all the negro community on account of his Sunday clothes, which he wears to this day.



Girls will probably appreciate this instance of the inferiority of the other sex:

ADVENTURES OF A MAN.

He sat in the car with a frown on his brow, And a look of despair in his eye.

And conned o'er and o'er with increasing distress,

The commission that he was to buy.

His wife had declared as she bade him goodbye,

"Now be sure to remember the braid, Keep saying it over for fear you forget,

Half a yard, black, the widest that's made."

The paper he'd bought, without opening he held,

If he read, he would surely forget.

And what could he say if he failed to bring home

Just the right width of braid and pure jet?

The frown on his brow and the look of distress

Increased when he stepped from the car, And elbowed his way through the fair shoppers' midst

Who seemed trying his progress to bar.

He wandered through more stores than ever before,

And thought them the worst ever made And that night a cross husband brought home to his wife,

A yard-roll of narrow blue braid.



Goes without saying—the diffident lover.

"Mr. Boatman," said a timid woman to the ferryman, "are people ever lost in this river?"

"Oh no, ma'am, we always find them in a day or so."

Dot—"Mamma says the cat is full of electricity."

Dick—"Of course. Put your ear down on her and you can hear the trolley."

Friend—"Does your school boast of a football team?"

C. L. S. student—"No, we used to boast of one, but we have to apologize for it new."

Mistress—"Did the fisherman send the lobsters?"

Bridget—"He did, mum, but I sent them back. They wuzn't ripe. They were green."

"I suppose you visited Venice while you were in Europe?"

"Oh, yes! and I was rowed about in one of those chandeliers for which the city is famous."

"What are you going to be when you grow up, my boy?"

"A king!" answered Willie, proudly.

"And you, Dickie?"

"I guess I'll be an Ace."

Governess—"Why don't you eat your consommé, Bertie?"

Bertie—"'Cause I asked Harry what be-

came of the cook Papa discharged, and he said she was in the soup.

Mamma—"How many sisters did your new playmate tell you he had?"

Willie—"He's got one. He tried to catch me by saying he had two half-sisters, but he'll find out I've studied fractions!"

Teacher—"Tommy, express the same meaning in the following sentence in fewer words: 'When Mr. Flood, accompanied by his wife and children, stopped the horse before his house, he threw down the reins, and they alighted.'"

Tommy—"The reins descended and the floods came."

Young Lady (out yachting—"What is the matter, Captain Quarterdeck?"

Captain—"I'm sorry to say we've broken our rudder."

Young Lady—"I wouldn't worry about that. The rudder is mostly under water, you know, and people wouldn't notice it.

Literary young man—"Miss Jones, have you seen Crabbe's "Tales?" "

Young Lady (scornfully)—"I was not aware that crabs had tails."

Literary young man (covered with confusion)—"I beg your pardon. I should have said, read Crabbe's 'Tales.'"

Young Lady (angrily scornful—"And I was not aware that red crabs had tails, either, young man!"

3 BOOK REVIEWS. 3

Received from Lee & Shepard:

Pacific Shores, or Adventures in Eastern Seas. By Oliver Optic. Author of the Army and Navy Series, Boat Club Stories, Yacht Club Series.

This is the fourth volume of the third series of All Over the World library and takes the hero, Louis Belgrave, that accomplished linguist and liberally educated young millionaire through a series of adventures with his friends through Eastern Asia and the islands of the Pacific. It is a most interesting book for the youth and gives excellent accounts of the geographical and historical outlines of the countries in which the party journeys. (Price \$1.25.)

Dreams in Homespun. By Sam Walter Foss, author of "Whiffs from Wild Meadows," "Back Country Poems."

Mr. Foss belongs to the school of Carleton, Field and Riley—genuine humorists who have something to say and a popular way of saying it. While there is plenty of humor in his work, its strength lies in its philosophic suggestions and earnestness of thought. this respect his poetry is unique. His verse, however, is not lacking in variety. As one critic said, in reviewing "Whiffs from Wild Meadows": "Here you have something that touches you all around—touches your weak points and your strong points-from gay to grave, from lively to severe, and after having been shaker up and tossed about from every angle of vision, by tender humor, and cau-tic satire, and brimming joviality, and prickly truths, and sparkling witticisms, and palpable hits at the guilty violator of law and the amenities of life, you rise up a better, a truer, and a nobler man.

The same characteristics that distinguished

his previous volumes are generally observable throughout this one. The author's talent consists largely in treating common, every-day themes poetically. He invests with a halo of homespun beauty the scenes and incidents in the lives of average men. The humorous element is seldom long lacking from Mr. Foss' verse, and there is usually a trace of philosophic suggestiveness behind the humor. He is strongest, perhaps, in depicting the shrewd and quaint, but wholesome and healthful humor of the New England farmer. The author's early life upon a farm cames back to him with its hard and unlovely features softened, perhaps, and with its idyllic beauties glorified by the illusions of distance and memory." (Price \$1.50.)

Guarding the Border, or the Boys of the Great Lakes. By Everett T. Tomlinson, author of "Search for Andrew Field," "Boy Soldiers of 1812," "Boy Officers of 1812," etc. Cloth. Illustrated. Being the fifth volume of the War of 1812 Series.

Dr. Tomlinson, in his authorship of this series, has essayed to furnish the young American mind with an accurate historical account of the causes leading up to and the events transpiring during the war of 1812, and he gives a type of juvenile literature that is of incalculable benefit to the youth of the land. Dr. Tomlinson was for years principal of Rutgers Academy, and he is quite conversant with the character of literature that is most desired by the youth, and he is also a judge of the manner of presentation that will best hold the attention of his readers. This is the fifth volume in the above series, and we follow with interest the adventures of the Field and Spicer boys in their efforts for their country.

The scene of action has changed from the

South, where the story of "Tecumseh's Young Braves" was laid, to the Great Lakes, and includes many stirring adventures both on land and water. General Scott, the hero of Lundy's Lane, for the first time appears upon the scene with the army; the trials and delays in building a navy and its later movements upon the lakes are described, and in the reconnoitering and cutting-out expeditions connected with the latter our boys have their full share. Upon the whole the youthful readers of this and the preceding books of the series will have not only an interesting work to peruse, but a correct, historical account of many incidents of the war of 1812. (Price \$1.50.)

Footprints of the Patriots Beside Old Hearthstones. By Abram English Brown, author of "Beneath Old Rooftrees," etc. Illustrated.

In "Beside Old Hearthstones," Mr. Brown continues to trace the footprints of the patriots in the history and tradition handed down through their descendants. This volume covers a region not so familiar to the public, but teeming with interest. At very many homes are met descendants of the participants in the stirring scenes of the Colonial and Revolutionary Wars. These people tell the trials of the early days as they affected their ancestors, whose record has never before been given to the world. They also bring forth many tangible reminders of those days when independence was obtained. Notably among the many is a veritable sword of Bunker Hill, never brought to light since it was taken from the hand of its owner, who perished on June 17, 1775. It is no wonder that the descendants of the old heroes are proud of their origin and hold these traditions and mementoes of a truly heroic age as priceless. It has been the aim of the author to seek out these descendants, and to gather many narratives which have not been incorporated in any history, and which would otherwise be lost. (Price \$1.50.)

From Oliver Ditson Company:

Vocal: "Rienzi's Invocation to Mars," by Eugene Cowles. A heroic subject heroically treated. This bass song should become the most popular of Mr. Cowle's many popular works. It is a finely written composition and possesses the dignity and character which good singers of low voice demand. 40 cents.

"When All the Rest Forsake You," by Philip Greely. An arrangement for low voice of a song which is having an extensive sale in a higher key. Concert singers desiring a light number of melodious character should examine it. 40 cents.

"A Night Song," by Harriet Burdett Wills. A lullaby. Baby's bed is the boat floating down by the poppy banks, through the river of sleep on to the land of morn. Fair mermaids throw dreams in the air. Suddenly the glad note of the robin is heard, and baby's boat is safe in the land of morn. The music carries out the spirit of the words. 40 cents.

"A Norse Lullaby," by Harriet Burdett Wills. This composition differs considerably from the usual lullaby. It is essentially a characteristic piece, finding expression in a rapid two-four movement. The tone coloring is suggestive of the Scandinavian spirit, as the title implies. 40 cents.

ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

We wish you all a pleasant vacation.

Roland Craig, 1900, has returned to school.

How do you like your new seat in French? O, I don't know.

Evans, '99:—Perhaps you know the meaning of languidioribusque?

Poor 1900 is having a hard time with its class society. Wait a year, '00; you'll be glad if you do.

The Y. D. K. held a meeting Thursday, November 11. This society has aroused a good deal of curiosity.

Every one says Mr. Chapman's cantata is getting on famously and will surel; be as good if not better than last year's.

We have had extra music twice in the hall this term and hope Mr. Chapman will give us another such pleasant surprise.

'98 has selected Purdy as its class photographer, and some very pretty pictures have been shown by some of the committee.

Every one appreciated Miss Holman's singing in the hall on Monday. Remember the moral, girls, and "fish with your eyes."

Carpenter, '98, thinks that Romulus and Remus must have been highly accomplished infants to run—ashore. And only two days old.

A new club has been formed among the girls, namely the W. A. S. whist club. It consists of sixteen members and the club meets every two weeks.

One of the scholars left a "Paradise Lost" on another pupil's desk. That pupil on finding it startled the room by announcing that Paradise had been lost again.

"Music hath charms," but if our little Italian friend would refrain from those sudden outbursts, she would oblige a great many of the nervous ones in C. E. H. S.

Those who were fortunate enough to receive tickets for the rehearsal of Athalic, left Sanders theatre, Friday evening with the thought that they had been "in luck." The play was grand!

The Review box is for Review articles only. Of course peppermints are very nice, but as the Review box is not liable to be opened for some time after they are put in, they are rather stale.

The class of '98 held a social at the home of Miss Lilienthal, the Friday after Thanksgiving. It is probably due to the festivities of the day before, that so few were able to attend. The committee hope to see more at the next social.

Pupil (in English class)—"The Romans stick up for Cæsar.

Teacher (in a soft voice)—Stand up for Cæsar.

(Pupil attempts to stand up.) General outburst from the class.

The first meeting of the W. A. S. was held at Miss Estabrook's house on Garfield street. Whist was enjoyed from three to five—the first prize being won by Miss Worcester and the second prize by Miss Fiske. Refreshments were then served and many jokes related. Eleanor Barbour's tale of woe (although it was not sad), brought tears into many of the girls' eyes.

The second meeting of the W. A. S. club was held at Miss Thurston's on Mellen street. Miss Fitzpatrick won the first prize and Miss Mame the second. All had a most enjoyable time, and departed with many thanks to their hostess.

LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

Brace up, 1902, and have a social!

We wish you a very merry Christmas.

It seems pleasant to see Miss Spring back again.

Aren't you sorry you didn't work harder in French?

Architecture is not taught in fourth class French, third hour.

Janes and Parker have left school and are tutoring with Mr. Parker.

Stanley Parker, 1900, has left school and is tutoring with Miss Smith.

1902 have shown their good taste by choosing a very pretty design for their class-pin.

Do you know how to play "Bunnie"? For information ask Miss T-r, '99, or D-w, '98.

L. F. Conant, 1901, has left school and expects to attend a commercial school this winter.

The Delta Omega Chi held a small whist party November 24 at the home of Mr. Emerson.

G. E. Westcott and Fred Sherman, formerly of 1901, are attending the Manual Training school.

At last the debt resting on the two schools has been paid. Great credit is due to those who helped.

Taking the five years' course in four has proved to many to be one of those things "easier said than done."

1901 held its first social at the home of Miss McFarlane. All enjoyed a very pleasant evening in dancing and playing games.

The Latin school has certainly lost a very efficient teacher in losing Mr. Chase. The scholars all appreciated his good work in the laboratory.

The Phi Upsilon Nu gave a social at the home of Miss Gauss. Whist was played, at which Mr. Gauss and Miss Goodridge carried off the honors.

It has been a long time since we have had such really high-class performances in the hall, mornings. K—— really shows great knowledge of music and astonishes us by his interludes.

Some of the upper-class girls who were "called out" to receive tickets to the French play were, as a rule, so surprised that they forgot their manners for the time being, but now that they have enjoyed the treat so kindly given them, they wish to express their thanks to Mr. Bradbury.

WHY?

High school girls have clouded faces, All seem rather sad, "Why of smiles are there no traces?" Asks the High school lad.

Yes, there's something puzzles our girls,
That they all think is a sin,
"Why on earth," they cry together,
Does not our team win?"

ORTHOPEDIC SHOES

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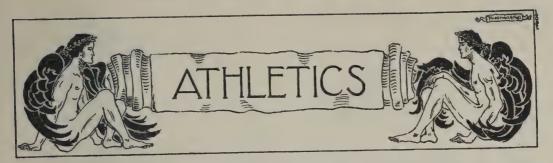
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HOPKINSON 18, CAMBRIDGE H. & L. 0.

The game between Cambridge and "Hoppy" was played on Charles River park November 19. The ground was frozen and many of the players wished it had been spread over with mattresses.

Cambridge kicked off to Hoppy's 10-yard line, Cole getting the ball. It was pushed through the centre, each time gaining from five to fifteen yards, until it crossed the goal-line. This was repeated twice in the first half, making the score 18 to 0.

In the second half, Crowley and Usher had the "Hoppy" team rattled, and not only were they unable to get a touchdown, but were

forced to kick repeatedly.

Touchdowns, Ladd, Shea, Ware. Goals, Shea 3. Referee, Archer. Umpire, T. Curtis.

CAMBRIDGE H. & L. 0, BROOKLINE 0.

The game with Brookline High was a farce. It was played in mud six inches deep

and in pouring rain. The advantage, if there was any, rested with Cambridge, and twice Brookline's goal was in danger.

C. M. T. S. 10, 2. H. & L. 0.

Thanksgiving morning the team played the strongest game that any High and Latin team has played for two or three years. Usher never played so well before, while Warnock simply outdid himself. Crowley and Lovering played their usual game, but the latter showed the effects of not practicing. Donovan's fumble in the first half was wholly excusable, on account of the slippery condition of the ball, and he played his usual snappy game. He ran the team well and showed good judgment at many critical times, and deserves the position of captain of next year's team.

To enumerate the plays made by the different players would take three pages, but everybody played the game of his life and the team as a whole made a marvelously strong showing. The score:

0	
Merrill, r. e	l. e., Crowley
Marshall, r. t.	welch
Hazen, r. g	l. g., Jaquitu
Fisk. c	
Pierce, l. g	r. g., Whalen
Kempton, l. t.	r. t., Haley
Capelle, l. e	r. e., Spragg
Columbus, q.	q., Donovan
Grothe h. b.	h. b., Usher
Webb h. b.	h. b., Warnock
Harris f b.	f. b., Lovering
1101110, 1. 0	

Touchdowns, Kempton, Columbus. Goal, Hazen. Referce, Sawin. Umpire, Allen. Time-keepers, Yeager and F. Currie, Boston University.

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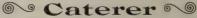
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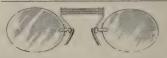
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"So, So, Rock-a-by So!" words by Eugene Field, music by L. F. Gottschalk. The music is suggestive of the well-known words.

"The Harp of Gold," sacred song; words by William H. Gardner, music by P. A. Schnecker, for a high voice.

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CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

JANUARY, 1898.



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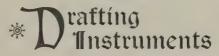
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THE

LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL

VOL. XII.

REVIEW.

NO. IV.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, JANUARY, 1898.

THE MONTH.

WITH the new year, the method of choosing directors and class-editors will change and there will be a competition for the respective positions, which will close at a date to be announced later. Up to this time the choice has rarely been decided by merit.

There seems to be a feeling throughout the two schools that the Review is run by an exclusive few, and that the majority have no chance of getting on the paper. This state of affairs is most undesirable. We wish to change it and have it clearly understood that the positions are open to each and every one.

For the next three months, it is requested that all who are interested in the welfare of the paper, will hand in signed contributions. Class-notes, stories, sketches and poems are all needed.

By this method, we hope to have more contributions and to create a desire to write for the paper. Up to this time the number of voluntary contributions received from the scholars is less than half a dozen, so that in addition to those received from the scholars by solicitation, we have been obliged to call on outside aid. This ought not to be necessary,

for the paper should represent the work of the two schools, in each of which there are over three hundred and fifty scholars.

If each of these scholars should hand in even one article to the Review during the year, for instance the theme which has obtained the highest mark, or which he cares most about, there would be no need of asking for any more aid. Why the scholars are so reluctant is hard to determine. If they will but make the attempt, they will accomplish something, which will give them much satisfaction, beside giving them a fair chance of representing their class on the paper.

. 34

By the time the Review is published the track team will have gone into training. This branch of athletics, although most beneficial and conducive to good health, has been badly neglected in past years. Cambridge has almost always won her team race but has not scored in events for some time. The higher classes this year promise an abundance of material and a great deal is expected of them. Nevertheless, the lower-class scholars should not give up but come out for the team and help it along.

We have heard nothing this year of the orchestra. Is there one in existence or has it disbanded? In previous years we have been treated to concerts once or twice a year but no mention has been made of any such thing. Another pleasure we miss: Mr. Bradbury as yet has not had any one to speak to us. We hope this interesting feature of our school life is not to be neglected.

. 2

It has been our desire this year to give the scholars some idea of the life of the great private schools and we have taken this month as an example Saint Paul's School at Concord, New Hampshire. We hope at some not distant time to be able to give other accounts of the private schools.

. 36

The question of pension abuses is now being discussed throughout the country. The Pension Bureau is fortunately very desirous of reforming its system as it has long been considered one of the greatest steals to which our country has been subjected and on account of which we have been the butt of many foreign nations. It appears that there are, according to the census of 1890 some 1.034,000 survivors of the late war. It is startling but nevertheless true that over eighty per cent of these survivors are holders of, or applicants for pensions.

One of the reasons for this enormous number of holders and applicants is the number of pensions attorneys which exceeds 50,000. These attorneys receive a fee of \$25 for every pensioner that can be induced to file a claim which they can prove and have admitted. This is one of the great reasons for amending the law and it seems time that a stop should be put to such a deliberate robbery.

Tammany Hall has now full control of the government of the city of Greater New York. The appointments appear not to have been made by her mayor but by the man in the background who looks over and controls all, namely, Boss Croker. The appointments of course have gone to strictly Tammany Hall men and to those who have done the greatest amount of "heeling" for the organization. The appointees are notoriously unfit for their positions, and have among their number a widely known gambler, a man who was acquitted of the charge of murder on the sole plea of insanity. In the hands of men like these New York has entrusted the management of her affairs and it is safe to say that things will be run to suit Tammany and for the greatest gain. Cambridge can well congratulate herself that she has chosen clean and honest officials.

2

In contrast with the wholesale robbery now practiced by other states, Massachusetts stands out in agreeable relief. When the report of the committee on the restoration of the Bulfinch front of the State house was made there appeared to be fifty thousand dollars of the appropriation for the work unexpended. Beside this the committee spent seventy-five thousand dollars on furniture for the State house, a feature which was not considered in the appropriation.

Mrs. Blake and Miss Lowell had charge of the work and it is due to their care that the work was done so well and that the balance remained. If this is an example of the work that women will do when they obtain suffrage, then give it to them for the good of the community!



ALFRED C. TURNER.

Among the newly elected members of the common council there is one, in whom all High and Latin School scholars take especial interest, Alfred C. Turner, the representative of Ward Five in the common council. He is the son of A. T. Turner, Junior, the Boston dyestuff importer and grandson of the honored city treasurer of Boston, Mr. Alfred Turner. Mr. Turner was born in North Cambridge in 1873. He was educated at the public schools, entering the High school at the age of eleven and taking a special course after graduating. Mr. Turner then entered the Institute of Technology and took a special three-year course in architecture. At M. I. T., he was chosen secretary of the Architectural Society for two years. Upon leaving the institute Mr. Turner entered the employ of Winslow and Wetherell, architects, where he remained four years. At present he is a very busy man with an office of his own in the Studio Building on Tremont street. Mr. Turner is one of the youngest councilmen and only allowed his name to run at the caucus after the earnest solicitation of his friends. He is to serve on the following joint standing committees: city engineer, claims, printing and public property.

He is a member of the Colonial Club and is vice-regent of the Agassiz council of the Royal Arcanum. Mr. Turner is a young man of sterling qualities, clean and honest in all dealings, with every promise of a brilliant future. Ward Five is certainly to be congratulated on having such a councilman.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

St. Paul's school at Concord, New Hampshire is well known as one of the great fitting schools of New England. Many of the old-time academies and private schools which flourished in 1853 when St. Paul's began its career, have long since failed. But here the standards have been steadily raised as the times required.

St. Paul's school was founded by Doctor George Cheyne Shattuck of Boston. In his youth Dr. Shattuck had attended the Round Hill School in Northampton where religious training was a part of the curriculum and physical training was highly prized. When Dr. Shattuck's children grew up and were old enough to be placed in a school, he searched throughout New England without finding one which fully satisfied him. On this account, therefore, he planned for them a school according to his own ideas. Taking the great English schools of Eton, Rugby, Harrow and Winchester as his models, Dr. Shattuck founded his school.

In 1855, the legislature of New Hampshire passed an act to incorporate school. A board of trustees appointed consisting of personal of the founder. The board to St. Paul's school fifty-five acres of land on the road from Concord to Dunbarton, together with the buildings. But the members of the corporation by a condition in the deed, were obliged to be communicants of the Protestant Episcopal Church and the religious education was to be in conformity with the doctrines, discipline and worship of the same church.

The beginnings of this school were made on a very small scale, the number of scholars the first year was three, under the Reverend Henry Λ . Coit as rector. The words of St. Augustine were adopted as the school motto: Ea discanus in terris quorum scientia perseveret in coelis.

From the time of the founding of the school there has been rapid growth until today there is a total of three hundred and thirty boys from almost every state in the union, varying in age from twelve years to eighteen years three months, the average age being about sixteen years.

At the present time, St. Paul's consists of some twenty-five buildings covering a large area. The most prominent object and the one which would first attract a stranger is the massive square tower of the chapel. This tower was erected to the memory of Mrs. Coit, the wife of the late rector. The chapel itself is one of the finest examples of its kind in America. The stained glass windows are considered among the finest on this side of the Atlantic and the organ, a memorial to the late Mr. A. M. Swift, especially fine.

The school house proper is connected with the chapel by cloisters. This building consists of class-rooms, rector's office and a large study with desks for about two hundred boys. In this building hangs the school bell which has the following inscription:

> Tempus Fugit Ars Cogit Bonum Studendum Dulce Studendum Vita Decreseit Futura Instat

The School as it is called to distinguish it from the Lower and Upper schools contains dormitories and rooms for about one hundred and thirty boys and masters. In the Lower School, the younger boys are housed and taught. This has accommodations for about one hundred boys. Itisthenewest of the buildings and contains all the improvements of the modern dormitory.

The Upper School is the home of about sixty boys, from the sixth and fifth forms. This building is situated at some little distance from the main buildings and is espectance.

hundred acres, and from this the daily wants of the scholars are supplied.

Dr. Coit served as rector until his death in 1895. The Rector was an exceptional man and was well fitted to carry on such a school and in fact made the school what it is today. Dr. Coit carried on the school of three hundred boys on the same principle that he did when it had but three. St. Paul's has never



New School and Lower School.

ially dignified and solid in appearance.

The Gymnasium, built in 1887, is now outgrown and plans for a new one are being drafted. Besides this there are the cricket house racquet and five courts and all the necessities for modern school athletic life.

St. Paul's has many other buildings serving varied purposes: rectory, master's houses and infirmary, including a farm of over two

had any printed rules, but has been governed wholly by precedent and tradition. To the rector's many accomplishments was added that marvellous memory for names and faces. No St Paul's alumnus ever returned to the school who on going to the office was not called at once by his baptismal name. The majority of the teachers are alumni and carry out the ideas and teachings of the famous master.

The order of the day is: Rising bell 7.30 A. M.; breakfast at 8; prayers follow at 8.45; morning study hours from 9 to 12.45, with two intermissions of five minutes each; dinner at 1.30 P. M. The afternoon is then free to 4.45, when the study hours come until 6.40; tea at 6.50 P. M., and there is an evening study hour from 7.30 to 8.45.

Physical culture has always been a strong point at the school, and it is seldom that the school is not represented on at least one of of sport and in 1871 two clubs were formed, the Halcyon and the Shattuck, which have competed with each other annually ever since, the Halcyon being the winner in thirty-one races out of fifty-six. The course is a mile and a half.

The school has its choir under the direction of Mr. James C. Knox and it is an excellent one. This of course consists wholly of the boys in the school and as its members are constantly leaving is quite a difficult body to



First Crews on Long Pond.

the greater college teams or crews. There were during the first years of the school, two athletic clubs or factions, the Olympian and Isthmian. This has now increased to three, Isthmian, Delphian and Old Hundred, which was the name later adopted by the Olympian. Each of these clubs has its foot-ball and hockey teams, its cricket eleven and track and gymnasium teams. There is also a school cricket team made up of the best cricketers, boys and masters, which has a long string of victories to its credit.

Besides these of course are the regular gymnasium work, tennis turnament, hare and hound runs and the innumerable smaller bicycle and other clubs.

Boating began in 1860 on Lake Penacook. Saint Paul's has always been noted in this line manage. There are also banjo and mandolin clubs.

The school has its paper, the Horæ Scholastæ conducted by the missionary society. In this paper F. Marion Crawford, Owen Wister and other writers of lesser note made their first literary attempts. The Missionary Society also conducts a school store where all things can be bought at the lowest prices. The profits of the store have been given to church missionary boards or to special charities.

St. Paul's has a well equipped library, governed by a board consisting of several masters and delegates from the various forms. The annual meeting of this board is made a social occasion with a poem and an oration, given by chosen pupils.

STORY OF A HAT.

I have in my possession a stove-pipe hat, which in its youthful days was a most superior piece of headgear, of a very respectable and imposing appearance; its exceptional glossiness and sleekness had captivated me, as I gazed on it through the window of a hat-shop, and although a man of frugal tastes, I made the necessary outlay and triumphantly bore my purchase to my home. I fixed a peg in the wall of my own room and on it hung the hat that it might repose there, apart from the plebeian throng which covered the hat-rack down stairs.

Having cared for the welfare of my new property, I proceeded to enjoy it as much as possible, wearing it on all state occasions. The effect on the members of my family was highgratifying; my wife seemed especially respectful and even awestruck when the hat ornamented my head; my daughter praised it unstintedly and was never tired of admiring its graceful form, while my son Henry showed his envy and desire to emulate me by ineffectual requests for me to increase his allowance, and dark hints concerning the lamentable state of his various hats, uttered a few days before his birthday, and invariably in my hearing. But I was not to be moved; no rival should mar my happiness; and indifferent alike to hints and requests I continued to enjoy the fruits of my added respectability.

But, as is the case with all objects of beauty, my hat aroused the desires of others to possess it; and in its case the conspirators were many and varied. Firstly, my son, finding all his efforts to prevail on me to buy him a similar hat unavailing, resolved to borrow mine to go to some social function, the exact

nature of which I cannot recollect; but, on remembering my jealous care of the treasure, decided to do the borrowing in secret, and return the hat to its accustomed place, without saying anything to me. The second conspirator was my daughter, who was engaged to a young man by the name of Reginald Snooks (they are married now), and being desirous to enhance his personal charms, which, in spite of the reserve to be expected from a father-inlaw, I cannot qualify as many or prepossessing, resolved to have him wear the hat when he took her to the theatre, and thereby arouse the envy of all the lucky mortals who might be within seeing distance. A third admirer of the hat, whose admiration reached a dangerous point, was our Irish cook, who, as is by no means unusual with persons of her vocation, bore the name of Bridget. She had an adorer in the person of a certain Patrolman O'Toole, who frequented her kitchen on evenings when he was off duty, and who had heard the hat praised so enthusiastically that he desired to see the effect it might produce when placed on his own head; so between him and Bridget, a plot had been concocted to bring the hat to the kitchen, try it on and immediately return it, whereby Bridget was "shure the foine hat wouldn't be hurt."

The catalogue of conspirators is not yet ended. The fourth was a tramp, who used to prowl about the neighborhood, and who, in one of his numerous moments of leisure, had spied the hat through my window, and formed the wicked plan of climbing to my room by means of the gutter-pipe, taking the object of his cupidity, and descending by the same frail stairway; moreover, he entertained no thought of returning the hat to its rightful owner, as

the other plotters did. A fifth admirer of my treasure was our black cat, but it contented itself with gazing at the hat from below its inaccessible peg. These five are all with whom my story has to deal, though I do not doubt that many others were stricken by my hat's charms.

All the plots to obtain possession, strange to say, were laid for the same evening; Henry was to go to his ball, Reginald and my daughter to the theatre, and a select party was to be held in the kitchen to which Patrolman O'Toole and others had been invited, and at which the hat was to be exhibited. Besides, the tramp had reconnoitred the premises that afternoon, and tested the strength of the gutter-pipe, and the cat had been caught gazing at the hat in a lovelorn fashion on four distinct occasions during the day.

The evening wore on. Reginald asked me whether I was going to stay up late, and seemed much relieved when I answered him in the affirmative. Soon afterwards he stole up stairs and approached my room by the main entrance; my son, after listening cautiously at the head of the staircase, entered from his own room; the tramp opened the window and began feeling his way toward the hat in the dark, while Bridget and the cat stole in shortly after. Owing to the darkness the conspirators were completely invisible to each other.

First, Reginald stumbled over a chair, tripping up my son; the tramp was alarmed at this sudden proof that he was not the only person present and made for the window, but on his way he encountered the portly Bridget and they both fell to the ground in a heap. The cat had been exasperated by having my son fall on its tail, but instead of attacking him, sprung on the unoffending Reginald, who was staggering to his feet, and fastened on his new necktie, bought expressly by my daughter's wishes, since she considered none of his

other neckties worthy to be worn below that hat of mine. My son had regained his feet, only to be downed again by Bridget, and the tramp's flight had been further interrupted by a table and two chairs. The clamor was indescribable. I, hearing Bridget's screams, in which the word "fire" often occurred, hastened to the nearest fire-alarm. The cook recovered her equilibrium sufficiently to summon the patrolman, but, her duty done, she fell in a dead faint at the foot of the back stairs. My wife and daughter had fainted simultaneously in the parlor.

Mr. O'Toole rushed up stairs and into my room, but just too late to catch the tramp. This worthy, vaulting over the window-sill with considerable impetus, overleaped his frail stairway and fell in the midst of a rosebush, where he learned to his personal disadvantage, that no roses grew without thorns. Reginald and my son were arrested by the patrolman, who conveyed them past the prostrate Bridget, to the kitchen, whence he despatched the whole band of guests to police headquarters for aid in transporting the "burglars" thither. Soon afterward the fire engines arrived and a crowd collected; the colleagues of Mr. O'Toole were ushered into the kitchen by the whole excited band of Bridget's guests, and were about to lead forth Reginald and my son when I interfered. Explanations followed thick and fast. The firemen and police departed, likewise the crowd, who were considerably puzzled, and the cat, who had been terrorizing the patroiman, as he mounted guard over his prisoners, by unmistakable signs of a desire to spring on him, relapsed into its usual state of indifference and apathy.

Through all this confusion, the hat hung in solemn majesty on its lofty peg. I took advantage of the discomfiture of its admirers to deliver an intermittent lecture for several days, impressing them so deeply with a

sense of their guilt that I reduced them to a very penitent state. But these evidences of hostile intentions toward my hat alarmed me very much, so that no one need be surprised to hear that a stove-pipe hat figured among my son's birth-day presents and another as the ornament of Reginald's head on his honeymoon journey.

The tramp disappeared entirely from the neighborhood and Bridget's endeavors to improve her lover's appearance ceased after the experiences of that night, but the cat's devotion continued, and even to this day it may be found gazing at that hat now and then, with an adoring look in its eyes.

FOR PIERRE.

"Brigadier Baillet, you report here tonight at ten o'clock to carry important papers to General De La Prade at Maure. You will need a good horse and must be armed, as the country is full of Prussians. Futher instructions you will receive with the papers. At ten!"

How grand Pierre Baillet felt as he walked home after receiving these directions! How pleased Elise, his sister, was, when he repeated the order word for word! how she shuddered when he came to the Prussians! Now was a chance for Pierre to distinguish himself and add one more honor to the proud old name of Baillet.

"Nine," struck the clock in the hall. Pierre was cleaning and loading his pistols; Marie, his good little black mare had been fed and saddled and was now waiting for him. Elise was sitting watching her brother with bright, wide-open eyes. Oh! if she were only a man, she would—crash!! One of the pistols had gone off and had entered Pierre's right side. With a cry of terror Elise managed to summon aid, though she almost fainted from fright at the sight of her brother's white face and the little stream of blood trickling from his waistcoat. Then—the clock in the hall rang out the half hour.

Elise started! At ten! Poor Pierre and the grand name of Baillet! Oh! is he dead—and the papers! If she were only a man. In a tumultuous throng these thoughts whirled through the poor child's head.

But then there was another thought—and a smile. Of course! why shouldn't she? She had always wished she were a boy, so that she could be always with Pierre. Now she would prove that girls could do something.

Up by the wide staircase she ran to her brother's room. Yes, everything was ready! Quickly she laid aside her dainty dinner-gown and was soon arrayed in one of Pierre's uniforms. How fortunate they were twins! But her hair—! With one long sigh and one slash of the scissors it fell on the floor, a long dark coil.

Swiftly and silently she stole out to the stables. Marie was ready, so on she sprang and rode off into the night.

When she was before the general she did not dare to trust her voice, but silently listened to her instructions, buttoned the papers safely inside her coat and dashed off on the deserted road.

How glorious it was! The cool, clear night air, the dark blue sky with the cold light of the myriad twinkling stars, a good, smooth road, and a splendid horse going at an easy gallop. Her cheeks burned with excitement!

"Oh it is grand!" murmured Elise to herself, "but hark! Marie!" Slowly and surely she heard in front of her the musical sound of hoofs and men's voices talking carelessly together. "The country is full of Prussians." This phrase flashed across her mind as she heard coarse, guttural words in a foreign tongue.

"Quickly, little Marie! the papers! the honor for Pierre!" and before the burly Prussians knew it, a horse and rider dashed past them and on into the darkness. With a cry they started in pursuit. Elise felt the wind from the bullets as they whistled about her head, and one grazed her boot. Every minute it seemed as though they would be upon her. Maure was a good six miles yet. Could they do it? It was not only a race for life but for the honor of Pierre Baillet!

Urging Marie on to a still faster pace, the pounding of the horse's feet grew fainter and fainter. Now she would let her tired horse slow down a trifle after that mad gallop. But

no—they were gaining on her again, and what was that? A dark object in the road ahead of her! Good heavens, it was another horseman! Poor little Elise! Poor child! danger behind and before, but she must remember Pierre and the papers. With a few words to Marie she dug her spurs into the foaming sides, and pulling a pistol, shot at random into the darkness. Then, as she flew past the surprised Hussar, she realized that she had another race for life.

Oh! would she ever reach Maure? It could not be much farther!

At last she passed the guards!

"General De La Prade!" she gasped, and putting the papers into his hand, fainted dead away.

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When she came to, the grand old general said to her in his kindest manner, "Monsieur Pierre, you have saved France and shall have your reward." She—yes, after that mad, daring ride—broke down and told the dear old man the whole story.

NEW METHOD.

Nor a little curiosity has been created by the action of the management of the Review the last part of last month. If we could make as much stir amongst the students to write stories and to try for a position on the board of directors of the Review, as our actions last month made, we would feel greatly repaid. In fact we think that no one, unless he has earned a position on the Review, should have one. Now comes the question, how can a student obtain a position on the Review? Well, as it has been up till now, he generally simply goes to the manager or editor, according to his desire to be a director or class editor, and asks

for a position, which, if he is a personal friend or a friend of a personal friend, of the manager or editor, he gets without much trouble.

Now, we do not say it has been thus with every one, but with more than sixty per cent it has been so. Then, again, we do not say that those who have had the honor of being on the Review staff were not worthy of it, for we know there have been many smart girls and boys on the Review.

But what our actions have to do with is the way in which students, in general, have obtained their places, and what little work has been done by the class editors in general, and

some of the directors. Now, again, we do not say all the directors and editors, for, of course, you know it takes money and much copy to pay for and fill a thirty-two-page paper, therefore, if some had not done their duty, of course the Review wouldn't have succeeded so far, but who is it that has done most of the work?

Having made clear what motive has urged us to make this change, or rather new arrangement, although it is really too late to have started it, yet there is always a beginning to every deed, great or small—we do not class this as small or great-we will now proceed to explain it as best we can. We do not call our plan perfect yet, but we hope that three or four years hence it will be in fine working order. We have simply made a start to show the future managers and editors what we are pleased to call, "the foundation of setting the Review on a firm and prosperous basis for many years to come." By all this, we do not mean that at present we are having rather hard luck, but merely that in the future the REVIEW may have managers and editors better trained than we are, or the paper will not be even as good as it is now.

Some of you may think we have spent not a little time without coming to anything definite, yet we want our motive, that has urged us to make this change, to be fully understood and comprehended.

Perhaps, now, many will smile when we say our plan will not work this year on account of some misunderstanding at the High school; yet in a way it will, but not wholly. We will state what we have in view, and if any wish to criticise our plan we will gladly receive their criticism, publishing them next month, and try to answer them satisfactorily.

What we intended to do, and in fact what we are doing, late as it is, is to give every one, girl or boy, a chance to obtain, if she or he desires, a position on the Review, and yet no more than two, and often more than one class-editorfrom each class. As to the directors, we feel that that must be filled by students in the third class or higher, maybe from the fourth or fifth, if a student proves himself worthy. We say from the fourth or fifth, although we do not thing a student should have such a position until he has acquired a little more knowledge himself. By this we do not mean we know it all, far from it.

But how is the chance given, and how will the final decision be made?

The way we have given the chance was to call for candidates just the same as for any team. We were sorry to see that there were so few girls at the meeting. Now the candidate who works the hardest for two or three months gets her or his position as class-editor or—we are sorry girls don't seem to take to getting advertisements—his position as a director.

This may seem, without looking into it, to keep the girls entirely off the paper, but what we would like to have is the directors boys and the class-editors generally girls.

As to class-editor, we said the candidate, but the third class at the Latin school and second at the High, which corresponds to the third at the Latin, and second at the Latin, we think deserve more than one class editor. We think the first class, being pretty well represented in associate editors, should do with one.

Of course, when it comes to choosing the next associate editors, those class-editors who are on the Review have the best chance, so if good material is found in class-editors good associate-editors will be coming along.

As to the directors, we think the upper classes deserve one at least, and two if the candidates are found worthy of it.

As to the decision, it will be made according to the merits of the work handed in, and

no personal connections will favor one when some one else has accomplished more.

We think the class editors should hand in enough copy for at least one column of print, and more if they wish. We think that there are some smart students in the Cambridge Latin and High schools who are able to write good stories worthy to appear in print, and we also think they ought to write them and hand them in to the Review. This is chiefly the class editor's work.

The director's chief work is soliciting advertisements, a much harder and more toilsome work; therefore, there is not so much chance for directors from the lower classes, although we do not say there is no chance.

Those who have taken the trouble to read this will see that we have undertaken a thing done in no Latin nor any High school to our knowledge, and never done in our own school. It is a thing much easier to write and talk about than to carry into effect. It may have many flaws; if so we shall be glad to have them pointed out to us and we shall try to profit by them. It is something that, if it is kept in motion, so to speak, it will keep the Review in safe hands, for we are sorry to see that there is a feeling amongst most of the undergraduates as follows: that if you can only obtain the office of manager of the Review, the Review will manage itself and pay all bills, but mirabile dictu, we find, when we obtain the management that that idea is nothing but absolute nonsense. It is something that will make the editorial staff good, and of a kind that can write stories enough to use, instead of having to use stories written by graduates or people outside the school.

This may sound something like an ideal, but it is not our real idea of the way we would start the paper another year, if we were to have the opportunity.

> Henry J. Winslow, '98, President and Business Manager.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN SCHOOL CLUB.

A meeting of the Harvard - C. L. S. Club was held on December 22, in the room of Mr. E. B. Brown, '95. In the absence of the president, Mr. Benshimol, '91, called the meeting to order. The club passed a resolution favoring the University Club movement, and discussed school athletics, the matter of permanent class secretaries, the annual alumni dinner and some other business. The raison d'être of the club was also considered; since it was generally admitted that the club hitherto had not been a success, and had been far surpassed in many respects by the Radcliffe - C. L. S. club, it was decided that the club must now make an earnest attempt to prove its usefulness as a centralizing force, a social centre for C. L. S. men, and as a factor influential for the good of Latin school interests. It was agreed that with a capable president the club could be made a success, for doubtless the sickness or absence of past presidents was the cause of part of the lack of success in the past. Amendments to the constitution were considered, and an election of officers was held. Mr. Benshimol, to whom whatever success the club has had in the past is in large part due, absolutely refused to accept the presidency. Mr. K. L. Mark, '94, was then elected president over Mr. Stearns, '95; Mr. H. N. Stearns was unanimously elected vice-president. It was decided to combine the offices of secretary and treasurer, and Mr. W. L. Raymond, '95, was elected to that position by close vote over Mr. George A. Goodridge, '95, with Mr. F. E. Thayer, '95, third.

The vacancy in the Supervisory Athletic Committee, caused by the removal of Mr. Chase from Cambridge, was filled by the choice of Mr. Max Benshimol, '91, to represent the faculty of the Latin School, and the place of Mr. Benshimol, as the Latin School Alumni representative, was filled by the elec-

tion of Mr. Stearns, '95. Mr. Benshimol told briefly of the success of the committee, and announced that the deficit of about forty dollars had recently been changed to a balance of the same amount, largely owing to the efforts of Mr. H. H. Murdock, '97.

The president was empowered to appoint one member each from '95, '96 and '97, to bring up, at the class reunions, the matter of choosing permanent class secretaries, such as Harvard classes now elect at graduation, to keep an accurate list of the names and addresses of all members of the class, with all

other interesting or important information, for the benefit of the classes themselves as well as for the benefit of the Harvard and Radcliffe – C. L. S. Clubs. The chair appointed for this purpose, Mr. Stearns, '95, Mr. W. L. Beardsell, '96, and Mr. H. H. Murdock, '97.

It was voted to hold the annual Latin School alumni reunion and dinner on the evening of February 12, 1898, and the chair was authorized to appoint a committee of three on arrangements. This committee consists of Mr. K. L. Mark, '94, chairman, Mr. H. H. Murdock, '97, and M. Benshimol, '91.

ALUMNI NOTES.

George L. Wrenn, Jr., '93, is with Minot, Hooper & Co., commission merchants, New York City.

R. P. Utter, '94, has been elected Ivy Orator by Harvard '98. J. A. Oddé, '94, was a candidate for Odist.

C. P. Adams, '95, took part in the play, "Shaughran," recently presented by the Cambridge Dramatic Club.

Married: On Wednesday, December 29, 1897, Miss Blanche J. Pray, C. L. S. '95, to Mr. Albert A. Silver, Jr., of Boston.

Attention is called to the account of the recent important meeting of the Harvard—C. L. S. club, which appears everywhere in this issue.

A. L. Richards, '96, was a member of the Harvard Sophomore Debating Team, which recently debated with the team from the Freshman Debating Club.

R. L. Raymond, C. L. S. '91, is president of the board of editors of the Harvard Law Review, and E. K. Arnold, '91, is also a member of the board.

The paragraph in our last issue, which stated that A. W. Reynolds, '94, was "clerk of congress at the Cambridge Y. M. C. A." should have read speaker of the House.

The third annual reunion of the class of '95 C. L. S., was held at the home of Mr. George A. Goodridge, on January 5. A fuller account will be given in our next issue.

The Radcliffe – C. L. S. Club will give a dramatic entertainment, on Friday evening, February 25, and on Saturday afternoon, February 26, in aid of the scholarship fund, which the club intends to establish at Radcliffe. The admission is twenty-five cents, and all are very cordially invited to attend.

Here is a good chance for graduates and undergraduates to help on a worthy cause, and have an enjoyable time. The scholarship mentioned above is of course to be for the benefit of a Latin School alumna.

Charles W. Bronson, E. H. S. '94, who started last July, for Klondike, reached the Chilcoot Pass, with his companion, and their supplies, too late to get through the Pass, and is now in Scattle, Washington, spending the winter and will start for the Pass in time to get through as soon as it is open. He is in good health and eager to reach the gold fields.

The first reunion of the class of '97, C. L. S. was held at the home of Miss Florence I. Graham, in West Somerville, on Thursday evening, December 30, 1897. The entertainment consisted of a Conversation Party, and music by Miss Bates, and Messrs. Mendelsohn and Ryan. The officers elected last June hold office until the next reunion to be held in April. The class chose Arthur D. Wyman as permanent class-secretary. There were twenty-nine members of the class present.

THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The track team has started training, having the use of the Harvard board track. Every one who can run should come out and try. It is not too late to start now. The team meets every afternoon about four, in front of the Cary building.

C. L. S. '98, give their drama and dance Friday, January 21, at Newtowne. Tickets are fifty cents; can be obtained of any member of the class.

The February number of the Review comes out the tenth of February. All copy must be in before the first of the month.

The January number of the Review can be found on sale at the same stores as last month, namely: Thurston's, Sever's, and Amee Bros.', Harvard square, and at Beunke's on Massachusetts avenue, and Ketchum's, 735 Massachusetts avenue.

The elections of Walter Clarkson as captain of the polo team and of the base ball team have been ratified by the Supervisory Committee; he will manage the polo team himself.

Henry J. Winslow has been elected, and his election ratified by the Supervisory Committee, as captain and manager of the track team.

Max Benshimol will fill Mr. Chase's position on the Supervisory Committee, and Harry N. Stearns, C. L. S. '95, has been elected as the graduate member in Mr. Benshimol's place.

E. H. S. '99, give a drama and dance, the third of February, at the Newtowne hall.

LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW

SKETCHES.

How I Became Lieutenant.

WHILE I was visiting a veteran of the late Civil War, I listened to a great many war stories. One of these I recall, told one evening while we were seated in front of an old-fashioned fireplace filled with crackling birch logs; by our side a tankard of cider, and our pipes well filled with tobacco.

My friend, who had won his shoulder-straps on southern fields in the early sixties, related his story as follows: It was the night before Christmas in the year '62. We were stationed in Virginia just over the southern border line, where our regiment was stationed quite alone, near a lake, awaiting orders to join the main army corps. We knew that a small detachment of the enemy were encamped across the lake, and there had been some skirmishing, without serious results. The Rebels were kept supplied with good farm produce from home, while we had to subsist upon the usual soldier's fare of hard-tack.

As Christmas approached we envied them their supply of turkeys and chicken which we knew they had, as our scouts had found out. On the evening in question we had been trying to quiet our homesick longings by gathering around the camp fires and listening to stories, songs, and to the few instruments that could be collected in the soldier's belongings.

Gilmore who was the envy of the camp because he owned as old accordion, played on it for us to dance by. After singing "Tenting tonight," "Our Flag is there" and "John Brown's body" and other well known songs, we broke up and retired to our blankets.

I was called for picket duty at midnight, and my beat lay between two tall poplars, bringing my walk into shadow, while the moon lighted up around me. Everything stood out in relief against the sky. I was thinking of home when suddenly I heard the cry of a loon which seemed to come from the edge of the lake. Knowing that this was a famous signal among the Rebel soldiers, I crouched more into the shadow and saw the supposed loon descend from a tree and creep stealthily through the high grass towards the tent nearest him. Glancing across the lake, I could see drawn bayonets flashing in the moonlight as if a squad were ready to file around the edge of the lake at a signal from the loon. Quicker than a flash I thought "Johnny Reb if you are caught it means turkey and 'fixin's' for the 'yanks' tomorrow," for I knew we far outnumbered them.

Quickly placing myself between the crouching soldier and the shore I fired three musket shots in the air, and in an instant the whole camp was roused.

My captive taken completely unawares offered no resistance and we made him divulge the plan of the enemy to take us. We also made him lead us at double quick time around the bend of the lake, where the Confederates were surprised into surrendering. A plentiful supply of good things rewarded us for our pains and at every mess of our regiment the following day there was some substantial reminder of Christmas in the shape of fowl, pudding and other dainties. So the cry of a loon for once proved a blessing in disguise.

That was the way that I became lieutenant of my company, and it proved a stepping stone to higher honors.

An Ideal Thanksgiving.

THE Thanksgiving sun arose and beheld a charming landscape spread out before him, all white, and tinted with gold. The bare

branches of the trees were covered, and their gauntness concealed by that soft, downy mantle of snow. The well-sweep at the old farmhouse pointed its glistening arm upwards, as if beckoning the departed ones to return and spend Thanksgiving at the old home. The whole earth presented a beaming countenance, and Nature with her radiant smile, seemed to say, "I have done my best to make this day beautiful; the sun may complete my work."

But hark! the air was filled with music as three or four cutters, filled with a merry party went flying along over the crisp snow. They were going to the farmhouse to spend Thanksgiving with "the old folks at home." As the spirited horses carried them swiftly on, the gay party made the air vibrate with songs and laughter, for the cold, bracing air had enlivened their spirits, and they had flung all thoughts of care aside. They reached the house and cheered till the echoes answered, for they were loyal still to their birthplace.

In the doorway stood the old couple to welcome them, and many embraces and kisses followed before they hastened to remove their They gathered around the heavy laden table and related reminiscences of the happy times when they were children at the The old father and mother smiled contentedly on their little brood whom they had reared so carefully, and they were glad that their children remembered them in their old age. The visitors were loath to bid farewell, but their homes in the city must be seen to, and so it is that the following day saw their departure, not as gay as the arrival, but still, not sad, for they carried away with them many sweet remembrances. The old parents stood in the doorway and waved their farewell, and the sun still smiled on the world.

The Signs of Winter.

FAR in advance of him, the Snow King sends his herald. Jack Frost is his name, and many a task he has to perform before his master arrives. He must tell the flowers by a frosty pinch on the face that they had better say farewell; he must gently hint to summer songsters that they are no longer needed here; and he must say to the animals of the forest that it is time to lay aside their summer coats. It is his duty to entice the gay leaves from their mother tree, and then, with the help of the wind, to scatter them far and wide over the country, to banish all things which the cold gaze of the Snow King would overwhelm. He is expected to lock the babbling brook into its little bed, with his icy key, for the Snow King can bear nothing that is not cold and rigid like himself. He must hasten off a lingering bird, for the revenge of the King would be dreadful if he should be found there; he must spread the ground with frost during the night, to show that the Snow King is so near that his smile has frozen the dew drops. In short, he must prepare the world for the reign of the new king.

He tells his master that all is ready, and across the dreary hills, and through the barren fields, comes the icy monarch. A diadem of ice is on his aged head, and his hoary beard extends nearly to the ground. His eye is stern and cold as he surveys his kingdom, but his step is feeble and slow. As he falters along, feathery snow-flakes are shaken from his white mantle, and after he has passed, the ground is powdered with white, a token of the first visit of the Snow King.

A Sunrise.

WE had arrived in one of those ancient, picturesque Welsh villages the night before,

and were up and out in the bracing air in time to see the sunrise the next morning. The crooked little streets of the village were easily passed, and we were soon engaged in climbing rocks and crossing mountain streams. When we at last reached the summit of the hill, we were for the moment dazzled by the vision of wild, romantic grandeur, of lofty beauty with which the Welsh hills greeted us. far as the eye could reach, there arose chain after chain of lofty hills, down which tore myriads of angry little streams, rushing and leaping over rocks and rude bridges. The Welsh hills are characteristic for their armor of richly tinted slate, over which grow in patches a stunted sort of verdure, which, however, is intensely green, and its vivid color brought into strong contrast the soft blended shades of red, yellow and blue of the mountain slate.

Nestling in between the hills, were rugged pastures over which flocks of sheep were grazing, forming a charming picture in the early morning haze. Nestling still closer beside some stream, or standing out in bold relief against an overhanging rock, were seen the tiny villages, and their rows of queer, old

stone cottages, with their little holes for windows, and roofs covered with brilliant green moss, combining beautifully with the dark shades of the overhanging crags. The atmosphere was full of vapor, and as the sun rose over the brows of the hills, it caught this vapor in its golden rays, and blending it with the soft tints of red and blue formed a haze of rainbow color. It softened the outlines of everything, and filled every little projection of rock with its reflected glory. The sky was flaming with hues of crimson, purple and gold, making the little turbulent streams sparkle like broken chips of glass. The whole range of hills was one halo of light, making the sight seem almost like an enchanted vision. Slowly the lights deepened, and cleared, and the glory faded, leaving the valley in a rich gloom; which the tinted slate and purple and pink masses of heather only served to make seem the darker. Such a feast of beauty as this was thought sufficient for one day; so we slowly wended our way, through rough and crooked paths, back to the quiet village, where the simple country-folk were just beginning preparations for their day's labor.

A VIOLET.

Once there grew a violet
In a fair green meadow,
Where the brook and grasses met,
By the dews and warm rains wet,
Violet—violet,
Growing in the shadow.

Naught it knew of grief or care,
Sheltered in the meadow,
Only knew that life was fair,
Sheltered by the grasses there,
Violet—violet,
Growing in the shadow.

Once my love came down that way,
Passing thro' the meadow;
Ah, it was a happy day,
All the earth seemed full of May,
Violet—violet,
Growing in the shadow.

But my love did not abide
In the dewy meadow;
And the violet drooped and died
When she was no more descried,
Violet—violet,
Dead within the shadows.



All the flags used in the United States army and navy are made by women at the Brooklyn navy yard. In the great sewingrooms, women are assembled to work on the flags. Not only are our own Stars and Stripes made by them, but also the flags of every nation in whose waters our vessels sail. Some of the women grow old in the service, for the workers in the department are retained for their skill as needle-workers and not on account of partisan influence. The change of administration has no effect upon these women; year after year they sew the stripes together and place the stars in position on the blue field in the corner of the flag. Every star shows a certain number of stitches to the inch and the work receives rigid inspection. They embroider the Chinese dragon and appliqué the fantastic symbols used in the flags of other nations. The work lasts all the year round and there is no fluctuation in the wages paid.

Sweet was her breath as richly new-mown hay,
Her autumn tresses dangled o'er her brow,
She waited longingly aside the oft trod way,
And when I ope'd the bars home went the
cow.

A MARSHMALLOW ROAST.

For a genuine good time, nothing equals a marshmallow roast. Although one can get along with a candle or a lamp and a hat-pin, it is much pleasanter to have an open fire. Marshmallows in boxes are always the nicest and They are very inexpensive and come much cheaper than other kinds of candy. When a wood-fire is used, it is best to let it die down to the embers, otherwise the marshmallows would get smoked or scorched. Slender sticks, pointed at one end, are used to toast the mallows on, and it is pleasant to watch them puff up and brown. In toasting there is a critical moment when the marshmallow is at just the right stage to eat, and beyond which it either bursts or burns. Great care should be taken as they are dangerous dainties, and a burnt mouth is not to be desired. When toasted to a nicety they are delicious beyond expression, melting away rapidly and leaving a most agreeable taste in one's mouth. These roasts are very pleasant for a winter's eve, and while toasting the marshmallows by the flickering light of the open fire, ghost stories can be indulged in to the amusement of all.



There is probably but one place in the world where oil is pumped from the ocean and that is at Summerland on the coast of California. The oil was first discovered along the shore, and it soon became apparent that the oil bearing strata reached out into the ocean.

An American millionaire in London to carry out a wager that he could procure a cross section of a tree large enough to accommodate all the forty guests then assembled, has just had a section of one of the enormous redwood trees, which is two feet thick and over fifteen feet in diameter, sent across to him from San Francisco.

Of the 451 colleges and universities in this country, only 41 are closed to women. But to make up for this lack, there are 143 schools and colleges of higher learning open to women only and having 30,000 students. Can women complain of lack of opportunity for the higher education?

It is related that Kipling declined payment from the London Times for the poem called Recessional, published in our first issue. It seems that he preferred that the poem should go out as a purely disinterested expression of feeling. The Recessional was a poem beyond price and it is pleasant to believe that no price was put on it.

On a stone of the temple of "Wingless Victory" on the acropolis at Athens, an inscription has been found stating that the monument was built by Kallicrates, who was one of the architects of the Parthenon at the beginning of Pericles' government. This fixes its date at about four hundred and fifty years before Christ.

Bacchylides poems, the papyrus containing which was acquired by the British Museum last year are about to be published. About a thousand lines have been recovered comprising twenty poems or pieces of poems in all, six being complete, and of nine quite substantial fragments being preserved. Fourteen are in honor of victories in the Olympian Games, the rest being pæans, dithyrambs or hymns, classes of verse of which there were hitherto no complete specimens.

One of the most interesting books is in possession of a New York publishing house. Its interest lies in the fact that it is the smallest book ever published. This little book is tensixteenths of an inch long by seven-sixteenths of an inch wide. It contains 203 pages and there is an ample margin beyond the text. The compositor who set it up worked over it with a magnifying glass and a pair of tweezers to pick the type. The book is in Italian and was printed in Italy.



The favorite song of Adam—Only one girl in this world for me.

Aunt Maria—The baby goes to sleep almost the moment I begin to sing.

Uncle George—Lucky child!

I thoroughly enjoy looking at the advertising pages after the holidays are over, for here and there I see something my wife didn't buy.

Teacher—Tell me a few important things existing today which did not exist a hundred years ago?

Tommy—Us.

Miss B. (to German class)—What is the meaning of hinaus?

Voice (in the rear of the room)—Chicken-coop.

"What is that racket up stairs?" said a caller to little Bonny Bluebumper.

"That's ma dropping a hint to pa," replied Bonny.

The age of miracles has not passed,

At least it hadn't oughter

For I dropped a burnt match from my boat And it lit right on the water.

Tom—Why do you always call your mother 'the mater'?

Dick—Any woman who could succeed in marrying off my four sisters deserves the title.

"What's Mrs. Breezely in such a stew about?"

"She asked the pleasure of Lieut. Slick's company to tea, and he appeared on the scene with forty of his men."

Dottie—Mamma, I guess my dolly's mamma must have been a very unpious lady.

Mamma—Why so, Dot?

Dottie—Why she made her so her knees won't bend. I have to put her on her stummick to say her prayers.

A similarity:

Pat—Phwat's insomnia, Moike?

Mike—Whoi, ut's a disase that won't let a felly shlape whin he wants to.

Pat—Begorrah, ut musht be a good deal loike an alar-rum clock, thin!

What did he mean?

Neighbor-Good morning, Mr. Blank.

Blank—Good morning, sir.

Neighbor—How is Mrs. Blank this morning?

Blank—The doctor tells me she is at death's door, and I'm afraid he won't be able to pull her through.

Forrester—You live in a quiet part of the town do you not?

Lancaster-Not now.

Forrester—Moved?

Lancaster—No. Got twins.

A little girl who could never see a joke, once heard this conundrum given:—

Why does a sculptor die the most awful of deaths?

Because he makes faces and busts.

"Why mamma," she said, "that is bad grammar, you should say make faces and bursts."

Boys may be glad and boys may be sad, But girls giggle on forever.

"I am an orphan, sir," she said;
He tenderly consoled her,
And when he saw it pleased her, too,
His sympathy grew bolder.

"Poor lonely little one," he said,
"I also am another;
"Twould be the thing, I'm sure if I
Should kiss you for your mother."

He did, but e'en that thoughtful deed Seemed hardly to suffice her; She murmured: "I forgot to say My pa was married twice, sir."

Miss Sears (an old rival)—"You must feel very sad when you think about your late husband."

Mrs. Tears (with sarcasm)—"Yes, but my husband is better late than never."

"Oh Bridget! I told you to notice when the apples boiled over."

"Sure I did, Mum. It was a quarter past eleven."

Elsie—"Yes, dear, my husband is a doctor, and awfully absent-minded."

Ada-"Indeed."

Elsie—"Only fancy; during the marriage ceremony when he gave me the ring, he felt my pulse and asked me to put out my tongue."

Teacher—"Compare sick." Boy—"Sick, worse, dead."

At a table in a hotel,
A youth and maiden sat;
They didn't know each other,
But what of that?

The youth picked up the sugar,
With a smile you won't often meet,
And passed it to the girl, saying,
"Sweets to the sweet."

She picked up the crackers,
And scorn was not lacked
As she passed them to him saying,
"Crackers to the cracked."

The rude boy—"They don't cut any ice with me!"

The Boston girl—"Would it not be better to say: 'They cause no molecular separation in the masses of aqueous matter solidified by the application of an intense degree of frigidity—that is, by the subtraction of caloric energy?'"

Last night as I lay on my pillow,

Last night as I lay on my bed,

Last night as I lay on my pillow,

I dreamed that I stood on my head.

Little Pete's generous Uncle John was very ill and the boy prayed at night: "O Lord, please don't let Uncle John die—anyway, not till after Christmas!"

The teacher, after having discussed fully the relations of friendship between man and animals, asked a little boy what animal had the greatest natural fondness for man.

The boy answered, "Woman!"

Smith—"See Jones over there laughing so heartily. Some one must have told him a funny story."

Brown—"More likely Jones told it himself."



CAMBRIDGE LATIN SCHOOL

The regular meeting of the society was held in the hall on Friday evening, November 5. Mr. Blanchard offered the following amendment to the constitution, which was adopted: that free membership be given to any person who gets five new members. The society then discussed the subject: "Resolved, That the government of England is better than that of the United States." Wilson, '99, and Mr. Blanchard, 1900, ably upheld the affirmative, while Mr. Counihan, 1900, and Mr. Bennett, '01, spoke for the negative. The jury declared that the affirmative won. Messrs. Doloff and Whittemore, 1900, and Ammidon, '01, were elected to membership.

On the 19th, the society met to debate on the following subject: "Resolved, That silver should be coined free at a ratio to be agreed upon by the United States, Germany and France. The speakers were Messrs. Ammidon, '01, and Wilson, '99, negative, and Messrs. Blanchard, 1900, and Ried, '02, affirmative. The debate was won by the negative. Mr. Thayer, an honored ex-president of the society, made some criticisms on the speakers and discussed the value of debating.

A committee from the High school consisting of Messrs. Donovan and Dewing challenged the Latin school to a debate to be held some time in April, 1898. On motion of Mr. Witte, '98, a committee was appointed consisting of Messrs. Flanagan, Witte and Bennett, 1900, to confer with the High school.

Another committee was appointed to buy a turkey for the janitor, Mr. Cahir, who gladly gives up his Friday evenings to the society. On the following Tuesday the thirteenpounder was presented in the basement.

On December tenth the society discussed the question, Resolved: That prison labor should be used as a means of building public roads. The affirmative was defended by Messrs. Whittemore and Davidson and the negative by Messrs. Doloff and Mason. When the debate was thrown open to the house a long discussion ensued in which nearly all the members took part. The jury awarded the debate to the negative. Messrs. Winslow, Hill, Pierce, White, and Woolff were unanimously elected to membership. On motion of Mr. Blanchard the president appointed a committee of three to buy a gavel.

The Competitive Debate to choose speakers for the coming joint debate with the High School was held on Thursday evening, December twenty-third. The question which had been selected by the Rhetorical Committee was, Resolved: That it is for the best interests of the United Statestohave a Protective Tariff. Mr. Murdock, '97, was the only one of the three judges present. He selected Messrs. Witte, Fletcher, Bennett, 1900, and Flanagan as the four best speakers.

Mr. Blanchard with a few well chosen

words reported for his committee and presented the president a handsome chony gavel.

Mr. Murdock presented the society with a copy of Brookings and Rignalt's Briefs for Debate. On a motion of Mr. Clark, Mr. Murdock was given the hearty thanks of the society.

CAMBRIDGE ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL.

The society met Friday evening, November 19, and discussed the following question: "Resolved, That the scholars of public high schools should be allowed to play foot-ball, granting by so doing they would not get so high a per cent as they otherwise would." The discussion was very good and was the closest debate the society has had this year. Messrs. Jaquith, Donovan and Stephens upheld the affirmative, and Messrs. Tobin, Rhoades and Connolly the negative. Mr. Huling also gave his opinion, and said in substance that if all boys in the high schools could play foot-ball he would like the game very much better.

At this meeting the acceptance of our challenge from the Y. M. C. A. was received. The subject is: "Resolved, That the United States government should own and operate the railroads.' The society has the affirmative side. Forty present.

On Friday evening, December 3, the society discussed this question: "Resolved, That

athletic training in the Cambridge High schools should be compulsory." Disputants were Oakes, Robinson, Dewing for affirmative, and for the negative, Arnold, Rhoades and Connolly. The debate was given to the affirmative. Mr. Connolly at this meeting gave an excellent declamation. It was finely rendered and reflects great credit upon him.

JOINT DEBATE.

January 11, the first joint debate between Y. M. C. A. Congress and the High School Debating Society was held in the Y. M. C. A. hall, the representatives of E. H. S. being William F. Donovan, '98; Howard Rhoades, 1900, and Arthur Dewing, '98. The speakers for the Y. M. C. A. were John L. Oddé, Jr., George F. Kenney and Arthur W. Reynolds. Mr. Dewing led in rebuttal for E. H. S., and A. Reynolds for the Y. M. C. A. Congress.

The debate was very close, but a rather weak rebuttal decided the debate for Y. M. C. A. Congress. Mr. Rhoades, a new speaker, was particularly good, and Mr. Donovan was up to his usual standard, although troubled with a bad cold. The Congress speakers had a well-hinged argument and made a good debate.

The judges were Senator Dallinger of Cambridge, Mr. S. Usher of Cambridge, and Major John F. Nickerson of Boston.



HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

Remember to write it "1898."

"How did you like your partner?"

Craig, formerly '99, has left school.

Who said "swelled head" in the French class?

One of the '98 girls is often found sunk in "earnest" thought.

The latest secret society, strictly '99, "The Sign of the Four."

Burke proved the Waterloo of most of the Institute '98 section.

The colors chosen for the class of 1900 are green, white and gold.

Lawrence Arnold has returned to school to enter the class of 1900.

Did you remember anything when you came back after vacation?

We were all glad to see that Miss Deering was able to return at the beginning of the new term.

We hope to see some class pictures soon, '98. We hear the tickets have already been distributed ('99).

Arlington High boys are in almost as great favor with some of our girls as Cambridge High boys, on Spy pond.

Why is not more interest taken in the socials held by '99? They could be made a great success as was proved last year.

Miss E-w-r-s, "how did you expect the rest of your class to know what that bright light was at one or two in the morning?"

Donovan, '98, seemed to sympathize with the Egyptian women when he had them losing their veils in the French class the other day.

There is a rumor that E. H. S. '98's drama is under way and the date to be announced soon. Let us hope that the rumor will soon be verified.

C. L. S. '98 have tickets out for their drama on January 21. All that can must go, for if we attend their drama they will probably attend ours.

C. E. H. S. 1900 has elected Mr. Jarvis Kendall as president and Mr. Dow as secretary of its society. Mr. Huling does not wish them to elect the remaining officers.

Have you got your card? How is your deportment, good or bad? It seems too bad that the teachers have to resort to such a way of keeping order. In C. E. H. S.—too!

Mr. Chapman's cry now is "Altos!" We learn, however, that the cantata is progressing finely and the date will be decided soon. But Tenors and Altos in a chorus are always welcome.

Many pretty Christmas presents have been noticed among the girls. Particularly may be noticed watches in '98. We think the "backs" of them may be more interesting than the faces; that of course remains to be seen.

Napoleon was undoubtedly a great man but some find it hard to appreciate that fact when reading his history in French. We would prefer to read about him in English.

The '99 drama is rapidly progressing under the skillful coaching of Mr. MacGill, who is hard at work with the participants. It will be given at the Newtowne Club on Thursday evening, February 3, and the play will be followed by dancing.

White, C. M. T. S. '99, is the proud possessor of a doll presented to him by Miss Deering's German class on the last day of school. He was heard to remark that he couldn't bring it over to school to the exercises the last

hour as the baby had lost its shoe. We christen it "The Baby's baby."

The W. A. S. club have got very pretty pins, their colors being green and gold. This club are still having their meetings every two weeks, their last two meetings having been held at Miss Brigham's and Miss Emery's.

The Thelma club, an organization of young ladies from Boston, Somerville, and Cambridge, and which has several members in the class of '99, intends to give a Hurdy Gurdy party for members and their friends to be held at the Newtowne club, Friday evening, January 28.

NEW MUSIC.

From White, Smith Music Publishing Co.: Vocal: "Up-to-date Nautical Maidens; A Sea Song" with chorus, words by S. B. Alexander, music by Summit L. Hecht. The very bright and lively song was sung by May Irwin's Co. in the "Swell Miss Fitzwell," which has been recently played in Boston with so much success. "Sailor girls we, fond of ploughing the briny, Yo Ho, my Tars, Yo Ho. We love the waves when sufficiently tiny, Yo Ho, my Tars, Yo Ho!" is the vivacious beginning.

"Now and Then," words by Louise Chandler Moulton, music by Nellie B. MacGregor, for contralto. The words and music are admirably suited, each to the other.

"The Two Sisters," a lullaby, words and music by Salis Reya. It begins,—"I have a

little sister, she was two years old last Easter. She's just the cutest tiny thing That ever you did see," etc., ending with,—"For she will not go to sleep at night Without this bye-lo-bye." The bye-lo-bye is set to very melodious, soothing music in waltz time. The second verse deals with an older sister, who is very fond of taking what she calls a promenade. It is a very pretty and attractive piece.

Instrumental: "Dance of the Monkeys," by Bart E. Grady. The music is weird but very quick in movement, and the different steps and motions of our supposed ancestors can be easily imagined.

Any of this music may be obtained of Briggs & Briggs, Harvard Square, Cambridge.

LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

"Drop that cruller."

'98, who dented the Waiter?

"Oh! the squeak in those boots."

'99 is to give a dance some time in February.

Almost time for the Radiator club to organize.

Paul Dooley, the well known boy soprano is in '02.

Division 2, 1900, is termed "the negative division."

The fifth class better organize in its second year after this.

It is reported that Adams, '99, is a member of the S. S. S.

Candidates for the '00 polo team have been practising on Spy.

Horace Stevens has been chosen captain of the '99 polo team.

1902 is thinking of forming a secret society! What next?

Three unique characters of 1900: Rabbi, Chick and Brownie.

For any information concerning the latest style in hats, see L-t-h, 1900.

Stratton and Λ dams, '99, are members of the Knights of King Λ rthur.

Notice, '99: Learn the meaning of soror before you get into the first class.

"He and me run a race, Ma'am."

Miss L-m-r, 1900, and others—For a weak voice take Virgil's Troche(e)s.

Murdock, '97, is seen quite often at the Latin School. I wonder why?

Miss Noera formerly of '02 is going to attend a private school in New York.

Third class French, first hour, has become quite skillful in guessing riddles, etc.

A mutual benefit society has been formed in 1900 called the Top Notch Club. Do you belong?

H-ll, '02, showed his ability to "bang the box" in the hall a short time ago. Perhaps he is anticipating.

Some members of the lower classes are enjoying the advantage of Purdy's class rates. His work is considered very good.

The following have been chosen ushers for the '98 drama: G. Bancroft, E. Sparrow, C. Seaver, J. Blackburn and D. Barnes.

1900 held a very enjoyable social at the home of W. S. Whittemore, Irving street, Friday evening of December seventeenth. The evening was spent in dancing and playing games.

Why does not the Supervisory Committee offer a trophy for polo to be competed for by the classes in both schools? It proved a success in former years, and stirred up a great deal of spirit. Why would it not be beneficial this year?

THE REASON.

"Oh why is this gloom upon your brow,
This pallor on your cheek?"
I asked and the sad answer was
"The Mid-Years come next week."

Studious Jack Horner
Of Latin no scorner,
In Virgil's Æneid did spy
How of verbs there were lots
Which counted for "pops"
And brought down his mark from on high.

'98 is to give "Mr. Bob" at the Newtowne club on Friday, the 21st. The following are to take part: Misses Abbott, Hale, Parsons and White, and Messrs. Dow, Kelsey and Clark.

'99 held its first class social at the house of Miss Wyman, Massachusetts avenue. A harlequin party was the entertainment at which Mr. Sherman and Miss Earl were prize winners. Mr. Sherman and Miss Prescott were chosen respectively president and treasurer to fill the positions of Janes and Parker, who have left school.



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It is the largest establishment in Cambridge. A You can find the finest assortment of Imported and Domestic Woollens at very low prices. All work will be promptly attended to, and guaranteed first-class. Repairing done at short notice.



Class Photographers, for '98

CAMBRIDGE LATIN SCHOOL.

Promptness and efficiency are important factors in the execution of any commission and from our 34 graduating classes of '97 have come such words of commendation and praise as prove beyond any reasonable doubt our inclination and ability to make satisfactory portraits.

Conclusive evidence may be obtained by giving us a personal trial, and as regular class rates are permitted friends of students, who secure from Photo committee the proper cards of introduction, there is now an opportunity not to be neglected.

STUDIO: 146 TREMONT STREET,

& & BOSTON. & &

ATHLETICS.

The polo team began practice a little later than usual this year, but nevertheless it looks like a sure winner. Capt. Clarkson has not as yet appointed any manager, but this is unnecessary as the schedule has already been arranged.

W. Clarkson and Warnock will probably be together at rush again this year and F. Clarkson will probably be found at goal. Centre and half-back are still open, but there seem to be a number of applicants for these positions. The number is, nevertheless, much smaller than it ought to be, and it is the duty of every boy in both schools to come out and try for the team. Instead of finishing second, we hope to see the polo team finish first this year.

C. H. & L., 8; ENGLISH HIGH, 1.

Our second championship game was played with English High on Friday, January 14. Cambridge was expected to win, but the score was somewhat a surprise after our rather poor showing in the Roxbury game. After making sure of her victory, it was Cambridge's desire to equal the Melrose score with English High and she almost succeeded, missing by only one point. The contrast in the playing of the two teams was very marked and was all the more so as English High did not have her regular formation. The clever rushing tactics of Cambridge's star forwards, Clarkson and Warnock, was the principal feature of the game. These two players passed the ball wherever they pleased and were well backed up by Seaver at centre.

Captain Sullivan and "Midget" Sumner played a good game, but their efforts were unavailing against the almost perfect defense of Cambridge. The line-up:

Cambridge H. & L.	English High
W. Clarkson, r	r., Sullivan
Warnock, r	r., Hendrie
Seaver, c	c., Sumner
Southward, h.b	h.b., Cotter
F. Clarkson, g	.g., McCausland

Score, Cambridge High and Latin, 8; English High, 1. Goals, Warnock (5), Clarkson (3), Sullivan. Referee, Abbott, Roxbury Latin. Umpires, Boyson and Farwell. Time, 20m. halves.

C. H. & L., 5; ROXBURY LATIN, 2.

Our first championship game was played with Roxbury Latin on Franklin Field on Tuesday, the 12th. The game was closely contested and the score at the end of the first half stood 1 to 0. Roxbury could not continue the pace set by Cambridge and succumbed.

Captain Clarkson was especially clever in the handling of his stick and rushed with telling effect. Warnockalsodid good work and helped Clarkson out in carrying the ball forward, playing in perfect unison. Fred Clarkson put up a great defense at goal. Abbott played well for Roxbury, but was poorly supported.

The line-up:

Cambridge	Roxbury			
W. Clarkson, r	r., Abbott			
Warnock, rr.,	Van Aurige			
Lucas, c	c., Farmer			
Southward, h.b	a.b., Ticknor			
F. Clarkson, g	g., Tufts			

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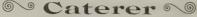
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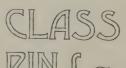
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CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

FEBRUARY, 1898.

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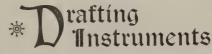
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LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL

VOL. XII.

REVIEW.

NO. IV.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, FEBRUARY, 1898.

THE MONTH.

The lower classes in the Latin school seem to have taken hold of our project with a zeal that is really refreshing, and we have received many contributions from them, notably the short-sketches which appeared in last month's issue, and which appear in this. The upper classes, however, seem to have no interest in the paper, and have not manifested any desire to help the paper along. The High school also has not waked up to the fact that we are making an offer to them as well. We wish to repeat our offer and to do all in our power to put the Review on a literary basis.

. 26

Our track prospects grow brighter as the time for the meet approaches. The use of the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium makes it possible for us to train without the difficulties which have beset us in former years. The material this year is exceedingly good and the number of candidates is greater than ever before. When there is such an interest taken by the men themselves it is to be expected that there will be a large delegation present at the coming meet. Last year, as one of our former editors said, there were but six stalwart youths to cheer for our school.

When the new school is opened and the new régime is well established, there will be one thing to be considered which Cambridge has never dealt with before: that is the subject of a school gymnasium. What shall be its purpose and how shall it be managed? Is it only to accommodate the teams which would use it to train in or is it to be open to all? Will it be worth while to have a competent instructor to conduct gymnasium classes? The purpose of the gymnasium should be to reach the great class of students which would not exercise otherwise, and which, therefore, needs that very form of exercise most. The gymnasium, according to our belief, should be under the guidance of a competent instructor who would conduct classes, both of boys and girls, and have under his supervision the physical condition of the scholars. The gymnasium should be equipped with all the necessary paraphernalia, and although too small for a running track of any reasonable size, should contain room for basket-ball games and affairs of like nature. A gymnasium, under proper instruction, is really necessary to the true physical development of every boy and girl, and will tend to make our generation a strong one, free from all bodily ills.

We are glad to hear that the city fathers have awakened to the fact that the intellectual life cannot exist without proper support. We understand that there is to be a lunch counter in the new building, and trust that a passing comment will not seem out of place. There will naturally be much interest taken in the counter, as it is a feature which up to this time the Latin school has not had.

There are no reasons why a lunch counter cannot be run for profit as well as for the best advantage of the scholars. There are three essentials which must be taken into consideration: good food, reasonable prices and quick and efficient service.

A lunch counter for school children should have a menu consisting of soups, hot drinks and sandwiches. Good food is the chief essential to the success of any restaurant or lunch counter. The parents would, we are sure, prefer their children to have plain wholesome food rather than the bake-house pastry and sweets which they are buying at present. The reason for the demand for sweets may be laid to the fact that there is no other food to be bought.

The prices of these foods must be low enough to put them within the reach of the scholars, and high enough to compensate a competent person for the time and labor. No one person could meet the demand of the scholars immediately at the beginning of recess. Possibly, some of the scholars, in order to obviate this difficulty, would offer their services on different days, especially if some slight compensation, such as a luncheon, were given them.

The polo team this year has not come up to expectations. There are good reasons for this, foremost among which is lack of practice. Our chances for winning a leg on the cup this year have vanished, unless Melrose has hard

luck and is defeated. The Melrose game ought to have been ours, and taking into consideration the material which there was, it seems a pity that we let them beat us.

×.

There has been a good deal of controversy lately about the superficial teaching of modern languages in our High schools. Take, for instance, Minna von Barnhelm, Lessing's masterpiece, which is a German classic, the same as Shakespeare is an English classic. It is full of idioms, many of which are obsolete, and is never studied in Germany until pupils are well advanced in literature and are thoroughly familiar with the language in its simple and more direct forms. Here, it is expected that pupils will grasp its beauties and spirit when they are not firmly grounded in the language, and can understand the more simple prose with difficulty. It seems a great deal like giving our senior class in Greek Sophocles, Aristotle or Æschylus to read.

. . .

We think that the scholars can hardly appreciate the honor which has been conferred upon them by the visit of Father Locke to speak to them. He is a man advanced in years, now over eighty, and has had the good fortune to see and to talk with our greatest president, Lincoln. He also took part in our late war, not as a soldier, but in caring for the sick and wounded, and by cheering the soldiers with his songs.

Father Locke is a remarkably vigorous man for his years and played and sang to us in a way that would have reflected credit upon a man much younger.

He was the composer of many patriotic songs at the time of the war, and has lead whole armies to battle to the stirring music of his warlike hymns. Mr. Locke sang before President Lincoln on several occasions and stirred him with his song written for Lincoln, "Ship of State."



HERE is what the old Marquis d'Arville told us towards the end of St. Hubert's dinner at the house of the Baron des Ravels.

We had killed a stag that day. The marquis was the only one of the guests who had not taken any part in this chase; for he never hunted.

All through that long repast we had talked about hardly anything but the slaughter of animals. The ladies themselves were interested in tales sanguinary and often unlikely, and the orators imitated the attacks and the combats of men against beasts, raised their arms, romanced in a thundering voice.

M. d'Arville talked well, with a certain poetry of style somewhat high-sounding, but full of effect. He must have repeated this story often, for he told it fluently, not hesitating on words, choosing them with skill to produce a picture.

Gentlemen, I have never hunted; neither did my father, nor my grandfather, nor my great-grandfather. This last was the son of a man who hunted more than all of you put together. He died in 1764. I will tell you how.

His name was Jean. He was married, father of that child who became my ancestor, and he lived with his younger brother, François d'Arville, in our castle in Lorraine, in the middle of the forest. François d'Arville had remained a bachelor for love of the chase. They both hunted from one end of the year to the other, without repose, without stopping, without fatigue. They loved only that, under-

stood nothing else, talked only on that, lived only for that.

They had at heart that one passion, which was terrible and inexorable. It consumed them, having entirely invaded them, leaving place for no other.

They had given orders that they should not be interrupted in the chase for any reason whatever. My great-grandfather was born while his father was following a fox, and Jean d'Arville did not stop his pursuit but he swore: "Name of a name, that rascal there might have waited till after the view-halloo!"

His brother François showed himself still more infatuated. On rising he went to see the dogs, then the horses, then he shot little birds about the castle until the moment for departing to hunt down some great beast.

In the country-side they were called M. le Marquis and M. le Cadet, the nobles then not doing at all like the chance nobility of our time, which wished to establish an hereditary hierarchy in titles; for the son of a marquis is no more a count, nor the son of a viscount a baron, than the son of a general is a colonel by birth. But the mean variety of today finds profit in that arrangement.

I return to my ancestors.

They were, it seems, immeasurably tall, bony, hairy, violent and vigorous. The younger still taller than the older, had a voice so strong that according to a legend of which he was proud, all the leaves of the forest shook when he shouted.

And when they both mounted to go off to

the hunt, that must have been a superb spectacle to see those two giants straddling their huge horses.

Now, towards the midwinter of that year, 1764, the frosts were excessive and the wolves became ferocious.

They even attacked belated peasants, roamed at night about the houses, howled from sunset to sunrise, and depopulated the stables.

And soon a rumor began to circulate. People talked of a colossal wolf, with gray fur, almost white, who had eaten two children, gnawed off a woman's arm, strangled all the dogs of the garde du pays, and penetrated without fear into the farmyards to come snuffling under the doors. The people in the houses affirmed that they had felt his breath, and that it made the flame of the lights flicker. And soon a panic ran through all the province. No one dared go out any more after nightfall. The shades seemed haunted by the image of the beast.

The brothers d'Arville resolved to find and kill him, and several times they assembled all the gentlemen of the country to a great hunting. In vain. They might beat the forests and search the coverts, they never met him. They killed wolves, but not that one. And every night after a battue, the beast, as if to change himself, attacked some traveller or devoured some one's cattle, always far from the place where they had looked for him.

Finally, one night he penetrated into the pig-pen of the château d'Arville and ate the two finest pigs.

The brothers were inflamed with anger, considering this attack as a bravado of the monster, an insult direct, a defiance. They took their strong bloodhounds used to pursue formidable beasts, and they set off to hunt, their hearts swollen with fury.

From dawn until the hour when the empurpled sun descended behind the great naked

trees, they beat the thickets without finding anything.

At last, furious and disconsolate, both were returning, walking their horses along an allée bordered with brambles, and they marvelled that this sort of woodcraft should be crossed so by this wolf, and were seized suddenly with a sort of mysterious fear.

The elder said:

"That beast there is not an ordinary one. You would say it thought like a man."

The younger answered:

"Perhaps we should have a bullet blessed by our cousin, the bishop, or pray some priest to pronounce the words which are needed."

Then they were silent.

Jean continued:

"Look how red the sun is. The great wolf will do some harm tonight."

He had hardly finished speaking when his horse reared; that of François began to kick. Λ large thicket covered with dead leaves opened before them, and a colossal beast, quite gray, sprang up and ran off across the wood

Buth uttered a groan of joy, and bending over the necks of their heavy horses, they threw them forward with an impulse from all their body, hurling them on at such a pace, exciting them, hurrying them away, maddening them so with the voice, with gesture and with spur that the strong riders seemed rather to be carrying the heavy beasts between their thighs and to bear them as if they were flying.

Thus they went, ventre à terre, bursting the thickets, clearing the beds of streams, climbing the hillsides, descending the gorges, and blowing on the horn with full lungs to attract their people and their dogs.

And now, suddenly in that mad race, my ancestor struck his forehead against an enormous branch which split his skull, and he fell stark dead on the ground, while his frightened

horse took himself off, disappearing in the shade which enveloped the woods.

The younger d'Arville stopped short, leaped to the earth, seized his brother in his arms, and he saw that the brains ran from the wound with the blood.

Then he sat down beside the body, rested the head, disfigured and red, on his knees and waited, contemplating that immobile face of the elder brother. Little by little, a fear invaded him, a strange fear which he had never felt before, the fear of the dark, the fear of solitude, the fear of the deserted wood, and the fear also of the fantastic wolf who had just killed his brother to avenge himself upon them both.

The shadows thickened, the acute cold made the trees crack. François got up, shivering, unable to remain there longer, feeling himself almost growing faint. Nothing was to be heard, neither the voice of the dogs nor the sound of horns. All was silent along the invisible horizon; and this mournful silence of the frozen night had something about it frightening and strange.

He seized in his colossal hands the great body of Jean, straightened it and laid it across the saddle to carry it back to the château; then he went on his way softly, his mind troubled as if it were drunken, pursued by horrible and surprising images.

And abruptly, in the path which the night was invading, a great shape passed. It was the beast. A shock of tremor shook the hunter; something cold, like a drop of water, glided along his loins, and, like a monk, haunted by the devil, he made a great sign of the cross, dismayed at this abrupt return of the frightful prowler. But his eyes fell back upon the inert body laid before him, and suddenly, passing abruptly from fear to anger, he shook with inordinate rage.

Then he spurred his horse and rushed at the wolf.

He followed it by the copses, the ravines and the tall trees, traversing woods which he no longer knew, his eyes fixed on the white speck which fled before him through the night now fallen on the earth.

His horse also seemed animated by a force and an ardor hitherto unknown. It galloped, with out-stretched neck, straight on, hurling against the trees, against the rocks, the head and the feet of the dead man thrown across the saddle. The briers tore out the hair; the brow, beating the huge trunks, spattered them with blood; the spurs tore their ragged coats of bark, and suddenly the beast and the horseman issued from the forest and rushed into a valley, just as the moon appeared above the mountains. This valley was stony, closed by enormous rocks, without possible issue; and the wolf was cornered and turned round.

François then uttered a yell of joy which the echoes repeated like a rolling of thunder, and he leaped from his horse, his cutlass in his hand.

The beast, with bristling hair, the back arched, awaited him; its eyes glistened like two stars. But, before offering battle, the strong hunter, seizing his brother, seated him on a rock, and, supporting with stones his head, which was no more than a blot of blood, he shouted in the ear as if he were talking to a deaf man, "Look, Jean; look at this!"

Then he threw himself upon the mons'er. He felt himself strong enough to overturn a mountain, to bruise stones in his hands. The beast tried to bite him, seeking to strike in at his stomach; but he had seized it by the neck, without even using his weapon, and he strangled it gently, listening to the stoppage of the breathings in its throat and the beatings of its heart. And he laughed, rejoicing madly, pressing closer and closer his formidable embrace, crying in a delirium of joy, "Look,

Jean, look!" All resistance ceased; the body of the wolf became lax. He was dead.

Then François, taking him up in his arms, carried him off and went and threw him at the feet of the elder brother, repeating, in a tender voice, "There, there, my little Jean, see him!"

Then he replaced on the saddle the two bodies, one upon the other, and he went his way.

He returned to the château, laughing and crying, like Gargantua at the birth of Pantagruel, uttering shouts of triumph and stamping with joy in relating the death of the beast, and moaning and tearing his beard in telling that of his brother.

And often, later, when he talked again of

that day, he said, with tears in his eyes, "If only that poor Jean could have seen me strangle the other, he would have died content, I am sure of it!"

The widow of my ancestor inspired her orphan son with that horror of the chase, which has transmitted itself from father to son as far down as myself.

The Marquis d'Arville was silent. Some one asked:

"That story is a legend, isn't it?"

And the story-teller answered:

"I swear to you that it is true from one end to the other."

Then a lady declared, in a little, soft voice: "All the same it is fine to have passions like that."

My Great-Grandmother's Churning Day.

6:5:0

... A True Story ...

It was October, in the year 1789, the harvest month, and the trees of the Bradford orchards bent beneath their burdens of brighthued fruit. Russet and red, the apples hung on the boughs, or lay on the ground, gathered into brilliant heaps. By the road, the maples flaunted gay colors also, and the chestnuts had done their part, by covering the withered grass with glossy brown nuts. A scent of mellow ripeness made the keen frost-touched air good to breathe. It was the time of year to enjoy life to its utmost, if one was healthy and young. The farmers of Bradford filled their barns to overflowing and Sunday by Sunday, they thanked Providence heartily in the white meeting-house on Thatcher's Hill. One of the strong pillars of the little society was

Deacon Daniel Tenney, a man of substance, whose rich farm lands, with here and there a patch of forest growth, lay on the eastern border of the town, and made a pleasant picture for stranger eyes. The deacon was a widower, and the entire management of his household affairs lay in the hands of an eighteen-year-old daughter. Pretty Martha Tenney had taken up her responsibilities bravely; there were four brothers to be thought of, as well as her father, and to all she must take her mother's place. There were many hard places in her daily life, when Ebenezer, the careless young brother left kindlings uncut or water-pails empty. If it had not been for Leonard Whittaker, an old playmate who lived near by, and who was ever on the watch to make up Ebenezer's deficiencies, the young girl's strength would often have been overtaxed.

The last week of October was a busy one in Bradford households; preparations were in progress for the greatest event the little town would ever witness—a visit from the beloved President Washington, who was then on an eastern tour through his loyal states. A matter of importance called him to Bradford for a day, and the leading men, Deacon Tenney among them, were invited to dine with Washington in the town hall. For this feast, the families of the town sent the choicest of their harvesting. Deacon Tenney left home early on the morning of the twenty-eighth. As he bade his little household a stately farewell, he did not forget some last admonitions to the older children: "Daughter Martha, see your churning be done by noon; do not permit this stir to turn your head with idle thoughts. Remember, a maid's first care should be for her home duties. As for you, Ebenezer, I desire that you do as your sister bids,-in my absence she holds my authority." Then the stately old man, scorning any conveyance, set out upon his rough five-mile walk.

Martha sighed a little over the morning's work, for Leonard Whittaker had offered to take her to his aunt's, in the town, where she might see the gay crowd, and perhaps curtsey to the great general as he passed.

"For they do say he always speaks to the prettiest maids," urged the astute young man. But Martha refused the tempting invitation—how could she leave home upon churning-day?

After her father was quite out of sight, she sent Ebenezer for his axe, and went herself down the broad steps to the cool stone room, where a musical stream of water plashed through the narrow channel in the floor. She made a pretty picture there, prettier even than in her holiday gown, with her gray stuff dress turned

back neatly to save the skirt, thus showing the small buckled shoes, her sleeves pushed above the round elbows, and the shining brown curls tucked away under a white cap. Her face was fair as a child's, and her eyes the blue of early violets. But in spite of this, Martha spent little thought upon herself—she had little time in which to spend it, and besides, her father allowed no mirrors within his strictly ordered home.

The brisk beating of the dasher as it whirled the cream into thick white clo's, almost drowned the little song Martha hummed, while her spirits rose in the peaceful surroundings.

"Briskly turn and blithely sing, Good butter comes from good churning."

Two hours later the butter had really come; Martha went to the low window to rest her tired arms on the ledge and watch the bright October landscape. She had not heeded the unusual noise, the voices lately raised outside, for her window did not open towards the highway. Suddenly, a small, excited boy appeared at the door: "Sister Martha," he cried, "General Washington has come along and stopped before our house—he asked for a gla-s of milk and you are to bring it to him directly"—and the apparition vanished.

So amazed was Martha that she stood helpless for a moment, then, as the boy's words became vivid in her memory, she caught up a stone pitcher and a glass from the shelf, hurried up the steps, and round through the tall grass, to the front of the house. Here a little knot of people waited by the door-stone; some gentlemen on horseback, one a short distance in advance; and grouped about these, in awe and admiration, stood the small boys, with some of the farm-hands and serving maids from the next house.

Before Martha reached the group, she be-

came aware whom she had to serve, and her heart sank, as she thought of the tucked-up sleeves and the gray skirt; but there was only one thing to be done, so with blushing face and lowered lashes she held up the brimming glass of creamy milk to the foremost horseman.

As he drank, she ventured to raise her eyes, and was fascinated, as were all who saw him, by the manly and elegant figure, with its martial grace, set off by the old Continental uniform; the fresh-colored face, its gray eyes shining with a mingling of clear purpose and benevolence, and the fine, strong mouth, with its lines of nobleness and dignity. The general looked down quickly and caught the eager gaze. Martha, confused, and still blushing, stammered something, of which only the words, "Your Excellency," reached Washington's ear. Seeing the tumbled curls and the short gown, he thought this a small daughter of the house, and as he returned the glass, he bent from his saddle and patted the brown hair kindly. "Many thanks, little maid," said the rich, deep voice, "that was indeed a grateful draught and has refreshed me much. I shall keep this service, pretty one,

as a souvenir of the good town of Bradford."

Then he turned his horse, and lifting their hats, the little band rode gallantly away, with the sun flashing from the polished leather of their scabbards, to meet the deputation sent by the town as escort for their president and deliverer.

"And he thought I was a little maid," cried Martha, telling the story later in the day, to Leonard Whittaker, "but I am right glad he did, for he would not think then that my dress was unseemly."

"Did I not say he spoke to the prettie-t maids?"—began Leonard triumphantly, but Martha interrupted him,—

"Nay, not that, but he was so grand and kind, and I shall always remember him and keep this; he must have let it fall when he gave me back the cup." This was a heavy riding glove of embroidered leather, and it lay among Martha's possessions long after she became Martha Whittaker.

The artist, who painted great-grandmother's portrait, placed in the hand of the blooming girl a white, long gauntleted glove, with the letters "G. W." clearly outlined upon the wrist.





CORNELL SCENE.

Crossing a narrow and picturesque stream which flows through one of the most beautiful gorges in New York state, at the entrance to the Cornell campus, is a gray stone bridge, over which many hundred students pass daily. Though plain and massive in structure, its varied surroundings make it the center of a wonderful picture. The scene is especially grand in winter, when snow is piled upon the banks of the gorge, with here and there an icicle hanging from some white arm of rock. Beneath the bridge the stream is frozen into miniature palaces of ice. Around it, each bush and tree is covered with a coating, inch deep, which gleams with many colors in the sunlight. Now we hear the merry laughter of some college boys or girls who deign to frolic like small children, on this fine morning. Troops of anxious freshmen, and a few belated instructors think as they hurry along to their "eight o'clocks" how beautiful is the scene; but they must not stop to admire, for the chimes are ringing their last peals. So we too must depart from the bridge, as the lingering notes of the Lorelei are wafted to us from the library tower.

CASCADILLA GORGE.

Standing on the gray stone bridge over Cascadilla Gorge, we see, rising on the right a hill, the site of Cornell University. To the left, in the valley, lies the little city of Ithaca. The season has changed and below us the creck rushes on through the ravine. Beyond, is a long blue strip of Cayuga Lake, with hill after hill, on which are dotted little farms, their many furrowed fields, surrounding old white houses and red barns. In the background is more creek and gorge, from whose banks spring junipers, willows and mosses. On the topmost cliffs of the gorge rise lofty pines and under foot the delicate trillium lifts up its star-shaped head.

AT THE DAWN OF DAY.

It was early dawn and the world was just awakening from its slumber. The clear blue of the sky was broken here and there by tiny soft white clouds; in the east, faint streaks of crimson and gold began slowly to appear; as I watched, the heaven grew rosier and rosier, till it glowed with the splendor of the rising sun. On the little river, which flowed so quietly by our door, another glorious sun seemed to be rising, for the transparent water was a mirror for the "goddess of morning." In the den of sweet old-fashioned flowers, the morning-glory and widow-tear opened their bright little eyes; they were sweeter, if possible, after their dewy bath. The little birds were awakening, and filling the garden with their songs. These were the earliest risers on that beautiful morning. A milk-team now passed down the

dusty road with a jingle of bells, and the merry song of the driver floated back on the still air. Across the river the farms begin to awaken; the barn doors are opened, the men begin to work in the fields, a cart is brought out to be filled with hay, and a small herd of cows are driven up the road. The hens and chickens now stalk around contentedly, while the ducks paddle in the water. An oarsman floats slowly down the river, drinking in the beauties of the morning. Just as the mill starts up with a buzz, three little bare-footed boys go up the road to the woods, for a happy day of swimming and ruining their clothes. The sun is now climbing high in the heavens, and a new day has set in.

TAUGHANNOCK FALLS.

Partly for lack of time, partly for the ro mance of it all, we started at two in the morn-There were five of us, my sister and brother, two young college students, and myself. It was a glorious night; the moon shone down upon the little city and, in the distance, the lake reflected its silver light. On either side of us, rose hills, dotted with farmhouses, whose inmates would soon be stirring, preparing to milk the cows and go to market. No sound was heard but the clatter of our horses' hoofs, as they trotted on toward Taughannock Falls, our destination. These falls are ten miles from the city, in one of the numerous gorges of the lake regions of New York state. To get there, we followed a road which wound down by the lake, then up by the hill again. When about at the top, the sun rose and, as we looked over the lake to the hill beyond, we saw the Cornell campus touched by its first Each farmhouse that we passed had more life about it, until we came to the woods, where the evening dew still glistened. The horses sniffed the air and wondered, I suppose, if it was not nearly breakfast-time; but we drove on, talking to them and encouraging them, as if they were human beings.

About five o'clock, we arrived at Taughannock Inn, where we left our horses. We then took our lunch and climbed down the steep sides of the gorge to the bottom. The falls were not in sight, but we heard their roar and, as the spring freshets were over, we hastened, without fear, in the direction of the sound. All at once we saw them. The gorge had ended in one great amphitheatre, at the head of which were the falls, one hundred feet higher than Niagara. The column being narrow, the force was great, and though ten rods away, we felt the spray on our faces. It was a grand sight. The gorge rising several hundred feet on either side of us, its rocky walls glistening with moisture; behind us, the winding creek with its wooded banks, covered with mossy stumps, low brush and white birches; before us, the column of water dashing down on the smooth, brown rocks beneath it, where the foam danced round and round in little whirlpools, then passed close by our feet like some calm meadow brooklet; and above us, the clear, blue sky. We spent two hours watching this beautiful picture and then climbed up the rocky banks, farther down the stream. At the top we gathered great handfuls of daisies and, at last, drove home.

HOW JIM GOT HIS THANKSGIVING DINNER.

In a little house, on the poorest street in a small city, lived a family by the name of Redfield. It consisted of the mother, son and two daughters. The mother was a tall, beautiful woman in appearance, but poor in worldly goods, having barely enough to support her children. Jim, the eldest child, was a smart, handsome fellow, who worked hard for his mother. As he was an office-boy his compensation was very small, and not enough to pay for a Thanksgiving dinner, although, for a

week before, he had been saving some of his well-earned money for this very purpose. His two sisters were a little younger than he, and helped their mother with the housework.

A week before Thanksgiving, Jim counted his money, which he found amounted to nearly a dollar. The next day it snowed hard, bringing joy to his heart, for he thought that now he might at least add to his small collection by shovelling snow. So, early in the morning he started out, shovel in hand, to look for work. He was not long in finding something to do, and at the end of the morning he had earned fifty cents.

That afternoon, when he was working in Long Avenue, he was startled by a child's cry. A second later, a bay horse came dashing around a corner, drawing a sleigh, whose only occupant was a child. Quickly Jim saw that it was a runaway horse, and, without stopping to think for a single moment, he sprang upon the excited animal's neck. This action frightened the horse so that he reared, but at once made a plunge forward at great speed, overturning the sleigh and throwing the child forcibly out on the ground.

Leaving the horse to go whither he would, Jim ran to the child. He found it half buried in the snow. He picked the child up and began to cry for help. In response to his cry, there came running around the corner a man whom, from his actions, his anxious face, his distressed inquiries, Jim at once took to be the father of the child. After everything had been told over and over again, the man took Jim's name and address, promising Jim that such heroic action should not go unrewarded. Thus they parted. That night Jim lay awake, imagining all sorts of terrible things that might have befallen him from the accident. Thus thinking, he fell asleep.

Two days after, a large basket was left at the door for Jim. On opening it, he leaped for joy! There, before him, was a large turkey, vegetables, fruit and nuts, everything one could desire, for a Thanksgiving dinner. More surprise yet! At the bottom of the basket was a small box. When Jim, with trembling, eager fingers, opened it, he found, tucked neatly away, a gold medal bearing his name and describing his deed. There could be no mistake. This was from the father of the child. But the best medal, in Jim's mind, was the contented, happy faces of his mother, brothers and sisters, and their enjoyment of this Thanksgiving dinner.





II. II. Fox, '96, has recently received a Detur at Harvard.

Albert S. Apsey, '89, is a member of the Massachusetts House.

Miss E. A. Stark, '91, is assisting in the secretary's office at Wellesley College.

II. L. Flint, '89, is assistant paying teller in the National Bank of Redemption, Boston.

R. D. Wrenn, C. L. S. '91 is a member of the executive committee of the newly-formed Harvard Graduate Athletic Association.

George E. Close, Jr., E. H. S. '94, is vice president of the newly-formed stock company, the George Close Company, confectioners.

Mr. W. H. Raymond, '95, has resigned his position as secretary-treasurer of the Harvard C. L. S. club, and Mr. George A. Goodridge, '95, has been elected to that position in his place.

At its annual meeting, held during the first week in January, the American Chemical Society elected as president for the coming year, Dr. Charles E. Munroe, E. H. S. '68, now dean of the Graduate school of Columbian University.

The Cambridge city council this year contains four High school graduates, viz., Aldermen Watson G. Cutter, E. H. S. '54, and Charles H. Montague, '76, and Councilmen George E. Saunders, '70, and Alfred C. Turner.

The class of '97, E. H. S., held a meeting early in the year, and formed a permanent organization. The officers elected were: president, William J. Green; vice president, Henry Hudson; secretary, O. C. Francis; treasurer, Miss May E. Lathrop. The class intends to hold annual reunions, and also occasional social gatherings at the homes of members.

The third annual reunion of '95, C. L. S., was held at the home of Mr. George A. Goodridge, 12 Scott street, on the evening of January 5. The following officers were elected for the coming year: president, Mr. John L. Dyer; vice president, Miss Edith L. Atwood; secretary, Miss Gertrude A. Thurston; treasurer, Mr. Waldo S. Kendall. At the request of the Harvard C. L. S. club, the class decided to elect a permanent class-secretary, such as graduating classes at Harvard choose, and elected to that office Mr. George A. Goodridge. The entertainment was furnished by an advertisement game, in which Mr. C. E. Baldwin won first gentleman's prize, and

Miss A. N. Bowles first lady's prize. Misses Bessie M. Busiel and A. N. Bowles, and Mr. James F. Bacon favored the company with musical selections. Refreshments were served. Mr. Bradbury was the guest of the class. There were eighteen members of the class present.

The dramatic entertainment which is to be given by the Radcliffe Cambridge Latin School club at Radcliffe College consists of the two short comedies entitled, "Bachelor Maids" and "A Case for Logic." The dates are Friday evening, February 25, at eight o'clock, and Saturday afternoon, February 26,

at three o'clock. This entertainment is given in behalf of the scholarship which the club is in the hopes of establishing. The tickets are twenty-five cents and can be obtained from members of the club and from Henry J. Winslow, '98; it is hoped that all who are interested will endeavor to be present. The cast of the first play consists of Ellen Batchelder, '96; Sarah Chandler, '94; Juanita Wells, '96; Agnes Morgan, '97; Mary H. Winslow, '95, and Edith B. Winslow, '96. That of the second play includes Katherine Berry, '94; Eva Merrill, '94; Eleanor Wesselhoeft, '97; Faith Foxcroft, '97; Mabel Arnold, '96, and Edith Winslow, '96.

MEETING OF THE YEARS.

Silv'ry moonbeams floated down,
Flooded brilliantly the town;
Solemn silence shrouded all,
Deathlike silence, as a pall.
Sleepily the stars were blinking,
Steadily the moon was sinking;
Objects quiet all around,
Under foot the frozen ground.
Ghostlike, in the dazzling sheen,
Startling figures might be seen;
Naked trees with branches bare,
Rose, appealingly in air.
Clear, all-cloudless was the sky,

Close 'twas to the midnight hour;
Slowly tolled, from out a tower,
Twelve long strokes with measured beat;
Silently, two years did meet.
Sad, the Old Year limped away,
Joyously, without delay,
Glided in, with gleeful face,

Cold and lifeless all things nigh.

Happy New Year, in his place.

Adieu, thou Old Gray Beard!

Thou'd thyself to us endeared;
Twelve good months we've lived with thee,
Saddened now awhile we'll be.
Aye, farewell! Yet down with grief,
Mourning for thee shall be brief.
For the Old, one silent tear,
Here appears the bright New Year!

Welcome! Welcome! Happy Day! Now to thee new vows we'll pay: Vows and fresh resolves for life, Now we'll lay aside all strife. May all quarrels quickly cease, Fill all hearts with quiet peace! Fill our minds with right desire, Kindle also ardent fire, In our breasts, for right and truth, Mercy, virtue, kindness, ruth. Yes, we welcome thee, New Year! Soon thou'll be to us as dear As the old, Gray Bearded Sire, Who departed, as you spire Told to us of thy dear birth, Blessed New Year, come to earth.

THE

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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English High school, '98, will give their drama and dance at Odd Fellows hall, North Cambridge, Monday, the seventh of March next. The tickets will be fifty cents. The name of the drama is "His Last Chance," and as nearly the same ones are in it as were in the drama last year, there is no doubt but what the drama will be a success. John C. Fearns is managing it.

. 2

On Friday, the eighteenth of March, the class of '99 at the Latin school will give their junior dance at the Colonial club hall. The tickets are seventy-five cents.

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The interscholastic indoor meet comes off the twenty-sixth of this month at Mechanics hall, Boston. Tickets can be obtained of the captain of the track team.

9

Our team beat Hopkinson last year in the team race without much encouragement in the way of cheering; let every one go this year and give encouragement.

4

The February number of the Review can be found on sale at the same stores as last month, namely, Sever's, and Amee Bros.', Harvard square, and at Beunke's on Massachusetts avenue, and Ketchum's, 735 Massachusetts avenue.

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The March issue of the Review will appear the tenth of March, and all copy must be in before the first of the month. The March number closes the competition for the staff, so every one must brace up.

C. L. S. '98 DRAMA.

On Friday evening, January 21, the members of the class of '98 gave a performance of "Mr. Bob" at the Newtowne club with the following cast: Philip Royson, Mr. George L. Dow; Robert Brown, clerk of Benson & Benson, Mr. Robert B. Clark; Jenkins, Miss Rebecca's butler, Mr. Paul H. Kelsey; Rebecca Luke, a maiden lady, Miss Mabel L. Abbott; Katherine Rogers, her niece, Miss Mabel G. Hale; Marion Bryant, her friend, Miss Grace A. Parsons; Patty, Miss Rebecca's maid, Miss Elsa H. White. Scene, breakfastroom at Tresham; Act 1, morning; Act 2, afternoon.

Of course it would not be fair to criticise the performance of "Mr. Bob" from a professional standpoint, but rather from the standpoint of amateurs.

The drama committee were wise in the sclection of the play. "Mr. Bob" seems to be a favorite with amateurs, and well it might be for none of the parts are very exacting. The dialogue moves along with interest, with here and there an attempt at humor. In act two, the boat race was a little incongruous. Allowing the course to be six miles, a racing-boat would take at least an hour to sail it. Therefore, great credit is due to Miss Parsons as a vachtsman, for I believe she so skillfully sailed the course as to finish in about seven minutes. Usually, when a playwright introduces a boat-race or a horse-race, while the race is taking place he works in part of the plot to fill up time and uses the finish as a climax.

Of the performers, Mr. Clark carried off the honors of the evening. He

fairly looked the part and his make-up was a masterpiece. He certainly made an attempt at acting, and with no small success. Mr. Dow made a dashing and handsome Phi!ip Royson, and his delightful air of abandon was enough to win the heart of any matinée girl. Mr. Kelsey made a very dignified English butler, and it was very seldom that he forgot his important position. But in his little burst of ranting, his gestures reminded me more of an athlete than of an actor. I should not advise Mr. Kelsey to go on the stage. He would win far greater laurels as a 'cello player in the Symphony orchestra, or in following the footsteps of Paderewski. Miss Abbot was a delightful maiden lady, but posing as a lover of cats, I hardly think she picked up the cat very affectionately in making one of her exits in the first act. Under the circumstances, the cat grasped her part with a great deal of intelligence. She did not kick and scratch and jump in the audience as she might easily have done. Miss White, as Patty the maid, was perfectly fascinating, and her dancing was grace itself. She was the comédienne of the cast and several times sent her audience in helpless convulsions of laughter. Miss Hale as Katharine Rogers looked very distinguée. Her voice possessed great volume of tone and sweetness. Miss Parsons as Marion Bryant made a very good vachtsman, and when she made her entrance after winning the race, she really wore the flush of victory.

The orchestra was good and so were the selections. After the performance the hall was throughd with dancers and everybody seemed to have an exceptionally good time.

E. H. S. '99 DRAMA.

The class of '99 gave a creditable performance of the four-act comedy, "Me and Otis," at the Newtowne club Thursday evening, February 3. There was a fairly good audience and the class was well represented.

The following is the cast: Dick Davis, a student at Harvard College, fond of foot-ball and girls, Walter Clarkson; Byron Makepeace Thornton, his room-mate, not fond of football or girls, William R. Kelso; Otis Tewksbury of Perkinsville, Betty's father, William E. Spragg; Reginald Thomas, a young man of fashion, Charles E. MacKusick; Sam Scullyun, Tewksbury's hired man, James R. Evans; Betty Tewksbury, Otis's daughter, Beulah O. Brownell; Florence Follett, Betty's city friend, Elsie Macy; Rosilla Tewksbury, wife of Otis, and head of family, Olive M. Gage; Sophronia Ruggles, Florence's maiden aunt, Frances B. Flanagan; prompter, Miss Ada L. Cummings. Synopsis: Act 1, Davis and Thornton's room at Harvard, afternoon; Act 2, living-room at the Tewksbury farm, Perkinsville, morning; Act 3, the same place, evening; Act 4, the Tewksbury's new city home, evening.

The dramatic committee were almost too ambitious in their selection and chose a comedy of four acts which was clearly beyond the scope of the actors. This seems rather a grave fault among the classes as they often choose something which they cannot do justice to, while if they had chosen a simple farce the affair would have been pronounced a success in every respect. Among those taking part, Mr. Spragg as Otis, was the best. He carried his part well and his make-up was good with the

exception of the last act, when there seemed to be a rather distressing gap between his several articles of apparel. His drawl was very natural, his gestures were good, and he had the air of a backwoods farmer.

Sam, Mr. Evans, also did well, although straw-chewing seemed to be his favorite pastime and he took longer ones than he could comfortably manage. His black scene was good, with its "ladies to the right and gentlemen to the left."

Rosilla, one of the hardest parts to act, was acted well. Miss Gage's voice seemed, at times, to be a little strained, and often lapsed into her own natural tone.

Miss Ruggles was rather too much made up to be natural, and although the wig became Miss Flanagan, it was better suited to colonial times. Her lines were well delivered and she seemed at home on the stage.

Miss Macy and Miss Brownell were very attractive but lacked "go." The dark scene was especially good, even if Florence did lead Dick across the room in imitation darkness, lamp turned down with the lights full on.

Mr. Clarkson and Mr. Kelso were rather stiff and put little snap into the play. Mr. Clarkson looked quite like himself in his last entrance in the first act, his athletic build showing to its best advantage. His proposal was rather startling as he slipped up in the midst of it and had to be prompted; but who can blame a fellow in that position for forgetting how he was going to "put it"?

The programme and tickets were not very artistic, while the dance orders, decorated with the class monogram, were quite pretty.



At the Carlisle Indian School there are enrolled 808 students representing 61 different tribes. The graduating class numbers 126.

A bust of the late General Francis Walker of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology was unveiled in Huntington hall of the Institute, January fifth, the first anniversary of his death. It was a gift of the students.

Americans are lagging a long way behind Europe in the improvement of the horseless vehicle. For example, there are now in Berlin five hundred tricycle cabs. The driver sits in the rear, while in front there is a comfortably-cushioned seat for the passenger.

Mozart's notebook of first draughts of compositions, made when he was a boy of eight, has been discovered in Berlin, and will soon be published by the Berlin Mozart Society. It consists of forty-two octavo leaves bound together.

A freak of nature which is attracting considerable attention is a series of blowing or whistling wells located in the town of Eureka in Polk county, Wis. There is one which exhibits most remarkable features. The well is about 120 feet deep. Before a rainstorm the wind blows out of this well with great force, making a roaring sound that can be heard a long distance. This wind is so hot that water placed on the cover of the well will boil. The wind blows out only before a storm and the severity and duration of the storm are al-

ways in proportion to the force of this current. In winter a current of air is drawn in before a change of weather.

A new kind of alarm clock is to be seen at Tiffany's in New York. It is a beautiful gilt phonograph clock in the style of Louis XV. When the hour for which it is set arrives, a little door opens and the notes of the familiar reveille bugle-call are heard: "Good morning! I present my compliments and respects, and hope you are enjoying good health. Good day."

The rarest autographs in the world are probably Shakespeare's. Only seven are claimed to exist: three signatures to his will (two of which are doubtful), two conveyances of property, one in the folio edition of his plays, and one in a translation of Montaigne, this last is in the British Museum and cost over 300 guineas.

Among the famous people who have recently died, there is one name which is familiar to every boy and girl, Rev. Dr. Charles L. Dodgson, better known as Lewis Carrol, the writer of "Alice in Wonderland." He was known to the learned as a lecturer on mathematics at Oxford, and the author of a number of mathematical works. The fame and popularity of his nonsense books, "Alice in Wonderland," "Hunting of the Snark" and "Through the Looking-Glass," far exceeded, much to his disgust, that of his more learned works.



It may be interesting to some who do not know the origin of Valentine's Day to hear how the observances of that day arose.

For those who study Roman History, this fact may have especial interest: that the customs, prevalent on that day, have descended to us from the ancient Romans who, during the Lupercalia, celebrated in the month of February, were wont to put the names of young women in a box from which there were drawn by the men as chance directed, and that, later, to give it a religious aspect, the names of particular saints were substituted for those of the women.

In England, Scotland, and in some parts of France, a similar custom used to prevail. On the eve of St. Valentine's, a number of young people, maids and bachelors, would assemble together and inscribe upon little billets the names of an equal number of maids and bachelors of their acquaintance, throw the whole into a receptacle of some sort and then draw them by chance, care, of course, being taken that each should draw one of the other sex. The person thus drawn becomes one's valentine. These imaginary engagements, as may

readily be supposed, often led to real ones, because one necessary consequence of them was that, for a whole year, a bachelor remained bound to the service of his valentine, somewhat after the fashion of a mediæval knight of romance to his lady-love.

A cotillion or favor-german is one of the prettiest ways to celebrate Valentine's eve. The ideas for appropriate favors for the german seem almost endless, and many may be made at home with but little trouble; only demanding time and skill. And of the silver trinkets to be found in the shape of hearts, there is absolutely no limit, save that set by one's purse.

Valentines, both the elaborate ones bought in the stores, and those far more dainty ones, decorated by artists' fancy, are very pretty and not at all expensive. There are bows and arrows, made of cardboard, or stronger ones of wood, each decorated with ribbon, heart-shaped boxes filled with chocolates and tied with pink ribbon, Cupid's color. And for the flower-favors, small bunches of pink and white tulips (two-lips) are especially appropriate.

We usually think of our Indian sister with disdain, or, at least, with pity, as one learning the lesson of civilization with difficulty, and standing hopelessly at the foot of the ladder; but one Indian woman has shown us that it is possible for a member of that despised nation to make a noble success of life. Miss Kate Guindrod, a full-blooded Wyandotte Indian, is doing an important work as one of the most successful professional nurses in Philadelphia. She was graduated from the Carlisle Indian school when very young, and was an assistant at the school when the Carlisle epidemic broke out in 1890 and 1891. Some instruction had been given the members of the school in the art of nursing, and Miss Guindrod offered her services as nurse in this emergency. She was so successful that she was persuaded to enter the woman's hospital at Philadelphia, and persevered until she had finished the course.

Few realize what it means to go through the preparatory course for a career as a professional nurse. It is surely a beautiful idea, that of relieving pain and suffering, but when one must be on one's feet from morning till night, rushing from patient to patient (and not the most attractive patients at that), and from one task to another, with a hundred disagreeable things to do, then it requires some strength of mind to look at nursing in a romantic light. It is hard to persevere, even for one of our nation, who have (or who are supposed to have) the birthright of civilization, a capacity for their work. But what must it be for an Indian, with a natural sluggishness and love for a roving life to overcome?

It was doubly hard for Miss Guindrod, as she was alone and friendless in the great city. How often must she have longed for her old, free life among her Indian friends and companions! Yet she conquered her natural loneliness and the tendencies of her Indian blood, until she reached her goal, the first Indian woman to attain this success.

It would be rather interesting to make a problem out of the case, with this Indian woman's disadvantages, what she has accomplished, and our advantages, the known qualities and the unknown quantity, what we are to accomplish.



TO OLIVE & A SONNET.

O thou, my dream by night, my thought by day, My dreams, my thoughts all dedicate to thee, Thou, who didst set my chained spirit free, Thou, whom I worship more than tongue can say, To thee, I dedicate my humble lay.

Thine eyes are deep and boundless as the sea; Thine hair might well a royal mantle be: Thy lightest breath brings back the fragrant May. Thy knees I clasp, entreating, with my hands My song is weak, but turn thine eyes on me, And it will stronger grow, till I may sing Thy worth, who art the wonder of all lands And rarer than all gems of earth or sea, Such power thy loving glance will bring.



"Well, Bill, what you doin' nowadays?"
"Ain't doin' anything but doin' nuthin."

Connecticut has introduced an automatic gallows. Those who have used it will use no other.

Flim—"Miss Gotrox is too reserved for me."

Flam—"Naturally. She's reserved for me."

"Name two animals noted specially for their ferocity."

"Two cats tied acrost a clo'es line, Ma'am."

"Johnny," asked his teacher, "what must we do before our sins can be forgiven?"

"Sin," replied Johnny.

Teacher—"What figure of speech is 'I love my teacher'?"

Johnny-"Sarcasm."

Little Brother—"Is Boston an old city?"

Little Sister (who has been there)—"'Deed it is. Why the streets are bent most double with age."

Boston Teacher—"Who was George Washington?"

Little Girl—"He was the papa of his terrestrial habitat."

Little Elmer—"Papa, what does 'requiescat in pace' mean?"

Professor Broadhead—"'Please stay dead' is near enough."

The self-made man was speaking. He said: "My father was a raiser of hogs. There was a large family of us"—and then his voice was drowned by applause.

Wife—"John, there's a burglar in the house!"

John (fervently)—"Thank goodness he is not out in the woodshed—my wheel is out there."

Friend, to farmer—"Does your son stand well at college?"

Farmer—"Well I should say he did. The first time he came home he had a pin with '98 on it."

He—"I saw you out driving yesterday with a gentleman. He appeared to have only one arm; is that all he has?"

She—"Oh! no; the other one was around somewhere."

Confession is good for the soul:

She—"Don't you find Browning interesting?"

He—"Well, to be candid with you, I'd as soon read a time-table."

"Teddie," said the minister, "have you ever been baptized?"

Teddy was not quite sure, and after indulging in deep thought for a moment, replied: "Do you get baptized on the arm?"

"It's utterly absurd," exclaimed King Cheops, rising to put an end to the argument, "to say there is always room at the top. I'll show you that there is not!" And he went out and built the great pyramid.

"Well, George, dear, what do you think of my new hat?"

"I-I wish I knew."

"Knew what?"

"What I am expected to think."

Elderly Lady—"Conductor! Conductor! Stop the train, I dropped my wig out of the window."

Conductor—"Never mind, madam, there's a switch just this side of the next station."

Just for fun:

A jolly young chemistry tough,
While mixing a compound of stuff,
Dropped a match in the phial,
And in a brief while

They found his front teeth and one cuff!

"I always wondered where all the Smiths came from, but I found out when I went to New York."

"How's that?"

"I saw the sign up, Smith Manufacturing Co."

A lad on a rainy day started in to while away the hours by reading the Encyclopedia Britannica through. "Well, my son," said his father, "how do you like it?" "Pretty good," was the answer; "algebra's slow, but alligators is bully."

"Why don't you wheel that barrow of coal, Ned?" asked a miner of his son. "It isn't a very hard job, and there's an inclined plane to help you."

"Oh," replied Ned, "the plane may be inclined, but I'm not."

Nuwed—"According to you, I never told you a single truth before we were married."

Mrs. Nuwed—"O George, you weren't quite as bad as that. Don't you remember you always used to say you were unworthy of me?"

One consolation:

"My friend," began the Salvation Army worker, earnestly, "when Gabriel blows his trumpet—"

"When he does," interrupted the sinner, "you people will have to stop beating the drum."

Benevolent Old Gentleman (pointing a moral to village school children)—"Now, why do I take all the trouble to leave my home and come over here and speak to you thus? Can any one tell me?"

Bright Child (innocently)—"Please sur, p'raps yeow loikes to 'ear youself taak, sur!"

"Mamma," said little Jack, "did God ever make any one with one blue eye and one black?"

"I never heard of any one that was so," said his mother.

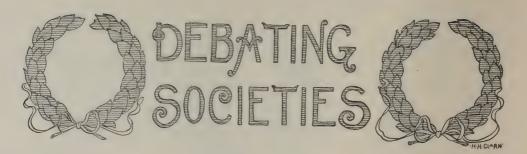
"Well, then, you just look at Tommy Jones the next time you see him, and see what I can do."

A simple sign:

It was in a grocer's window
That she saw a simple sign,
And she stopped and slowly read it,
While her blue eyes seemed to shine.

Then with scornful lips she murmured,
As she tossed her pretty hat,
"How I wish that men were labeled
With a good plain sign, like that."

So when she had passed I ventured Near that favored grocer's shop, And espied this simple legend: "This corn warranted to pop."



English High School.

The meetings of the society during the month of January have been largely attended. The scholars show more interest in debating than heretofore. On January 14, the subject debated was: "Resolved, that church property should be taxed." The disputants were Miss Beverly, '99, and Mr. Stephens, '99, for the affirmative, and Mr. Oakes and Mr. Donovan for the negative. The debate was very close but the judges, Mr. Huling, Mr. Flanagan, C. L. S. '98, and Fred Clarkson, '99, awarded the debate to the affirmative. Miss Beverly made an excellent speech.

The next meeting of the society occurred January 28, there being about 60 present. "Resolved, that there should be compulsory arbitration between the employers and employees" was the subject debated upon. Mr. Whelan, 1900, and Mr. Connolly, '99, upheld the affirmative, and Mr. Donovan, '98, and Mr. Rhoades, 1900, for the negative. Coolidge also gave some remarks upon the question which were much appreciated. The jury awarded the debate to the affirmative by a vote of five to three. For a "hash" question the following question was debated upon: "Resolved, that the city of Cambridge should be annexed to Boston." Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Donovan, '98, engaged themselves in a sharp discussion. These questions are debated upon after the regular order of business is finished They have proved their worth and find much favor with the members of the society. At

the next meeting, election of officers for the ensuing five months.

Latin School.

After a lapse of six weeks, owing to the illness of the janitor and a number of other reasons, the society met in the hall to elect officers for the last half of the year. The treasurer, Mr. Reagan, reported that at the first of the year there were five dollars in the treasury, but that, as the members had not been very prompt in paying their dues, and as there had been a number of expenses, he had at present only about four dollars.

Mr. Flanagan, who has on foot a project to unite the two societies, was reëlected president, defeating Mr. Witte by one vote. Mr. Witte was then unanimously elected vice president. The other officers are: treasurer, Mr. Blanchard, 1900; secretary, Mr. Wilson, and rhetorical committee, Messrs. Ammidon, '01; Ellis, 1900; Blanchard, 1900; Bennett, 1900, and Reid, '02. The committee which was appointed at the last meeting to confer with the High school, reported that they had met a somilar committee from that school and had given them the subject: "Resolved, That the single land tax should be adopted by the several states of the Union, and that the High school had until Saturday, February 5, to choose their side. The report was accepted after a hot discussion, and the committee was vested with full power to make all the necessary arrangements for the joint debate.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

Br-r-r!

Now for the sleigh rides!

Dignity in gaiters! Oh-h-h!!

"Snow, snow, beautiful snow!"

Where are the class pins, 1900?

Some one needs a hair-cut. Spragg has had one.

"Quo usque tandem abutere, M——, patientia mea?"

It is time to think about having class-pictures taken, '98.

Lost: On February 1, L.'s dignity. Finder will please return at once.

Kendall, 1900, is now attending private school, preparing for college.

"The Duke and the Duchess"—who wrote that? Surely it wasn't Evans.

Which did you sing, "Ulysses leads the band," or "Ulysses leads the van"?

Mr. Chapman's cantata is sure to be a "howling" success. Are you going to sell two tickets?

When we think of last year's success (?) it seems strange that '99 doesn't get up a sleigh ride and supper.

The Omicron Epsilon held a meeting January 25, at the home of Mr. Sherman. The club is getting on famously.

To some of the H. S. girls: the school library is not a place to go to in a study-hour and talk over whist-parties and —"him."

What is the matter with some of the scholars lately? Is it the clock, the cars, or sleepiness? Thirty late on one day. Shocking!

All those who wish to leave notes or any article in the Review hereafter will please leave them in the Review box by the third.

It is rumored that a certain member of '98 will play first base on the coming ball-team. It is also rumored that the world will come to an end in the course of three or four years. Perhaps both of these are true (?).

The class of '98 have decided to give their drama on March 7 at Odd Fellows' hall, North Cambridge. It bids fair to be a great success if one may judge by reports of the rehearsals.

A short time ago Mr. Huling gave the pupils a novel entertainment. Father Locke, a veteran of the war, and a personal friend of Lincoln, entertained the school with reminiscences of the war, and at the end sang some of his own songs, with which he used to cheer the soldiers, the school supplying the chorus.

Born on the wings of wind and rain, The Mid-years have come back again, To wring our hearts with bitter pain. Alas!

Surely that Virgil settles me! Then English, and too, history, And (just to rhyme it) algebree! Alack!

Alas, poor we! Alas, poor we! Like wilted collars we will be When we the last of them shall see.

Ah me!

Teacher—Miltiades was a very talented man.

Scholar—I don't see how he could have been, as he was not able to pay a fine of fifty talents.

Melrose High defeated Cambridge H. & L. at polo:

That's too bad,
That's too bad,
That's the game we ought'er had.

The hurdy-gurdy party given by the Thelma club on Friday evening, January 28, at the Newtowne club, was a decided success. The hall was very handsomely decorated with bunting and green, and every one greatly enjoyed the skillful tambourine-playing by Miss Marie Grasse. As the guests entered the hall they were presented by club members to the matrons, who gave them very dainty orders. Several members of C. E. H. S. '99 were noticed among the guests. Miss Amy Moulton, E. H. S. '99, and president of the club, certainly deserves great credit for the manner in which the dance was managed, as she had charge. One of the club members, Miss Carrie Brigham, E. H. S. '95, was unavoidably absent and was greatly missed.

The few seniors who dared to venture out the day of the great snow storm were well repaid for the trouble. We can no longer say that '98 hasn't had a sleigh-ride. Having been dismissed by Mr. Huling, overshoes and rubber boots were quickly donned and the little party hastened outside, where a fierce battle took place between E. H. S. and C. M. T. S., the High school winning. Score, —? But this contest was quickly stopped when one of the number spied a pung in the distance. Quick as a flash the idea came to them to take advantage of snow and pung and go to ride. The sides were high but what mattered that? One of the number was particularly "dextrous"

and the party sat "close" together, thus preventing "frost" from numbing their fingers. ('ries every now and then were heard of "Hurry!" "Hurry!" and although the snow was almost blinding "Lu-cas"t his eyes about, and much to the surprise of all, spied a "miller." When the driver told the party that he had come to the end of the route a shout came from all, "Hay! dun!" The party broke up at noon after having been warmed and refreshed at the home of one of the young ladies.

On Thursday, February 3, the class of '99 gave the drama "Me and Otis," which was pronounced by all a decided success. The "actors and actresses" were well-chosen, and the play passed off with remarkable smoothness.

* W. A. S. *

We C. E. H. S. girls have a club, And Oh! such fun have we; We laugh and have the jolliest times, That ever you did see.

Now let me whisper in your ear,
A secret I've found out,
According to the fun girls have,
Depends the noise about.

If you believe the fact I've told,
You'll never doubt hereafter,
That we do have most splendid times,
When once you've heard our laughter.

A rippling laugh in a corner's heard, Contagious it seems to be, For before we hardly realize it, We all join in the glee.

And what is our club's name? We call it W. A. S.
And what does that mean?
'Tis for you to guess.

LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

At last 1902 is to have a social.

We hope every one passed the mid-year exams.

The Radiator club has some new members. Who are they?

How is Blanchard's society in 1900 getting along? We hear he has some trouble about meetings.

The senior class is advised to learn the names of the rivers of the lower regions.

N. I. Skene, formerly '98, is in Technology.

Miss 1901—remember that "Truth crushed to earth will rise again."

'99 is to give a dance in Colonial club hall on March 18. All who can should go.

The rainy-day skirt has been adopted by several of the Latin school girls.

It is understood that some of the fourth class girls find it convenient to ride horses to school.

The twenty-second of this month is a holiday. Holidays come seldom, so make the most of this one.

All the fellows should try for the trackteam. It now has the use of the Y. M. C. A. running-track. '98 is justly proud of the dramatic ability in the class. Every one of the east of "Mr. Bob" deserves great praise for conscientious work.

"Mr. Bob" is said to have been a financial as well as a social success.

We are glad to see Mr. Cahir back again.

Ch-ck 1900—-fave you tried the V movable collar buttons?

Those who study Virgil should be thankful that they haven't the Blue-colics.

The Training school is now a member of the polo league. We may at least hope to beat them at polo.

The class of '98 held a very pleasant social last month at the home of Mr. Metcalf. A game of guessing of famous pictures was played and Miss Kastman and Mr. Dow carried off the honors.

There is a young man in the senior class whose views were "so inclined to the feminine" that he made all his Greek participles feminine. Only a few of us can sympathize with W-n-l-w.

The girls in '99 seem to be very fond of dancing as they dance almost every day at recess in the hall. Miss Prescott's skillful playing is much appreciated.

1900 held a very enjoyable social at Miss Norris's house, 760 Massachusetts avenue on Thursday evening, January 27. The evening was spent in playing the games of "Suggestions" and "Historical Pictures" in which Mr. Davenport won the prize. Miss Norris rendered a few selections on the violin. Mr. Bradbury was the guest of the evening.

W. N. Macdonald, '99, is running a set of germans in the Newtowne club-house. Λ number of the Latin school scholars attend them.

'99 held a social at the home of Mr. Sherman on Saturday, January 22. There was a large attendance and the evening was spent very pleasantly. During the first of the evening the game of "Proverbs" was played in which Miss James and Kenneth Adams of the High school won the prizes. Later on some charades were very prettily acted out by the Misses McGrew, Mandell, Bullen and Taylor, so that we may expect good material for the drama in '99. Of the teachers, Miss Perrigo and Miss Bachelder were present.

All who can should go to Mr. Chapman's cantata, which is to be given soon. The proceeds of the cantata will be placed as a fund from which the Latin school girls who cannot afford to take the Radcliffe examinations, may draw; so all the Latin scholars should attend, but those who cannot go should at least try to sell tickets.

The Sad Fate of a Third Class Student.

(After Longfellow—quite a way after.)

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through the "lab." a scholar passed—
A youth—who bore, with Fresh Pond ice,
A thermometer with the strange device,
"Find freezing point."

His brow was sad; his eye so bright
Flashed like a Bunsen burner's light,
And like a penny trumpet rung
The accents of that unknown (?) tongue,
"Find freezing point."

In other books he saw the mark "Approved" stand forth in letters dark. In his the spectral "Ask!" mark shone, And from his lips escaped a groan, "Find freezing point."

"Oh try once more," the teacher said,
"Dark lowers the month's mark overhead,"
Then once again the student tried,
And loud the clarion voice replied—
"Find freezing point."

At fall of night upon his round,
The janitor in sorrow found
The student lying on the floor,
With thermo-meter as before—
"Find freezing point."

There in the twilight cold and gray,.
Lifeless and beautiful he lay,
The victim of a hopeless quest,
He'd tried and so had done his best
To "find the freezing point."

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This year there are more candidates for the track team than ever before, and the team is doing good work at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium.

Winslow, as captain, is doing as well as last year and will make a good try for a place in the 300. Dow has developed into fine form and promises to do well in the 600. Bancroft and R. Locke are both doing well in the thousand. H. Locke and Usher have improved since last year, and with steady training should be heard from in the 600. Fuller will probably run in the forty, although his leg has troubled him some since he strained it. Seaver, although a new man, will very likely run in the team race against Hoppy. Leach is trying for the shot and has been doing excellent work. The other candidates are Whitnev, Sprague, Houston, Hayden, Richardson, Kelsev, Hailev, Oakes, K. Adams, C. Adams and Carr.

At the Boston Athletic Association meet, last Saturday night, Dow won his heat in the 600-yard handicap and took third prize in the finals. Winslow in the quarter started out with a fast pace, and if he had trained better would have taken either first or second place; as it was, he got third prize, being beaten by Holland of Boston College, and Waters of K. A. A. of New York.

MELROSE HIGH 6, C. H. & L. 5.

The Cambridge High and Latin polo team suffered its first defeat of the season at the hands of the Melrose High on Eel Pond, Melrose, in a hotly contested game. Individually Cambridge greatly excelled, but was too weak on the defense to compete with the strong offense of Melrose. This is the point where we have been weak all the season. The game was an interesting one from start to finish, and the many brilliant plays won much applause from the crowd.

The prettiest play in the game was near the close of the second half when "Walt" Clarkson took the ball from the rush and juggled it through the opposing players and sent it through the goal posts in less than fifteen seconds. Warnock played excellently, but Seaver at centre was rather weak till the second half when he did great work. Fletcher and F. Clarkson also played well.

The game started off well, for Cambridge made a goal within two minutes, but Melrose soon tied after a pretty drive by Sibley. It was then nip and tuck between the two teams, the half ending 4—4.

In the second half, Melrose got two goals, one of which seemed rather high, but nevertheless it was allowed. Clarkson then made his pretty goal and the game ended 6—5 in favor of Melrose.

The summary:

Melrose High. Cambridge H. & L.

Leach, r. r., W. Clarkson
Sibley, r. . . r., Warnock

A. Bowman, c. . . . c., Seaver
C. Bowman, h.b. . . h.b., Fletcher, Southward
Brown, g. g., F. Clarkson



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Jesus, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine!
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.
I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet Thou art oft with me,
And earth has ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.

"A Token." Poetry by William H. Gardner, music by Otto Canton:

Earth's roses fade and quickly die,

But heaven's tokens, sweetheart, never! For love eternal fills my heart,

Immortal flower that lives forever.

The music blends beautifully with the words and expresses deep feeling.

"A Soldier of Fortune," song for baritone, words by William H. Gardner, music by George Lowell Tracy, composer of "The King's Own."

I love the sound of the bugle-call, and the flash and the clash of steel!

When the foeman is night, then my heart leaps high, and the thrill of the conflict I feel.

"Thou Lov'st Not Me." Words by Beatrice L. Colburn, music by Robert Coverly.

Thou lov'st me not, thou lov'st me not, The roses fair have lost their bloom, The azure sky has gathered gloom, Because of thee, because of thee.

"Only You." Words by William H. Gardner, music by Robert Coverly.

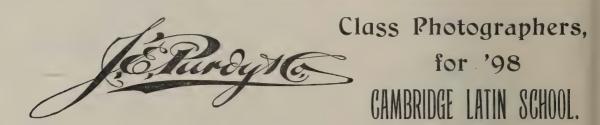
I think of thee at early dawn, and of thine eyes of blue,

How all the world would be forlorn, if it were not for you.

"Dream, Love, Dream." A waltz-song, words by A. B. Sloane and Jean Havez, music by Frederick W. Foote.

Dream, love, dream, in the golden sunshine, One bright beam on thy loving heart incline, Hope, love, hope, in my heart must brightly gleam,

Fairest one, dearest one, close thine eyes, and dream, love, dream.



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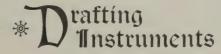
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LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL

VOL. XII.

REVIEW.

NO. VI.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, MARCH, 1898.

THE MONTH.

The Boston Athletic Association have endeavored to start up aquatic sports among the preparatory schools about Boston, and have made an offer which our schools can ill-afford to refuse. For many years St. Paul's and Groton have sent their men to Harvard, and with their previous experience in rowing, they have been immediately taken on the "varsity" and class crews. The other schools have stood small chance against them and for that reason our men have rarely made the crews.

The Athletic Association now offers the use of her shells and boat house to the several schools. There will also be a race sometime in May for a trophy, also to be offered by the association. This will enable the schools to put crews upon the water, where heretofore they have been obliged to give up all idea of the matter on account of the expense incurred. Cambridge, we are happy to say, is included in this generous offer, and should make every effort to turn out a winning crew. This is a sport which we have never tried before and therefore have no precedent to follow. Here is a chance to redeem lost prestige in other sports. Let us make every effort in our power to make our future on the water as bright as our glorious past in the field. Graduates who have had any experience in rowing, come out and coach and so help our crew along.

Among the many sports which are played at the beginning of spring, tennis is one of the best and most healthful. It is a game which is American and in which Americans are most interested. For the last few years, this game has been sorely neglected by our school. The game is one of the few in which the individual has a chance to show his own ability and not be hindered by the playing of his associates. Why do we not appreciate our advantages and form a tennis club?

×

Our outlook this year in baseball is very bright; although many of our old players are gone and will be much missed, we still have our pitcher with us, and upon him rests greatly the success of the team. The schools have cleared themselves of the debt which weighed upon them and we are now able to start off with some money in the treasury. Every one should help the team by subscribing his mite, which in the end will add up to enough to enable us to put a team in the field without further encumbrance.

H

Our showing in the Interscholastic Indoor Meet this year, although rather better than last year, was somewhat disappointing. Instead of obtaining the third place, which we should have done, undoubtedly, had not Winslow met with misfortune, we were obliged to content ourselves with the seventh place.

The attendance of the scholars was excellent and helped on our men greatly by their superior (?) cheering, which is in fact due to their being mostly of the gentler sex and unable to make great effort in cheering. The fellows were sadly in the minority.

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The debating societies seem to be at a very When there is so much opposition among the graduates, does it not seem rather rash and weak to have societies persist in carrying through a measure which will undoubtedly result only in their own discomforture? There appears to be no thought of the future, no consideration of the effect which the new building will gain by its congenial surroundings and by the union of the two Latin schools. When there is so much talk against the uniting of the two schools in sports, some weight should be placed upon the outlook of the schools in the future. The day is not far distant when the two schools will be entirely separate; each will have its own football, baseball, track, and polo teams; each its own paper. Why then, with this in view, should the debating societies be united?



THE SENIOR class in the Latin school are making a strong fight to have their graduating exercises take place in Sanders Theatre. petition, signed by all the members of the class, has been presented to a member of the school committee, and before this issue comes out some action will be taken upon it. The Latin school has always used its own hall or the hall at the High School, while the High School uses Sanders Theatre for these exercises. Although the Latin school has had graduating exercises only since 1892, the attendance at their exercises last year was so great that the exits and aisles were blocked with chairs and settees, so that in case of any excitement, the loss of life in the mad rush to escape would have been very great in spite of the broad staircases. Beside this, many people were obliged to stand, and many were turned away for lack of room. When there is such interest taken by the parents and friends, the school committee should provide for their accommodation. Let the school committee take this matter into fair consideration and act as they think best.



THE cloud hanging over the nation is one of great moment. It does not mean so much mere bloodshed, but concerns greatly the welfare and morals of the people. Meanwhile the daily paper is doing its best to make affairs worse and stir up the people to useless action. We all realize what a great calamity the loss of the "Maine" was and feel the need of a thorough investigation. The stand taken by the officials at Washington is highly commendable, while that taken by the press in general and by many of the people can be but little less than detrimental to the honor and reputation of our great nation. When a cor respondent of a Boston paper telegraphs that "rumors are plentiful but definite information is extremely scarce, in fact, absolutely waning. Until official inquiry judgment must remain suspended," we can but feel the need of condemning the "yellow journalism" in many of our daily papers. The principal reason for this "yellowness" seems to be to increase circulation and fill the people with anxiety and false patriotism. Every one has now great interest in national affairs and feels the want of a truly honest newspaper. What can the much imposed-upon public do in a case like this? One thing surely, refuse to buy the newspaper which is full of war scares and "fakes" and patronize the most reliable paper. The reading of good newspapers should always be encouraged, and every one should keep himself fully posted on the great events of the day.

The student needs the paper to broaden his ideas and to keep him from falling behind in the onward march of civilization. Yet the dangers which beset him are many, but with judicious selection of topics, he will find that he gains much from the paper, and that it repays him many times to read it. Interest in educational, national, state and social movements should always be stimulated, and the student should keep abreast of the times.



THE TRACK TEAM OF 1897.

The track team of 1897, although a thing of the past, is one we feel assured that the scholars will be interested in. It consisted of four men, two from the Latin School and two from the High School. The team won the interscholastic team race against Hopkinson and defeated Andover at Newton in the remarkably good time of 3 min. 33 sec. The cup which they won in the latter race stands in the case on the second floor in the Latin School.

The team consisted of the following men: Applegate, Garrett, Winslow and Dow.

Applegate, the captain of the team, left an unusually good record behind him and proved himself a worthy man. He won second place in the 440-yard dash in the out-door meet.

He is at present at the Lawrence Scientific School. Applegate was obliged to give up running this winter on account of his ankle.

Garrett, who won the 880-yard run in the good time of two minutes and one fifth seconds, is now in the Institute of Technology. He ran on the Y. M. C. A. team which defeated the Boston Y. M. C. A. in the Boston College meet.

Winslow, at present captain of the track team, has his career before him, and it promises to be a very bright one.

Dow is also running this year, and is in the Latin School. He won the 600 at the indoor meet and should be a point winner in the outdoor meet.

RUGBY SCHOOL.

THE English public schools differ from the American in the fact that they are not public at all, in our sense of the word, that is, tuition fees are required, and their object is much more than to teach so much mere reading, writing and mathematics. A witty Englishman has said that they are called public because they are only for the upper classes, and they are called schools because they teach athletics. What we call public schools here in America are called national, or more generally Board schools in England, and only the poor children go to them. The English public schools are not unlike the big American preparatory schools, Exeter, Andover, St. Paul's, Groton and others.

Again, preparatory schools in England are not those which fit one for college, as in America, but those which prepare one for the public schools, which in turn prepare for the English universities. The position that the English public school holds in English life is almost as important as that of our American colleges. The same pride in being graduated from one of their great public schools is felt by the Englishmen in after life, as is felt by the American in being a college-bred man.

Among the great English public schools, there is one that is familiar to every American boy. Rugby, the school where Tom Brown spent his school-days and where his many escapades took place.

This famous school was founded in 1567, early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Law rence Sheriff, a grocer, by will, left his farm and parsonage at Brownsome with his "mansyon house" at Rugby, fifty pounds for building, and one hundred for additional land, "whereon to build and maintain a fair and convenient schoolhouse," and four alms-

houses, and by codicil dated August 31, 1567, two months before his death, he added one third his Middlesex estate, which, although bringing only eight pounds annually at that time, now produces upwards of five thousand pounds, an endowment which has preserved Rugby from sharing the fate of so many Tudor schools.

For more than a hundred years, the school has no history, although the names of the head-masters are preserved from 1602. In 1674, Robert Ashbridge, M.A., began the school album, or registry of admission, which for the next one hundred years, was kept in Latin.

Among the names in this album, is duly entered the name of Henricus de Sacra Quercu, otherwise Henry Holyoake, the son of an Oxford Fellow, whom Charles I. had made a doctor of divinity. The son became head-master in 1687 and held the post till 1731, by far the longest and otherwise most noteworthy reign before the present century. For he was not only a friend of Addison, who lived when out of London at Bilton hall, but introduced to him his pupil Cave, "the diligent poor scholar," projector and editor of the Gentleman's Magazine and the friend of Johnson.

To relate the history of the school and to enumerate its different masters from now until 1837, when Arnold became head-master, would be tedious and uninteresting, as it was a mere grammar school for the education of the children of the country round about, and never ranked high as a public school until Dr. Arnold's time.

Dr. Thomas Arnold, an old Wykehamist, was the product of the public school system, and of the English universities. He was the

true founder of the present high standing of the school and, immediately upon taking charge, began his reforms.

The "houses" were ordinary boarding-houses, and the masters, who usually eked out their incomes by means of church livings, often resided at some vicarage or rectory in the neighborhood. Arnold at once required the masters to live in the "houses" and govern them, as the Winchester masters have always done. Instead of gathering the scholars together into a college as is done at Winchester and Eton, each house has a fair proportion of the scholars. As a result, the Rugby "schoolhouse," of which Tom Brown was a member, was made up of the same proportion of boys and scholars as the houses.

The discipline of the older boys over the younger, was also an important feature in Arnold's plan, and he sought to establish it at Rugby. "The boys, for nearly nine months during the year," Arnold writes, "live with one another in a distinct society. Their school life occupies the whole of their existence. At their studies, at their amusements by day and by night, they are members of one and the same society. For this, they require government....It is idle to say that the masters form or can form this government....In order to obtain the advantage of home government the boys should be as much divided as they are in their respective homes.... A father with thirty sons....would find it no easy matter to govern them effectually. much less can a master govern thirty boys, with no natural bond to attach them either to him or to one another?" For such reasons as these, Arnold laid great emphasis on the importance of "sixth form," "præposters" or "prefects," or whatever the oldest and best boys in the school may be called. All readers of Tom Brown are acquainted with these "præposters," and know the influence of the "sixth form" upon the lower form boys.

Upon this principle, Arnold defended fagging. "When so many boys are thrown together," he argues, "the stronger will always have power over the weaker. The best you can do is to put the power of fagging into the hands of those whose age, intelligence and character best fit them for it—that is, into the hands of the "sixth form." When fagging is thus approved of by the masters, no brutality or excess will be permitted, and the fags turn profit by a just discipline. Under such a system, "tin-gloving," that ancient and barbarous custom by which the fag masters accustomed their fags to handling hot dishes by searing their hands with glowing fagots, as was carried on at Winchester, would not be allowed.

Arnold was also a firm believer in tunding, or flogging. In answer to an attack on the system, he says: "I know well of what feeling this is the expression; it originates in that proud nation of personal independence, which is neither reasonable nor Christian, but essentially barbarian." Perhaps Arnold lacked a true sympathizing sense of what a boy is or the finer nature of what is dignified in a man. At any rate, when a boy won't stand round, you generally have to "lick" him, even if you are as wise as Solomon.

Arnold appears to have been in the right in one thing, that is, when discipline rests firmly in the hands of the sixth form, flogging is far from the brutal thing sensitive people imagine. The nearness in age, understanding and sympathy between the flogger and the flogged, prevents it from brutalizing the one or outraging the other.

He handled fights in a way that soon prevented the boys from fighting. He ruled that all fights should take place in the close, that is, in the great playing field, just behind the school, every part of which his study-windows overlooked. Although fights are a very necessary part in a boy's life, and at times the only

way in which two boys can settle a dispute, as in an instance of Tom Brown and "Slugger" Williams, Arnold may be said to have overcome all desire for fighting among his boys.

When Arnold came to Rugby, he found its morals and discipline in a wretched state. The process of building up the moral and religious life among the boys was extremely difficult.

The boys used to keep guns and beagles in the backs of shops, and spent much of their time in poaching in the country about. Arnold put a stop to this by declaring to the shop-keepers that he would put their shops "out of bounds" if they kept on assisting the boys in poaching.

The horsey clique was harder to deal with. Rugby is a good hunting country, so there was a great deal of temptation to mount a horse and go hunting. A very good story is told of a boy who thought himself a master of the sport of steeple-chasing, and bragged that he could give any fellow in the school the pick of the horses in Rugby town and beat him. A "sixth form" boy by the name of Corbett accepted the challenge, selecting as a mount the best fencer he could find. The challenger picked the fastest horse in town. In the race, the fast horse refused several of the fences, so that Corbett won. After the race, the challenger whined so much about the superiority of Corbett's horse as a fen er that Corbett challenged him to "swap" Forses and try another race. This time, Corbett, who appears to have been a good sportsman, was so careful in taking the fences that he fe'l behind; yet, he did not miss a single one them. On the home stretch, he gave his animal the spurs and beat his opponent out at the finish amid the wild enthusiasm of his friends.

Arnold took no notice of this, but when the boys, elated over the success of their first steeple-chase, proposed to have another, he sent for Corbett, told him that he should have to expel every boy who rode or was present at it, and that he had winked at the first because he should have had to expel both boys if he had taken any notice of it. Nevertheless, when the great national steeple-chase took place at Dunchurch, a neighboring town, Arnold put the place "in bounds" for the day, and the whole school went to see it. In this way, Arnold won over the boys and put down the sports which were not fitting for boys of their age.

It is almost impossible to give an adequate conception of Arnold's religious views and the prominence he gave in his instruction to Christian ideas. His masters he prefers to be Christian gentlemen; their scholarship was of minor importance.

Arnold's personal influence was of more importance than the ideas he sought to introduce. "I am sure," writes a pupil, 'that I do not exaggerate my feelings when I say that I felt a love and reverence for him as one of quite awful greatness and goodness, for whom I well remember that I used to think that I would gladly lay down my life.... I used to believe that I had a work to do for him in school and I did, for his sake, labor to raise the tone of the set I lived in, particularly as regarded himself."

It is pleasant to find it recorded that Armold once said of such a boy as this: "If he should turn out ill, I think it would break my heart." Still pleasanter is the fact that they did not turn out ill, and in after life they lived up to the ideals which they had learned at Rugby.

So much for Rugby's greatest master. When Arnold died, Archbishop Tait succeeded him and continued for eight years his great predecessor's work, breaking indeed the bounds which had restricted the schools to three hundred scholars, but otherwise showing loyalty in keeping the same lines of work. When Dr. Tait, on account of his good work

at Rugby, was promoted to the deanery of Carlisle, he left the school healthy, efficient, and full of piety and life.

He was succeeded in turn by Dean Goulburn, who soon after resigned. The present bishop of London, then plain Dr. Temple, took up the work and remained at Rugby for twelve years. He was a true follower of Arnold, enlarging the curriculum of teaching on a system which implied for every lesson of one hour's preparation out of school, an hour in school. His lessons in history recall Arnold's best work. He made every boy feel that his promotion depended entirely upon his own efforts. He introduced the system of superannuation, which carried out the Wykehamist's motto, Aut disce, aut discede without the somewhat coarser accompaniment of the sors tertia caedi.

Dr. Temple introduced the system of entrance examinations at Rugby. He was radical in his determination to make education thorough, conservative in his patient toleration of minor abuses till he could secure t'e good that lingered round them for better ends. His extreme care not to meddle with the abuse of goals as described in Tom Brown's schooldays till he could secure the coöperation of the boys in making "Little Side" as popular as "Big Side" is a good instance of his loyalty to the boy's tradition. He was always among his boys, sharing their secrets and work and always having their closer interests at heart.

In 1870 Dr. Haymen succeeded Dr. Temple. His reign was noted for the extension of buildings and the improvement along that line In 1874 Dr. Jex Blake was appointed. He, too, had the interests of the school at heart, as he was an old Rugbeian himself. Dr. Blake secured the crection of several new buildings by sending subscription lists among the old Rugbeians. He also founded several smaller schools, placing over them graduates of Rugby.

In 1887 Dr. Percival, the present head-master took charge. He came from the head-ship of an Oxford college to assume the control of Rugby. He has under him a staff of twenty-eight masters to teach over five hundred boys.

All that is dear to the boys of Rugby is associated with Tom Brown and his time. As you are shown through the schoolhouse, the double-study—fully five feet by six—which is said to have been occupied by Tom and Arthur, is pointed out to you. The boys still cherish it as if Tom actually existed. In the corridor the top of an old hall table with T. Hughes carved in bold capitals, is hung upon the wall. The boys defend Tom's real existences as a school-boy once did the authorship of Homer; if "Tom Brown's Schooldays" was not about Tom Brown, it was about another boy of the same name.

The oak table, on which the new boys were made to sing, is still used for the same purpose. The rule is that they must stand with their legs as wide astraddle as possible, and hold a lighted candle in each hand. If the boy fails to sing, the jug of drink, composed of beer, salt, mustard, soap and other equally pleasant ingredients is ready for him. The little oak cots are ranged around the room, at one of which Arthur was said to have knelt on his first night at school.

The school-house dining-hall remains almost exactly as it stood in Tom's days. There are the tables all around the sides for the smaller boys and the table in the middle for the larger ones. It was at a fire-place in this room that Flashman, with the help of his set roasted Tom for not selling him the lottery ticket on Harkaway. Here, too, Tom got even with that bully a few days later, and the very benches on which his head struck are still there. There are two doors from the dining-room, leading into the quad. The one leading directly into the quad for the older

boys and the other by a long passage for the smaller boys. For a small boy to go out the big boy's door is an unheard of thing, and would be considered the height of arrogance.

Across the court, outside the hall, are the turret-stairs, leading up to the school-room; where Arnold met his sixth form. The walls of this room are covered with old table-tops, upon which are carved the names of ancient Rugbeians. Now the tables are untouched and if a boy carves so much as his initials, he is obliged, as in our own school, to have the wood planed or pay the price of a new table.

The close has changed some since the ear'y days. The three trees, which used to stand within the football field, have blown down. This close is the original home of our modern game of football, and here to-day, it is played, with slight variations, as it is played in our own country. Scrimmaging, dribbling and passing the ball along the ground have long since been dropped from our modern game although they still hold in force at Rugby. There are no two schools in England which play football according to exactly the same code of rules, but Rugby has played the game the longest, and differs from the others inas much as she has always had an unlimited space to play in, while the others have been more or less restricted. The clothing differ: from ours, too, for they still cling to the shirts and light pants. The shirts are of distinguishing colors. Here and there one will see the school color, where a man has one distinc ion by playing on his school team, but mostly the colors of the boys' particular house.

Handball is played here, although not as much as at Eaton. Fives courts with their "pepper-boxes" are scattered about the grounds. At Eton one sees boys coming from a recitation, dive into their pockets, produce a red rubber ball, challenge a comrade to a game, using the backs of their Euclids or Latin grammars instead of their hands. They

will not go to the regular fives court, but to a space between two huge buttresses on the chapel wall, which have been used for the last four hundred years for the same purpose. Harvard once had a fives court built on the Eton style with its "pepper-box" as the projecting balustrade is called; but the fives court was rarely used and the "pepper-box" was torn down to make the court better! This game is greatly superior to the one now played at Harvard, and should prove popular with the fellows if once started.

Cricket, of course, is played at Rugby. This game is truly English, and one might almost say that it was played by all ages from the cradle to the grave. Everywhere in the country you will see the men, boys and children in their white trousers playing cricket. It is played at all times of day from morning till evening and even on Sunday, and one hears of cases where the parsons, after the services are over for the Sunday, have g ne out to join their flock in the game.

It is recorded that a famous cricketer once excused his younger brother's lack of skill by saying: "He never had a chance to learn the game. He was so ill that he couldn't begin playing until he was six years old." The cricketers stand highest in the eyes of the school-boy, and if a boy is not a past-mas'er at cricket before he goes to the public school there is no hope for him. Rugby's great match of the year is with Marlborough. The spirit at these games is far different from the games in America; here all games which are not championship are regarded as merely practice, while in England, the main object is an afternoon's sport.

Before the football season is over track and field sports begin, and as every school has its own particular game of football, so each has its own special athletic customs. Rugby still clings to its paper chase or hare and hounds run. This is as favorite a sport with English

boys as it is with American. To-day every house in the school has its runs, and the boy is an unusual one who has not at some time or other followed the scent. The bags from which the paper is scattered are of canvas and shaped like an enormous sausage. The ! oy in each house who is the most successful hare keeps them hung up on the wall with his boxing-gloves, foils and football caps.

Paper chases open to all the school are called "Big Side" runs. The "Big Side" run described in Tom Brown was over the famous Barby Hill Church Course. This course is fully nine miles long and is very fast. Just as the most successful hare gets the house bags so the best in the school gets the school bags. A certain idle boy, who held the school bags, was summoned for neglect of work. seems that the master had also held the school His reprimand was very brief. So did I. You hold the school bag: rum. So did I. You don't work; I did. You must. Good morning."

The most famous run is the Crick run. Founded in 1837, it is the oldest of all the

regular athletic fixtures in the United Kingdom. The course is twelve miles; the record, one hour, fifteen minutes and fifteen seconds was made by Dr. Jex Blake.

In Easter time, come the steeplechases over obstacles; after them, the track and athletic games. The course for foot-races is laid out on springy English turf, but in all the events, the records are not as good as in our own interscholastic games. There is no interscholastic championship in England, and accordingly, there is not the interest taken in that branch of athletics as in the others.

"The boys at Rugby today are all from the middle class, and there is not a single title in the whole place. Though there is a large element of boys from Scotland, the fellows are mainly sons of Midland manufacturers and of doctors and lawyers of the neighboring cities. The boys here are not equal by custom as at Eton, but by a native instinct many generations have learned to value themselves in Arnold's phrase 'as gentlemen and Christians.'"



THE SENIOR CLASS.

C. L. S.

Our class is that of '98;
We claim to be quite "up to date.'
We're all as bright as bright can be;
Much brighter than we look, you see.

Now we are seniors, versed in Greek, In Latin, fluently we speak; And now, to show you what we are, I'll pick out, here and there, a star.

Hark! Hear that voice in th' corridor?

That's Ariovistus, orator.

Who said that Jonah swallowed the

Whale?

Yonder maid, sedate and pale.

There stands my noble friend, S—r, A sport and Greek philosopher. That chap who sits by the window, Is quite a sprinter, doncherknow.

This is our actor, Mr. C—k,
Who puts all others in the dark.
Miss W— there, who's quite a prancer,
Plans to be a ballet dancer.

We call that fellow "Cunctator."

He plans, I think, to study law.

Now there's Miss P—, in a red gown,

The blower of the silver horn.

That fellow there, is A—d—s—n.

He's what we call "our class parson."

And last, not least, is fair Miss N—,

She's smart, and plays the violin.

Now there is K—, so grand and tall;

He plays interludes in the hall.

Now all the rest are just as good;
I want that fully understood.
And, if our land should fight with Spain,
With horn, and drum, and violin,
"We'd ever dare to follow where
Our Sparrow leads the van."

MY TURKEY-HUNT.

PART I.

"Well, boys," said Bob Powell, as he tipped his chair back against the whitewashed chimney-corner, "by my way of thinking, there's going to be a good hunt to-morrow, and perhaps we'll break the record for birds, but it'll take a shootin' man to beat the shootin' o' ol' Dick Dalmawlwimple."

"Dick Who?" asked George, with a puzzled face. "If his shootin' was as extraordinary as his name, he could have driven nails at a hundred yards."

"Dalmawlwimple," said the hunter again, "jest pure 'n simple."

I giggled from my place on the sofa.

To imagine Bob Powell a poet was inconceivable, and to imagine Dalmawlwimple simple, was little less than idiotic.

"Yes, he was a great man. Often we went out together, in them days of the Lowries,—Dick killed one of 'em when only two was left, but that devil Henry sent him to the place where the good niggers go, along with a hundred others or so."

Dreadful as that might seem, I giggled again.

"Did you ever see Henry Berry Lowrie?" asked George.

"Many's the time we were fair good friends at one time, but he took it into his brazen head ter make a target out of the best shots left in the state [I am afraid Bob was making use of his boasting qualities then] after he had shot Dick, and that was the end of our friendship, and like ter bin the end er him. But he weren't so bad,—with a rifle, I mean, see n' one shot from two hundred yards left me with nine fingers."

He held up his right hand, and it lacked a third finger,—we all knew how he had lost it,—in a skirmish with the outlaws. But I won't pretend to tell about how he and Dick Dal—(I will spare you) put an end to the terrors from Drowning Creek. That's his yarn, and a mighty good one too.

Just then the door opened, and in walked Montgomery Bell. The Fairfax fireside was as free to him as his own, and he came and took his place on the sofa beside me without any ceremony. We all began to laugh; even Bob had a sly twinkle in his eye. Mont blushed, then said in a quiet way:

"Oh, I came over to see about the hunt ter-morrer,"—but all the while he was scanning the room from one end to the other.

"Come, Mont," laughed Henry, who was his best friend and companion, "Do you think we're all blind fools and blockheads here? Rosy's in the dining-room with 'Cope' and Nell, makin' lunches for us all to-morrow."

Just then a girlish head appeared through the door, and Roseline said, in an indifferent sort of way:

"Oh, you here, Montgomery? Don't some of you boys want to get me some wood? It's dreadfully cold in the dining-room." That was generally my job, but as I wriggled to get up, Mont's great hand held me still, and he arose, as George said:

"That means you, Goliath."

Goliath was a secondary name for that young giant, and he laughed good-naturedly as he left the room.

We turned to our subject again, and after several good hunting yarns had been told, Nell and Copeland came in, saying they guessed Roseline had all the help she needed.

"Speaking of turkey hunts," said Copeland, "look at this, which a section-hand gave me at the crossing. Said it was from that black,

broad-shouldered old nigger who cut wood up the road."

"Harry?" I ventured to suggest.

"Yes, one of your dearly beloved."

"Not either, only I've seen him, and he's all right."

"This" was an old piece of brown wrapping paper, folded many times. Henry unfolded it, and turning towards the fire, he read:

"I wuz goin' long, seen tracks. Evah sence snow fall bin seein' turkeys 'bout ol' Ray's. Blacker as blackbird. Whenevah see him, run an' fly, like patridge. I'se cut a black jack on meetin'-house road above Ray's vinery whar turkey be. Too many of them. Three sizes of the turkey oughter be kilt.

HARRY."

"That's quite a curiosity," said George.

"It's more than that; it means that the old duck has found that band of turkeys we've been after for weeks now."

"Well, we can't go after them tomorrow on account of the quail hunt, yet I expect they'll be there next week."

Now I saw my opportunity. I wasn't go ing on the hunt on the morrow, because I was considered too small for so great a walk, and I would be in the way, yet I could get a gun all right, and could shoot too, so I now piped in: "I don't see why I can't go up there tomorrow, if I can get Will's gun, and see if I can't get a shot at one."

"You can go and see if you can't, and I don't think it will be very hard for you to, either. I mean for you not to be able to. Why, a turkey is the hardest sort of thing to get at, and when he is running, one of the hardest things to shoot."

"That's all right," I continued. "You all said that you'd give me a show at big game some day, and allow me to call myself a hunter if I could prove myself one. Will said he would give me his old gun if I could shoot anything with it."

"Good!" cried Henry, "and that isn't all. If you will walk all day tomorrow on a wild-goose chase, why, just to keep you going, I'll promise 300 shells for even a smell of a turkey. Get permission from headquarters first."

I hustled out of the room, and after a lite'e argument, I persuaded Mr. Fairfax that I could go. Then, when I came back I was instructed in turkey hunting, and laughed at in turns, until 'twas time for bed. Every one went to bed early in that house; perhaps that is why they are one and all so big and strong. As I passed into the back porch to get a drink of water, I saw that Mont and Rosy lad left the dining-room, and were in the ante-room. They called me in there, and I told all that had passed in the sitting-room, and then made Mont promise to lend me his turkeyyelper next day. When I went to bed, Mont and Roseline were still in the ante-room. I guess they forgot what time it was.

PART II.

The sun was just rising with all its splendor and glory over the snow-covered land-scape. I had just dressed, and was helping Bob, a little blackamoor, bring wood into t e various rooms of the house, and build fires. Beside every fireplace there was a great box. made to hold wood, and these had to be filled with "light-'ood," or pine, and "wood," meaning oak. Fat splinters were applied as kindling, and they are very effective.

The water was frozen in the water-bucket standing on the back shelf. That was rather extraordinary in that clime, but I had no thoughts of that, or of the chickens that were beginning to descend from their roosts with a great clatter, nor the shrieking mill whistles that called sleepy and lazy negroes from the land of dreams to the cold and dreary land of snow and work. The mill-hand, here, fairly hates anything cold, even worse than he does handling heavy timbers from six in the morning until as late at night.

More in sympathy with my thoughts was the barking and growling of the many birddogs, whose kennels were several hundred feet back of the house, as Isaac proceeded to turn them loose. I called one, Joe, to me, and he came bounding along, pleased as a three-year-old girl with her first doll. I had picked him out as a companion in my own private expedition. He was a setter, with black and white markings, really a fine bird-dog, who could hunt turkeys like a fiend, George told me.

As I took the bucket and proceeded to pump some fresh water, who should appear but that worthy wielder of the axe who had sent the eventful missive the day before, Harry. His great implement was over his shoulder, and he sang "The Big-Eyed Rabbit hin' de Pine," as he shuffled his way through the snow.

"How'dy, Br'r Williams," he cried to Isaac, as he approached. "Does ol' man weather agree with your coporosity?"

"I'm all right, Unc' Harry; in de name er goodness, what er you doin' in dis neighborhood dis time er mo'nin?"

"I des ambled 'roun' ter see Mars George or some of 'em."

"Heyou! Harry," I called, "you'r the very man I wanter see. I had a quarter I forgot to give you at Christmas."

"Da now, ain't I allus said dat white boy was de soones' chil' in dis settlement? Who'd er thunk ter gi' me dat, speshly atter so long a time?"

I had just a quarter to my name, but thinking it absolutely necessary to get on the right side of him, I turned it over with hardly a word. He was profuse in his thanks, and then asked again for Mars George.

"They are all going hunting today, but I'll call him."

"'Taint no matter. I des thought some of 'em ud like ter go 'bout whar I seen dem turkeys at. I kin show 'em de ve'y place."

"Well, they are all going off, but I'll get a gun and go along with you if you are going up there. Just wait till I get something to eat."

This was better luck than I had hoped for, and I couldn't suppress my excitement as I came to where Roseline was setting the table, but had to tell her, and every one else that was in the dining-room all about it in one breath. Though I wanted to go at once, I had to wait until breakfast was over, and Harry had had a good meal with the servants.

The various hunters and young men were now beginning to appear, with guns and boots, dogs, and all other necessary articles of the chase, and before I left, the house was full of merry guests and good stories and jokes were to be heard on all sides. Some ladies, too, had come, just to visit during the day, and to take dinner at night. Oh, it was a brave gathering. The sight of arms, and the men, and the smell of powder nearly drove the dogs crazy, and it took half the company to hold t'em when I left, with Will Holmes' Remington over my shoulder, forty shells in my hunting belt, supplied by Harry, my old guide in front, and Joe at my heels. I had Montgomery's velper, and all gave me a hearty cheer as I shut the back gate. We passed down the long lane, by the stables and cow-lot, and across an old corn-field. Rabbit-tracks were everywhere to be seen in the snow, and one old hare actually sprang up at my very feet, and set off at the rate of an express train. I blazed loose at him, but something seemed wrong, for he continued on his way with increased vigor. Harry was quite despondent for a while, for he expected the rabbit for his own, had I killed

Soon we reached the railroad, and then after we had passed one, and then another of Mr. Fairfax's great clearings, all traces of civilization were lost to view around a curve.

Harry was every day of sixty years old, a (Continued on Page 18.)

THE

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.



On Friday, the eighteenth of March, the class of '99 at the Latin school will give their junior dance at the Colonial club hall. The tickets are seventy-five cents and can be obtained from H. Stevens, the manager. The matrons will probably be Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Hyde and Miss Leighton.



Robert B. Clark, C. L. S. '98, has been appointed manager of the base-ball team.



All candidates for the base-ball team give their names either to Clark or Captain Clarkson.



. This month closes the competition for the staff. The names will appear in the next number.



The April issue of the Review will appear the fourteenth of April, and all copy must be in before the second of April.



The March number of the Review can be found on sale at the same stores as last month, namely, Sever's, and Amee Bros.', Harvard square, and at Beunke's on Massachusetts avenue, and Ketchum's, 735 Massachusetts avenue.



The cantata that Mr. Chapman is getting up, comes off Tuesday, the fifteenth of March. As the purpose is good, why shouldn't those who do not sing in it, at least buy the tickets?

SKETCHES.

A Friend of Mine.

SHE is a student of botany and geology; not the kind tradition tells us of, but a bright young woman who brings a flavor of the green fields and sweet flowers with her to the dustiest laboratory and the driest specimens. She is tall and slender, with dark, wavy hair, clear, gray eyes, and a face beautiful because it reveals something new to me each day. She is not gay, but smiles just often enough to make me happy. In fact, I think she is perfeet. Why? Because I have lived in the same house with her, eaten at the same table with her, passed many holidays with her, and vet found her always the same. It was a great treat to take a long walk with her, filling my borrowed botany can with a few specimens for her use and many flowers for our pleasure; to have her tell me about the sleeping buds, the fall buds, the winter buds, the different kinds of minerals, the terminal moraines, and other effects of glacial action; to gather chestnuts with her in the fall or mayflowers in the spring, and then, to walk home and arrange the flowers or roast the chestnuts, as the case might be. How interesting it was to take pictures with her and afterwards, in the kitchen, with blankets up at every window, to develop long past midnight till we were even too sleepy to look at another plate. was quite romantic, I thought, to sit by the fireside listening to her sweet voice, as she read Shakespeare, the Ancient Mariner or one of Bret Harte's thrilling tales; to go to sleep with the strains of some classical composition lingering in my ears, or be awakened by one of Schumann's bright and cheerful airs. I miss her often now, but if I shut my eyes to our New England snows, I can see a picture of her in her rose garden on the Pacific slope.

Peace.

CYNTHIA was a Quaker maiden, a dear, oldfashioned girl of seventeen. No face in all the village was so sweet as hers; no eyes more true. She wore the Quaker costume—the soft gray dress, the spotless collar, and the little hood with a white edge around her face. She reminded one of the pond lily, hidden in the strong dark leaves until some ray of sunlight falls, then suddenly opening to show its beauty and give forth its sweetness. No silent prayer was ever more devoutly raised in any Quaker Meeting House, no kind deeds were ever more lovingly ministered than hers. Yet she had never left her native town. She had lived the same life each day, arising with the sun, milking, taking the cows to pasture, churning, always busy until the shadows began to lengthen. As the sun sank behind the hills, she sat down with her knitting, not to build air castles, but to wonder how father was getting along with the planting or if mother was tired, or if the children in the next farmhouse were happy.

Cynthia believed in peace. She had been taught from babyhood that love and happiness come only in times of peace. So when the war broke out it had a great horror for her. She could not imagine a battlefield, the advance, the noise, the smoke, the cries of the victorious and the cries of the dying. father could not enlist, his hair was already white. But there was one who went to war, one whom she missed. He, too, was a Quaker. He had been her playfellow since a child; a brother to her, so she thought, and it seemed unnatural that he should go to war. He had told her, though, that by freeing the slaves the country would have greater peace. Cynthia pondered on it long. Finally she

asked her father. He said: "Ezra may be right or thou mayst be right. I cannot tell thee."

Months passed by and Ezra was still fighting. He had said many things before going away which Cynthia had told herself she could not understand but which now came back clearly to her. One day she made a resolve to go South with some women of the next town. There she would nurse the wounded soldiers, bring health to their bodies or peace to their hearts. It was not long before she was with the suffering. As each new patient came into the barn that served for a hospital, she sought with eager glance the face of Ezra. He did not come until the end of a long, hard day. Cynthia was talking to a wounded soldier, telling him of her home far away, when through the twilight she heard her name called. She stopped to wonder, for she was known only as the Quaker nurse. Suddenly it was called again. She recognized the voice, and in a moment was kneeling by his side. He said, and he was dving: "I could not help calling thee; it seemed as if thou would'st hear me on the farmhouse porch. I have served my country faithfully, but thou, my love, hast always been my inspiration. There will be peace."

MY TURKEY-HUNT.

(Continued from Page 15.)

typical old plantation negro, with almost a phenomenal physique. Since the war he had been cutting wood for the house, for the engine, cord-wood and cross-ties, until now he prided himself upon being the best and fastest wielder of the ax in the country. A cord and a half of wood, hewn from solid pine trees, was not too much for this Sandow in one day, and that, too, after a five-mile walk and with one in view before home and dinger. He was a great character, a preacher as well as a woodsman, a story-teller who could shame any dialect writer that ever lived, and a singer who could make his thousands without effort if put in the right place. Aye, I have spent hours listening to his simple melodies and plantation songs and could never get tired of them. He must have had a kindly master in slavery times, for his stories of his yo th seemed most pleasing reminiscences, and he spoke of running the "patterrollers" often, to see "Andy's Suse."

(Continued next month.)

SONG.

[From the German of Eichendorf.)

How oft a merry strain I sing, And joyous seem, and smile, When bitter tears in secret wring My aching heart the while.

And thus the caged nightingale,
When balmy spring allures,
Pours out in sweetest notes her wail—
The longing she endures.

Man hears with joy the melting strain,
Ilis heart grows glad and strong,
Yet no one feels the hidden pain,
The anguish in the song.

ALUMNI NOTES.

C. L. Stebbins, '94, is with John W. Parke & Sons, Philadelphia.

J. F. Bacon, C. L. S. '95, is treasurer of the Harvard Glee club.

W. L. Beardsell, C. L. S. '96, and F. J. Goodridge, '94, are candidates for the Harcard 'varsity base-ball team. H. N. Stearns, '95, and J. F. Bacon, '95, are candidates for the position of pitcher.

L. Warren, E. H. S. '96, F. N. Reed, C. L. S. '96, and N. R. Willard, '96, are doing good work with the Harvard Mott-Haven team.

Dr. C. E. Munroe, E. H. S. '68, an expert on the subject of explosives, has been employed by the government to make investigations in regard to the destruction of the Maine.

Three C. L. S. graduates played on the Harvard ice hockey team the past winter. F. J. Goodridge, '94 (captain) and W. L. Beardsell, '96, were forwards, and E. W. Stevens, '95, played cover-point.

Miss Marion A. Dougherty, E. H. S. '95, is teaching in one of the Boston public schools.

A. L. Richards, C. L. S. '96, has recently been elected vice president of the Harvard Sophomore Debating club.

A. F. Barnes, C. L. S. '94, is a candidate for the Harvard '98 crew, C. P. Adams, '95, and C. E. Baldwin, '95, for the '99 crew, J. B. Hawes, '96, and N. W. Tilton, '96, for the 1900 crew, and C. W. Locke, '97, for the freshman crew.

Aeneas in Hades.

When brave Aeneas to Cumae came, He sought a very ancient dame, The Sibyl she was called by name, And thus conversed he with her: "Oh! worthiest of worthy ladies, I wish to go and visit Hades, Where my aged father's shade is, Will you guide me thither?"

Said she: "Oh! son of old Anchises, If your present cash suffices For to pay old Charon's prices, I'll lead you to Avernus, But recollect, Dardanian hero, That the temperature's not zero."
"Oh! is it hot?" quoth he. "Oh! dear oh! Do you think 'twill burn us?"

"Don't fear," she said, "nor change complexion,
We'll avoid the hottest section,
And make immediate connect.on
For th' Elysian field.
There the good old man Anchises
Feasts on aromatic spices
And on everything that nice is."
"Dear pa," Aeneas squealed.

So they both went down to Charon, And that person placed the pair on His old boat and sitting thereon, Took them o'er the water.
On 'tother side they met a beast With twenty heads and tails at least, Who seemed resolved to make a feast Of A. and his escorter.

But the valiant Sibyl drew From her pocket just a few Little biscuits which she knew Would make him slumber sweetly, And when the beast began to snore, Aeneas behind and she before, They tiptoed o'er the earthy floor And disappeared discreetly.

Later on they both did come Unto the fair Elysium; From walking both were very numb, And rather badly shattered. But Anchises gave them doses Of a tea which came from Phocis, And upon metempsychosis, Very wisely chattered.

At 10 P. M. the Sibyl said:
"'Tis time for us to leave the dead
Until the gates close overhead,
But twenty minutes are there."
So Aeneas, with saddened face,
Left the fair Elysian place,
After trying to embrace
His atmospheric father.



Frances E. Willard.

Among the many women who have been dearly loved by the women of America, perhaps Frances E. Willard stood closest to the hearts of all. After the great conventions of Toronto and Buffalo, Miss Willard succumbed to the strain, and after an illness, which probably would not have proved fatal were it not that Miss Willard's general health has for some years past owing to the great work which she has accomplished, been poor, died on the 18th of February.

Miss Willard was born in 1839 in Church-ville, N. Y., but moved to Wisconsin while a girl, and then to Evanston, Illinois. There she entered the Northwestern University, from which she was graduated, and at which she taught for several years. Miss Willard then travelled abroad for two years, writing for various American journals and studying in Paris. In 1874 she was identified with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and in 1878 she was made president, and held the office at the time of her death. She was

also president of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Miss Willard has since 1892 been editor in chief of the *Union Signal*, the official organ of both the World's and the National Temperance Union. During the past years she has travelled throughout the country, devoting herself to her work, and has spoken in every city of 10,000 inhabitants in the country. During these travels she has been accompanied by her devoted companion, Anna Gordon. What Miss Willard has accomplished would fill many books, and even then would not do justice to her and her noble cause.

As a parliamentary leader Miss Williard was unsurpassed, as an organizer she had few equals. Her manner was cordial and winning, her sense of humor considerable, and her temper sweet and womanly. Among her best known books are "Nineteen Beautiful Years," "Woman and Temperance," and "Glimpses of Fifty Years." Miss Willard leaves behind her a vacancy which will be impossible to fill.



There is some likelihood that the house in St. Martin's street occupied by Sir Is ac Newton from 1710 till 1725 will, after all escape demolition, as a syndicate is negotiat ing the purchase of the property of which the house forms a part. It was here, in St. Martin's street that the distinguished physicist passed some of the happiest of his days, in the observatory he had erected on the roof, in which by the way in later years Fannie Bur ney wrote portions of "Evelina."

At present, Japan seems to hold the key to the Chinese difficulty. By accepting the port of Wei-Hai-Wei instead of the Chinese war indemnity, she controls the Shang-Teung Peninsula and shuts out both Russia and Germany. Russia intends to bring her great Si berian railroad to a terminus at Port Arthur and to create a great military station there; while Germany seized Kaio-Chau, Wei-Hai-Wei commands both of these ports and is practically impregnable.

Mr. William Coolidge Lane, who is to succeed the late Jüstin Winsor as librarian at Harvard, graduated from the university in 1881. Since 1886 he has been the librarian of the Boston Athenæum. He has the advantage of having received his library training from the late librarian, an indication that Harvard traditions and regulations are to be preserved under the new management.

It is a remarkable coincidence that Lewis Carroll's friend, the father of the original Alice, Dean Liddell, died within four days of the author of the Wonderland books. Dean Liddell is perhaps better known to the school-boy as one of the authors of Liddell's and Scott's Lexicon.

The Odelting, or Parliament, of Norway, has recently adopted a new school law, according to which, Latin and Greek are henceforth to be excluded from the curriculum of the regular high school. This is an innovation without precedent elsewhere. But the Norwegians have of late been quite radical in general in their school reforms. Among the changes, they have established scholarships for journalists in connection with the universities.

The work of the travelling libraries, now well known throughout the United States, is being supplemented by that of travelling collections of pictures. The plan of distributing the pictures is on the same principle as that of the books. The pictures are exhibited in country schoolhouses and are then distributed among those who come to see them, each family taking the picture of its choice and agreeing to return at a fixed time to exchange for another. The pictures which are the most called for are those which tell a story for themselves, such as the Angelus and Gleaners, by Millet.



"Why don't you ever write any poetry?"

"I did write a poem once—an 'Ode to Oblivion'—and it reached its destination."

If women are really angels, writes an old bachelor, why don't they fly over the fence instead of making such an awkward job of climbing?

A janitor of a school building, seeing the words,—find the greatest common divisor,—on the blackboard again and again, exclaimed, "Well, is that thing lost again?"

Women are queer things. There's my sister for instance, Let a mouse come anywhere near her feet, and she will go half crazy; and yet she carries on her head at least half a dozen rats.

Willie—"Timmy Jones went and hit me an awful crack with an apple."

Papa—"On purpose?"

Willie-"No, on the nose."

"Patrick, you haven't given fresh water to the goldfish."

"No, Miss, they ain't drunk wot they had already."

He—"I hear you attend the Handel and Haydn performances. Were you present at the 'Creation'?"

She (indignantly)—"I suppose you will want to know next if I sailed in Noah's ark!"

Maid Servant—"Professor, O professor, just think, I have swallowed a pin."

Absent-minded Professor—"Never mind, here is another."

At eight o'clock she sits and sighs,

"Why doesn't he come? Heigho!"
At ten she blinks and winks and yawns,

"Dear me! Why doesn't he go?"

She—"Do you believe one's fate can be read in one's hand.

He—"To a certain extent. For instance, give me your hand and I can tell that my fate will be a happy one."

"What makes that new baby at your hou e cry so much, Tommy?"

Tommy (indignantly)—"It don't cry so very much, and any way, if all your teeth was out, and your hair off, and your legs so weak you couldn't stand on them, I guess you'd feel like crying yourself!"

Sammy came home from an afternoon at the Natural History Museum.

"Where have you been?" said his grandfather.

"Oh! we've had a splendid time. We've been to a dead circus."

"It is easier," the curate read, "for a needle to go through the eye of a camel,"—but he saw the vicar's gaze fixed upon him and knew that he had made a mistake, so he corrected himself: "It is easier for a camel to go through the knee of an idol." Then he went on quite happily.

Willie and Johnny set up a lemonade stand the other day, and Willie's sign read: "Four cents a glass." Johnny's announcement was "Two cents a glass." Their first customer was a gentleman who bought a glass of Johnny. Having paid the two cents, he casually inquired: "Why is yours cheaper than your brother's?" "'Cos mine is the lemonade the puppy fell into."

Customer—"Have you felt slippers?"
Clerk—"Yes, ma'am, but not for a long time now."

A Roundabout Proposal—"My-my-brother wanted to know-if-if you would be a sister-in-law to him, Miss Ethel."

A shoemaker has a card in his window, reading: Any respectable man, woman, or child can have a fit in this store.

Two boys out hunting shot a bird, and one ran up to secure the trophy. Coming near where it had fallen, he found a white owl, so sprawling in the grass as to present to his view only a head with staring eyes and a pair of wings attached. Instantly he shouted in dismay:

"We're in for it now, Jack, we've shot a cherubim!"

Watchman (breathlessly)—"The boys' dormitory is on fire, and if they find it out, they'll stop to save their foot-balls, bats, and things, and perish."

Boarding school principal (quickly)—"Notify the boys that all who are not dowestairs in two minutes won't get any pie." Cupid's food—Arrow-root.

Bulldog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children.

Wanted—A boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter.

Teacher—"Who was Joan of Arc?"
Tommy (who is greatatguessing)—"Noah's wife."

A good old lady said to her nephew, a poor preacher—"James, why did you enter the ministry?"

"Because I was called."

"James," said the old lady anxiously, "are you sure it wasn't some other noise you heard."

"If you kiss me," said she, "I shall scream."
He seemed duly impressed and made no effort to approach her.

"I forgot to add, she explained finally, "that it will be a very little scream and will be designed to express delight."

Opportunity:

Be not in haste to welcome love,
Your youth is scarcely o'er;
Let him begone; he will return
And knock upon your door.
This sage advice the maiden heard;
Said she, "I do not doubt
That love would call again, some time,
But then—I might be out!"



DEBATING SOCIETIES.

Cambridge Latin School.

On Friday, February 18th, the society held a very stirring meeting, for although there was no regular debate, a very hot discussion was aroused by the proposal to join the two societies. After the reading of the unapproved records, the committee on the Joint Debate reported that the High School had chosen the negative of the question: solved, That the Single Land Tax should be adopted by the several States of the Union." and that the debate would be on Friday, April 29th. However, if the debate takes place at all, it will probably be on a later date. Mr. Blanchard offered an amendment to the Constitution which was adopted, imposing a fine of ten cents on any member who should fail to speak on the question allotted him by the rhetorical committee.

The president, Mr. Flanagan, then called the secretary to the chair, and taking the floor, moved that the Cambridge Latin School Debating Society be united with the Cambridge High School Debating Society, adding that acting upon a suggestion which he had made to some of its members, the High School had already passed a vote to unite. Mr. Flanagan urged in favor of his motion, first, that the society needed something to increase the interest shown by the members of the Latin School, and that by uniting, this end would be best gained. Otherwise he thought that there was danger that the society would soon cease to exist. Besides, as we are united in everything else, and especially as the two schools will be so close together next year, there was no reason why there should not be one strong society instead of two weak ones. Two of the alumni, Mr. Connolly and Mr. Thayer, besides a few members of the society, strongly apposed the motion on the ground that the society is at present in as good condition as it has been for a number of years, and that in a short time hence it would be much stronger, as the lower classes have a very large membership. The negative declared that the Latin School would lose more than it would gain.

although those on the affirmative urged that we would be strong enough when united, to challenge clubs outside of Cambridge which we are now unable to do. After a number of fruitless attempts to decide the matter the meeting adjourned.

A special meeting was held in the hall on Wednesday, March 2d. After the usual routine of business, Mr. Witte moved that the two societies be united. This brought forth a general discussion on about the same lines as at the last meeting. Finally aroll call vote was taken, which resulted eleven to four in favor of the affirmative. The motion was therefore lost, as it did not have the necessary threefourths vote. Mr. Flanagan, the president, and Mr. Witte, the vice-president, stated that as the society had not supported them in their attempts to better its condition, they felt obliged to resign. The meeting adjourned without taking any definite action on the resignations.

English High School.

THE society held a meeting February 11th and elected the following officers for the remainder of this school year: Wm. Donovan '98, president; Arthur Dewing, '98, vice-president; Leon Jaquith, '98, treasurer; John H. Oakes, '99, secretary.

At this meeting the proposition of the Latin school to consolidate was considered. Many members spoke both for and against it. This would be a great benefit to the High school society in more ways than one. When the society considered this scheme at this meeting, it was under the impression that the Latin school society already had passed the bill. Latin school society, it seems, is not very much in favor of it, and this was conclusively proved at a recent meeting. Many prominent graduates have approved of the scheme, saying that the societies would increase in memership, it would arouse more enthusiasm in debates, and lastly, the most important of all, put the societies on a firm financial basis. Fitteen new members were admitted, making the total membership of the society 75.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

Where is the "W. A. S."?

Where did you get that hat, Evans?

It is a pleasure to see G-e Be-e laugh.

B. H. B. is evidently a natural poet.

Miss Close, '98, is a very busy mortal.

Oakes, '99, is quite artistically inclined.

Base-ball will be in order in a few weeks.

"H" is pronounced "aitch," not "haitch."

According to Fe-r-ns, a crab is a crayfish.

Were you the recipient of many valentines?

Miss Stickney's hand is improving rapidly.

Another whistling solo would be very welcome.

There are several Klondikers at the High school.

Wouldn't this be a fine time to have a lawn party?

Who will be the proud possessors of those posters?

"Evening High" graduation occurred February 28.

Where does "James" get all those beautiful flowers?

Fl-nt, 1900, is quite a business man—so they say.

How many are going to take "exams" for the institute?

'98 is not to be outclassed by '99 in the way of artistic posters.

Donovan, '98, is thinking of taking a post-graduate course.

Who knocked the beaker over? It was "Full er"—water, too.

The Thelma club had a whist party on the evening of March 2.

It is rumored that '99 will repeat their drama. Success to them.

Frank Fuller, '99, would make a great addition to the track-team.

Without doubt, Lovering, '99, is the "Sandow" of the High school.

It is to be hoped that 1901 will not follow in the footsteps of 1900.

It isn't the fault of M. B. that she likes boys. It was born in her.

Earnest young student translating—"And he threw a pudding at him."

Ever since the drama, "Duke" and "Wal" Clarkson have hung together.

If Mr. Chapman would only remember that song, "To thee, Oh Country."

Our neighbor, the new Latin school, is assuming quite a distinct form.

If any stray books are found, please return the same to Miss Roger's room.

"What 'd yer get in this?" or "What 'd yer get in that?" is heard on all sides.

The dance given by the Thelma club was a financial as well as a social success.

"Teddy" Babcock received quite a serious injury to his finger the other day.

In case of war with Spain, why not recruit the High school company of '96?

Houston's voice is as prominent as ever. It has just the same tone as a fog-horn.

We have not had an entertainment in the hall since—oh yes—since "Ulysses led the band."

It is reported that the Clarkson boys are doing battery work in their back yard.

Why did not Whalen come out for the "shot-put" in the recent indoor games?

Miss Armes has been absent the past week on account of the ill-health of her father.

The mid-years are over at last. Now let us exert all our energies on the home stretch.

Miss Moulton, president of the Thelm: club, is thinking of resigning her position.

The class-pins of 1900 have appeared and are very pretty in design. But—how about the color?

Notice to High school scholars: There is a Review box in the lower corridor. It is to put notes in.

Ask Prescott and Rhoades if they will ever attempt another sleigh-ride? "I want my quarter back."

"Bill" Warnock has left school. He will proceed in his studies, however, under the direction of a tutor.

According to all accounts, the '98 drama will be a grand success. It is under the able management of Fearns.

At the whist party given by '99 at the home of William Warnock, "Bill" Spragg and Miss Brownell carried off the honors.

McK.—Never leave your books on the piano, and above all things, never wait for inspirations in an "exam." They will never come. We wonder if Mr. Sargent has yet kissed the "blarney-stone." We must plan a grand reception on his return. And on Miss Sawyer's, too.

Stephens, '99, made a hard fight for president of the debating society, but was unsuccessful. In accordance with this, '99 will never have a debating society president.

Not long ago the school was favored with a visit from two of the "fair sex" from Somerville Latin school. They declared that their school was far inferior to ours, both in outside and inside decorations.

Why wouldn't it be a good plan to have class base-ball teams? The Latin school does, and surely we do not wish to be outclassed by them. Besides, there would be some good material developed for the school team.

Mr. Huling's remarks about cheating are very sensible. It would be a good plan for some to write them on the back of their blocks instead of adorning them with pictures and such expressions as "Meus—non tuus," etc.

M. C. O'Brien is greatly interested in the athletics of the two schools. A few of the High school boys do not realize the extreme kindness of Mr. O'Brien in allowing the C. H. & L. track-team to train in the Y. M. C. A. "gym."

Even if 1900 can not boast of a class society, they've got a secret society, any way. This grand and flourishing (?) society held a meeting at the home of one of the members on February 23. Of course they had a very enjoyable time.

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LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

A forward March.

The spring vacation comes soon.

The pride of 1902—the sixth division.

Where is that much talked-of boy-soprano in 1902?

Who was it that called the Cyclops "a one-eyed rock"?

The tickets for '99's dance on the eightcenth are selling rapidly.

1902 has some writing-paper with the class monogram at the top.

For information concerning the game of "it," consult Miss G-r-n, 1901.

"A hot time" has characterized the last few meetings of the Debating Society.

Miss Perrigo and Miss Bachelder were present at the "meet" and cheered for our boys.

L. F. Conant, formerly C. L. S. 1901, has entered the employ of H. W. Nash of Boston.

The initiation ceremonies of 1900's secret society are very amusing. Don't you think so, G - -d?

T-l-r, 1900: For a good tonic after the exams, we recommend the famous Greek oxytone (beef) tablets.

Teacher in third-class Greek—"What are ostriches?"

Scholar—"A kind of Arabian sparrow."

Ralph Page, 1900, has left school to tutor for college. He will be much missed by the Review.

One of the '99 girls was heard to remark: "I wonder what marks Stevens gets in French?"

G. E. Westcott, Jr., formerly 1901, now C. M. T. S. 1900, is a member of the Training School Band.

What a fine thing it is to have some one in 1901 who can sing such beautiful solos at the socials!

Certainly, there seems to be no lack of loyalty among the girls of our school, if we may judge from the number present at the interscholastic meet.

It was very hard luck that caused Winslow to "slip up" in his events; we are all very sorry, for we feel sure that he would have won points for us.

The cheering in the Cambridge section was rather weak until Dow won the six hundred; then everybody cheered themselves hoarse.

C. L. S. D. S. should confine their debates to the school hall, and not continue their arguments on the street corners.

All members of the senior class who have not yet had their pictures taken should sit for them as soon as possible, as there will be an unavoidable rush at the studio at the end of the year, necessitating a delay in finishing the pictures.

In a short time the base-ball practice will begin. Cambridge should have a strong team this year from the material in the two schools. Manager Clark is already hustling to arrange dates.

Mr. Chapman's cantata of the "Rose Maiden" will be given in Union hall on March 15. Many prominent soloists have been secured, besides some members of the Germania orchestra. The cantata should be made a success, as it is run for the express benefit of the scholars.

1902 held its first social at the home of Miss Lewis, 16 Ellery street, on Thursday evening, February 10. The evening was spent in playing games. The prizes were won by the Misses Beunke, Shaw and Hickey, and by Masters Murray, Gauss and Foster. All had a very pleasant time, thanks to Miss Lewis, and the president and treasurer.

The class of 1901 held a very pleasant social at Miss Boynton's house, 130 Oxford street, on February 12. There was an unusually large attendance, about forty being present. A "library party" was the entertainment, and much amusement was afforded those present by some of the unique representations of books which they were to guess. The first prize was won by Mr. Ralph Croswell. Later in the evening, two of the girls, by their e'ever playing, proved themselves future candidates to play in the hall.

1900 held its monthly social at the home of Miss Crocker, 132 Lee street, Saturday evening, February 26. The games of "Auction" and "Pro and Con" were greatly enjoyed. The proposed amendments to the constitution were discussed, the greater part of those present being in favor of the plan. Mr. Bradbury was present.

The Phi Upsilon Nu met at the home of Miss Appleton on Monday evening, February 14. The game of hearts was played, in which Mr. Dow and Miss Brooks won the prizes. Later, Mr. Locke and Miss Dimick won prizes for their attempts, while blindfolded, to pin arrows into a large paper heart. All had a most enjoyable time. Those present as guests of the club were the Messrs. Dow, Barnes, Bancroft, Blackburn, Gauss, Hudson, R. Locke and Sparrow.

One of the most successful socials ever held by '98, occurred at Miss Russell's house, 176 Hancock street, on Saturday evening, February 19. The entertainment was a whist party, and the large attendance necessitated seven tables. Miss Nichols and Mr. Metcalf proved to be the prize winners. After the whist, refreshments were served. A unique feature of the refreshments were some little heartshaped cakes, with "'98" on the top of each. The party broke up at a late hour, with many thanks to Miss Russell for a delightful evening. Mr. Bradbury and Miss Leighton were the guests of the class.

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The Indoor Meet.

The Indoor Meet this year differed from those of years past, inasmuch as the schools which have won did not put up their usual showing. English High school, this year, was left way behind without her old captain, Joe Converse, who is now attending Hale's school. Worcester carried away the first two places; Worcester Academy beating her old rival, the Worcester High school, and thus winning the right to the shield. Converse, with his ten points, won third place for Hale's with Noble's a close fourth.

The C. M. T. S. Band was present this year and added much to the occasion with its excellent music. Worcester High led in cheering as she had a very large and enthusiastic contingent. Her sister-school had a small band of rooters who made up what they lacked in numbers by the noise they made.

Joe Converse was the star of the meet, as he carried off two firsts, in the high jump and 45-yard hurdles, breaking the record 5 feet 8½ inches by an inch in the former and equaling the record in the latter. He is an unusually good athlete, and well deserves the honors which he won.

Coe of Hopkinson, who carried off the first prize in the shot put in the outdoor meet, broke the record made in 1896 by "Mike" O'Brien of 37 feet 3½ inches, by a put of 38 feet, 4¾ inches. II. Jordan equaled the record in the 40-yard dash by a "steal," but failed to get placed in the finals.

Dow, of the Latin School, was the only one of our men to win a point. He won the first in the six hundred, winning both his heat and the finals with ease, as he was not hard pushed at any time. His form and ease in running called forth admiration from all sides.

Winslow came in second in his heat, but fell on the second turn in the finals, spoiling his chances of winning. If it had not been for this accident we should have come in tied for third place instead of seventh.

Bancroft did well in the thousand, coming in fourth and Carr did well in the 300-yard run till he was spiked. Carr is a runner of great promise, and will make a name for himself before he graduates.

In the team race, Usher found Brooks too fast for him, and was beaten by five yards, a distance which the succeeding runners tried to overcome, but in vain. Winslow succeeded in cutting down half the distance, but could not win out.

In the walk Foley of E. H. S., displayed unusual sand; when the three High school walkers were bunched, Mohan, Riley and Foley shutting out the field, he lost his shoes and accordingly his place, but pluckily walked the remaining distance in his stocking feet.

The summaries:

40-YARD DASH.

Final heat—Won by A. F. Duffy, Worcester Academy; A. T. Baker, Noble and Greenough, second; A. M. Butler, Worcester High, third. Time—4 4-5s.

1000-YARD RUN.

Won by A. J. Greene, Worcester High; B. Wendell, Jr., Noble and Greenough, second;



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600-YARD RUN.

First heat—Won by G. L. Dow, Cambridge High and Latin; W. R. Bacon, English High, second. Time—1m. 23 2-5s.

Final Heat—Won by G. L. Dow, Cambridge High and Latin; W. Morau, Worcester High, second; J. B. Ayer, Jr., Roxbury Latin, third. Time—1m. 22 1-5s.

880-YARD WALK.

Won by W. F. Mohan, English High; R. C. Dorr, Worcester Academy, second; G. F. Riley, English High, third. Time—3m. 31 4-5s.

300-YARD RUN.

First heat—Won by A. M. Butler, Worcester High; H. J. Winslow, Cambridge High and Latin, second. Time—36 4-5s.

Final heat—Won by A. M. Butler, Wor ester High; E. W. Shirk, Worcester Academy, second; M. Schoonmaker, Roxbury High, third. Time—37s.

45-YARD LOW HURDLES.

Semi-finals—First heat—Won by E. B. Cole, Hopkinson; J. H. Converse, Hales School, second. Time—6s.

Second heat—Won by J. H. Shirk, Worcester Academy; E. W. Shirk, Worce ter Ac demy, second. Time—6s.

Final heat—Won by J. H. Converse, Hales School; E. B. Cole, Hopkinson, second; E. W. Shirk, Worcester Academy, third. Time—5 4-5s.

POLE VAULT.

Tie between H. A. Dame, Lynn High, and F. C. Shember, Worcester Academy, height—9 ft. 8\frac{3}{4} in. (Dame won on the toss); R. A. Pope, Newburyport High, A. W. Streeter, Worcester High, H. A. Carlton, Roxbury Latin, and C. C. Primey, Worcester Academy, tied for third, height—9 ft. 5\frac{1}{4} in. (Pope won on the vault-off).

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RUNNING HIGH JUMP.

Won by J. H. Converse, Hale's Se'sool, height 5 ft. 9½ in.; H. Bullard, Noble and Greenough, second, height 5 ft. 5¾ in.; O. J. Ives, Salem High, H. E. Smith, Newburyport High, and W. Hallett, Worcester Academy, tied for third place, 5 ft. 4½ in. On jump-off, Ives won.

TEAM RACES.

Hopkinson v. Cambridge High and Litin—Won by Hopkinson (W. D. Brooks, J. G. Willis, J. A. Knowles, E. B. Cole); second, Cambridge High and Latin (S. U-her C. Seaver, R. W. Locke, H. J. Winslow). Time—3m. 22s.

TABLE OF POINTS.

The following table gives the points won by each school in each event. First count 5, seconds 3, thirds 1:

SCHOOLS.	40-yard dash	300-yard dash	1000-yard run	880-yard walk	45-yard hurdles	600-yard run	Running high jump.	Putting 16-lb. shot.	Pole vault	Total
Worcester A	5	3	0	3	1	0	1-3	4	41-4	20.7-12
Worcester H	1	5	5	()	()	3	0	0	1-4	141-4
Hales School	0	()	0	0	0 5	0	5	()	0	10
Noble & G'ghs	3	0	3	0	0	0	3	()	()	9
Hopkinson	()	0.	0	()	3	0	0	5	()	8
English High	()	()	()	6	()	0	()	0	()	6
Cam. H. and L	()	0	0	0	0	อ	()	0	0	5
Lynn High	()	0	0	()	()	()	0	0	4	4
Roxbury Latin	()	0	()	()	()	1	0	0	1-4	11-4
Waban School	()	()	1	()	0	()	()	0	0	1
Roxbury High	0	1	0	()	0	()	()	()	0	1
Newburyport H.	()	()	0	0	0	()	1-3	0	1-4	7-12
Salem High	0	()	0	0	()	()	1-3	()	0	1-3

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THE

LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL

VOL. XII.

REVIEW.

NO. VII.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, APRIL, 1898.

THE MONTH.

In the plan of the second floor of the new Latin School, there seem to be two rooms whose purpose has not been designated. If these two rooms are not to be used by the school, could they not be fitted up, one for the use of the supervisory committee, and the other for the Review? The Review has long felt the need of a room of its own in which it might keep its exchanges, its files of the Re-VIEW and its copy, and in which it might do the necessary work. The other room could be fitted up with trophy cases and be decorated with the pictures of the many athletic teams, which at present are hung so promiscuously about the building. In this room the meetings of the supervisory committee could be held. Is this too Utopian for our model school?



One of the graduates has suggested that there be constructed on the north side of the new building a straightaway track. This track could be built of cinders and would prove very useful in the training of the shortdistance men and of the hurdlers. Is it not possible for the park commissioners to add this to their many excellent improvements and thus greatly accommodate the scholars?

There is one branch in our school life that has its absurd as well as its more serious side, namely, the use of translations. Even in the lowest classes we find that the use of translation is widespread, while in the upper classes no translation is quite the exception. These "trots," as they are called, render the mind slavish, deprive it of its freedom of thought and have an injurious influence generally. Although the use of these translations is discountenanced by the masters and teachers, the scholars failing to see the wisdom of the good advice, persist in their use to their own personal loss. Imagine the condition of a scholar who has leaned upon translations throughout his course, what will be his condition when the sight translation comes sudden-Iv upon him? Then, too, consider the feelings of a teacher who has to listen day after day to these translations, quoted word for word in many cases. An honestly learned lesson is worth innumerable "prepared" ones.



We wish to remind the junior class that if they wish to control the Review next year they must make a very visible effort during the next two months. We regret to say that at present the junior class at the Latin school is the most poorly represented class in the school. There have been no articles handed into the Review by this class nor has there been any effort made to attain positions on the staff with one exception. We should prefer to see the senior class control the paper the coming year as has been the custom in years past, but if there is no interest taken by its members, we must pass the control on to a lower class.



There seems to be a steady movement toward the establishment of a four years' course at the Latin school. There have been many pupils in past years who have completed the course in less than the required time. The course is made five years in order to do the work thoroughly and not to press the student too hard. When in the Junior class, the student recites four periods every day, and after the first few weeks becomes accustomed to it. In the previous years, however, only three hours or periods a day are required for recitations; this leaves two hours for the preparation of three lessons. Many scholars can do all the necessary study in school, which leaves them free outside. Admitting this to be the case, there seems to be no reason why the student should not be obliged to study outside by taking another study. By taking this other study, it is possible to finish the five years' course in four. There are at present several members of the fifth class whose ranking enabled them to take French as an extra. This obviously will make it possible for them to finish the course in four years.

There are very few schools at present that require so long a time for the preparation for college as the Latin school, yet there is no other school which has the reputation for thoroughness in fitting for college that our school has. The four year course has many advantages over the five, but we doubt if, without greater effort on the part of the scholars

than is displayed at present, the four year course can be accomplished successfully.



There is nothing more necessary, during school days especially, than exercise. every school girl realizes this, nor will she till something brings it forcibly to her mind. When the old games grow tedious or a girl is compelled to seek exercise for her health, basket-ball offers to her an exercise at once fascinating and beneficial. Basket-ball is a sport in which all girls may join if they wish. Perhaps many will say, "The school is to have a gymnasium. What is the need of going to the expense of a basket-ball team?" In the first place, the expense incurred is very slight, not great enough to be considered for a moment. In the second, gymnasium exercise, well enough in its place, becomes rather tedious to girls, unless enthusiasts. Something is therefore necessary to spur them on to exercise which they must have. Their brothers have base-ball, foot-ball and ice-polo, but there seems to be no outdoor game in which a girl can enter. Basket-ball was designed to fill this vacancy and to make gymnasium work more diverting. Many of the women's colleges have adopted the game and it has proved a great success. Often more than two thousand spectators congregate to see the intercollegiate contests at Bryn Mawr. At Vassar no spectators are allowed, but the girls are encouraged to play and have inter-class contests. However the game may be played, in public or in private, the results which are attained are very invigorating and tend to make the girls of today much stronger and hardier than the girls of the previous generation. When the new gymnasium is opened, it is hoped that the girls will remember that they are entitled to a large share of it and that they will realize that athletics are as beneficial to them as to the boys.

ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade
Where grateful silence still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's height, the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers

among whose shade, whose flowers

Wanders the hoary Thames along His silver winding way.

—Ode to Eton College, Gray.

Perhaps Eton College is even better known than Rugby, on account of its age and size, as it is exceeded in point of antiquity by Winchester alone. Eton was founded in 1440 by Henry VI. as a token of his affection toward the Holy Church. Henry the Sixth's reign seems very uninteresting to many students of history as the first part presents a series of defeats and humiliations abroad, while the latter part is a confused story of civil wars at home. Even if Henry was not gifted with a talent for winning battles, he always has and always will be noble and great in the eyes of Etonians and collegers at King's College, Cambridge. It is said that he was the truest Christian gentleman that ever sat upon the English throne. His life was free from the evils so common in his day, and he ruled without arrogance. He loved religion, wisdom and mercy. He gave his life up to his country and to the founding of schools and colleges which today stand as a lasting memorial to him.

The first charter of the foundation of Eton College was granted by Henry on the eleventh of October, when he was but nineteen years of age. The king granted in all six charters to Eton, and in 1449 granted the arms which have on them three fleur-de-lis, and a Lion passant for England and a flower of France. Hen-

ry provided the necessary building funds from his own purse, appointed an architect and excreised personal supervision over the men employed. The king endowed the college by giving some of his own demesne lands and the estate of some of the alien priories. In order to make the school a success, he induced William of Waynflete, who was head-master at Winchester, to come, together with five Fellows and thirty-five scholars. In the following year, 1441, he founded King's College at Cambridge. The qualifications for entrance to Eton were these: "Primarily, the boys were to be admitted to Eton for the purpose of studying grammar. They were to be poor and in need of help, not less than eight nor more than ten years of age, and not of servile birth. Secondarily, candidates were to be chosen, preferably from certain specified shires; in default of these from elsewhere in the realm. Lastly, no boy was to remain at Eton after the age of eighteen unless he had been placed on the roll of successors to King's College, Cambridge.

On the opposite bank of the Thames from Windsor, Eton stands picturesque with its old buildings. All these lie on the eastern side of the high road from Windsor to Dough, and form the sides of Eton's quadrangle. Over the ancient college gateway is the Upper school, which measures eighty-one feet by twentyfive. A great raised desk at the northern end is the official throne of the head-master, and there are smaller desks for four assistant masters, so five classes can be held there at the same time. When Dr. Keate was in charge of the school, he sometimes had as many as one hundred and ninety boys in his own division, and the uproar which prevailed may be more easily imagined than described. His successor,

Dr. Hawtrey, abandoned the attempt to teach so large a number of boys; so he increased his staff of assistants and withdrew with a compact division to a smaller and quieter room. Since the erection of a block of new schools in 1861 and their subsequent enlargement, the Upper school has gradually fallen into disusc and Etonians of the present day seldom enter it except on formal occasions. On its walls are carved in the oak panelling the names of old Etonians, originally cut by the boys themselves, but afterward carved when leaving the school, with regard to chronological order, by a professional. Above the panelling is a series of memorial busts. Beyond the headmaster's desk in the upper school is a smaller room, still called the library, although it is no longer stored with books. Here in extreme cases, floggings are administered by the head master.

In the centre of the quadrangle is a smokeblackened, time-worn statue of King Henry, with his orb and sceptre in hand, his robes of state hanging loosely about his shoulders and his regal crown resting upon his brow. The inscription at the base reads as follows: "Perenni memoriae pientissimi principis, Henrici Sexti, Angliae at Franciae regis, Collegii Etonensis funditoris municentissimi."

Opposite the Upper school are the Fellows' lodgings overgrown with ivy and lichens. Near by is the library erected in 1725; in this building may be seen many rare books and valuable manuscripts. There is also a very fine collection of engraved British portraits, collected to illustrate biographical history. More interesting are the charters and historical documents connected with the college and its possessions. Adjoining the library on the south side is the hall, the walls of which were built by Henry the Sixth. The oak panelling dates from the sixteenth century, the roof and furniture from the present. Here the Collegers dine and sup at two and nine P. M.

The church or chapel, which consists of a large choir and a short nave or ante-chapel built of grav stone in the late Gothic style generally termed perpendicular, is on another side of the quadrangle. Mullioned windows, lofty and broad alternate in the choir with massive buttresses, terminating in pinnacles which rise high above the roof. The exterior has been very little altered from the original; the interior, however, has undergone many changes, representing the different phases of opinion in matters of religion and ecclesiastical art. There are many memorials, both in the choir and ante-chapel, to the different men who have been connected with Eton in the past. On the walls are some wonderful paintings, painted probably early in the history of the chapel by unknown artists. The pictures are covered by heavy curtains as the church ruled that they were not paintings befitting a chapel. Some of them, restored, have been copied and the copies are to be seen in the library. An old brick building fills one whole side of the quadrangle. In this building, the King's scholars have been lodged for many years. The upper story, called Long Chamber on account of its length, 280 feet, is lined with bedsteads. The lower story was used as the lower school.

Eton has seventy scholars, called technically "King's scholars," but more familiarly Collegers, and in the slang of the school, "tugs." This last is on account of the black gowns or togas which they formerly wore as a badge of the support of the foundation. These Collegers are still looked down upon, as the term "beastly tugs" would imply, although the present is a very great improvement over their former position. The Collegers were despised by the Oppidans for several reasons. The Collegers were required by the statutes to be the sons of poor men; they wore gowns; they led lives apart from the Oppidans; they were debarred from entering

the boats because it was presumed that they could not afford the expense; then they had to discharge offices which we consider degrading. In the college halls, three lower boys had to wait upon the sixth form, pour out beer, wipe plates and like duties. Although the "tugs" are looked down upon, there are over a hundred applicants for the two or three vacancies which are open each year. The collegers comprise the pick of the English private schools and have among their numbers some of the finest scholars in the country.

Before the latter part of this century did not even have wash-stands nor basins, but had to content themselves with the pump. When in 1838. the "tugs" petitioned that the supply of water be laid in the college, it was dismissed with the curt remark that gas and Turkeycarpets would be wanted next. The chambers were as squalid as the boys who slept in them. The system of fagging was nothing if not brutal, for every trivial encroachment upon the rules of fagging or any slight neglect of duty met with brutal punishment. When a fag was kept up late at night by his work, he had the pleasant outlook of a flogging next morning for not knowing his lessons. The food served the collegers was not fit to eat, and the morals of the community were extremely low. Now all this is changed and the life of the "tug" is a very pleasant one. They have ceased to wear black gowns, have been received in all societies, and are on an equal status with the Oppidans, yet have their own peculiar institutions and games in which the Oppidans are not allowed to take part.

It is the large class of Oppidans which has made the school so famous. Henry wisely made a provision in his charter admitting boys upon payment of a certain sum. The Oppidans do not live in the regular school dormitories as do the Collegers, but as their name implies, in the town. They board at

houses kept by "tutors" or "dames" as at Rugby. The "dames" hold a similar position to that of the women with whom the boys board at Exeter and Andover, while the "tutors" have complete charge of the boys; in fact, a certain number of boys, whether in his house or not, are allotted to each "tutor" to have complete control of. The boys remain with their "tutor," boarding at his house or at a neighboring "dame's" throughout their school course. The life in these houses is very pleasant, and the boys make friendships which often last throughout their lives. Each boy has a small room, seldom more than twelve feet square, which contains a folding-bed, bath-tub, wash-stand, a fireplace and a teatable, as well as a study-table and chair; a few are equipped with book-cases and an ottoman. There are many stories which might be told of the good times which these scholars have. One is told of how all the bath-tubs in a certain passage were collected and shoved through the transom into a poor fellow's room. This filled the room so completely that before the unlucky occupant of the room could go to bed, he had to get the "boys' maid" to drag out every bath-tub.

The masters are very painstaking in the care of the boys and make it a point to find out all they can from the boys' parents, then they are able to train him in the way in which he has begun. The discipline is good for the boy, and many traits and habits are thus broken. Each house has its debating society, foot-ball and cricket teams and its crew.

Of course the life at Eton is relatively the same as at any great English public school. It is closely connected with athletics. Education until recently was confined almost exclusively to the ancient languages of Greece and Rome; Homer, Virgil and Horace were diligently studied, and the students were compelled to go through the different processes of making Latin verses. Mathematics was not made compul-

sory until 1851. The masters of Latin and Greek were placed upon a much higher rating than the other teachers. Now the modern languages are thoroughly studied and the list of subjects to be studied comprises all those which are found in our modern school curriculum. There are now some fifty odd assistant masters, divided as follows: eleven teach mathematics, five physical science, four French, three German, the remainder teach Latin and Greek. The boys destined for the army study somewhat different subjects from the rest of their school-fellows.

Discipline is mainly enforced by the "sixth form" præposters as at Rugby. Flogging with the birch, called in the school-boy tongue, "smacking," "swishing" or "tunding" is the usual form of punishment. Disorder and disobedience are punished by the birch, and minor offences by staying in or by writing out lines. In former times it was administered by the head-master, assisted by two "sixthform" boys, called "holders down." At one time Dr. Keate whipped eighty boys brought in relays of half a dozen each, between the hours of ten and midnight because they rebelled against a disciplinary order of the doctor's. This same doctor is represented in a little volume now in the British Museum, swishing a culprit kneeling before him on the block. A refrain set to music is written at the bottom of the picture:

> Birch and green holly, Birch and green holly, If thou be'st beaten, boy, Thank thine own folly.

This famous Eton flogging-block stands in the library; here Dr. Keate once birched the candidates for confirmation, and here many men prominent in England's history, past and present, have been swished.

The third block of its kind is in use at present; the first was worn out and the second car-

ried off. There is a story connected with the second block. One night several old Etonians, headed by a certain Lord Waterford, who had been making merry after a boat-race, broke into the old library where the block was kept and carried it off to London. Therethey rented rooms and founded the "Eton Block Club," to which no person could belong who had not been swished on that block while at school.

One story is told of how a boy escaped punishment by a queer mishap. This boy, who sits in Parliament now, was made to believe that a decoction of fresh walnut juice used as an ointment would render any part of the body impervious to pain. As he had been complained of on a half-holiday, he knew that he would have to "stay at nine" on the next day; so he procured some green walnuts, squashed their juice out into a basin and daubed himself freely with the liquid. Next morning he found to his dismay that he had stained himself a rich mahogany color which would not wash off. It was in vain that he rubbed himself with a soapy sponge and called upon his neighbors to assist him in this operation, the stains would not go; several of his lower-boy friends reassured him by saying that they did not show much, and it was on the faith of these statements that the self-painted one went down into school. At nine o'clock he appeared in the swishing-room; and being too shy to give the head-master a hint of what had happened, knelt down without a word. Dr. Goodford, then head-master, fairly recoiled. But when the "sixth form" præpostor who had got an inkling of the story, laughingly explained the situation, the doctor's mirth was too great to allow him to proceed with the castigation.

One of the troubles of the Eton junior is supposed to be fagging, which is generally considered a system of horrible tyranny, and especially so by anxious parents whose boys are just commencing school. At Eton it is not so. The fag's work consists of cooking his master's breakfast and of running errands for him. The fag calls his master in the morning, brings him hot water, fills his bath and puts the room straight for bed at night. Some of the pleasantest friendships have been formed between fagmaster and fag. The worst part of fagging is the necessity of always being ready to answer the cry of Lower boy. On that occasion every boy in the house answers the summons and the last boy is called upon to do the duty which is to be performed.

The Etonian, established in 1821, was the first school paper. It lasted about a school term and died out when spring came with its sports. It contained notes of the school, several pieces of clever verse and a chronicle of athletics. The Eton Chronicle is one of the few papers which lasted longer than a school term. This paper occupies the place which the Crimson holds at Harvard. It records all the events of the school and its back files are used now by historians and biographers. When Gladstone was in the "sixth form" at Eton, he edited and published a paper, the Miscellany, which was excellent in many Arthur Hallam wrote for it several beautiful poems, among them, the "Death of a Charger" and "The Battle of the Boyne." Gladstone expressed his mind freely in his paper. The paper lasted the usual length of time.

There are many school societies. Foremost among them stands the "Eton Pop," or debating society. The original society was purely literary, but now it has grown almost exclusively athletic. It still holds its debates, however. The members of the present "Pop" are mainly cricketers, who belong to the school eleven, the school crew, and about eight others, who represent the school in football or are noted as being especially good fellows. The "Pop" is on an equal footing

with the very best American societies, such as the Yale Senior societies or the Dicky at Harvard. The members are obliged to be good fellows as well as athletes, and there are always a number of good scholars among them. The authority that the "Pop" exercises over the school is enormous. It is an absolute power and has complete control of all school affairs. The influence of the "Pop" is a good one. In America when a man gets into our leading college societies, he drifts away from his former friends. At Eton the boys keep up their former friendships as well.

There is also a College Debating society, which is devoted wholly to debating. There is a Literary society of thirty-five members which holds weekly meetings, at which a paper is read on literature, science or art by one of its members. Besides these, there are the usual number of smaller clubs.

Of course athletics, whether preferred to study or not, forms a very important part of the school life. Football is the first game to be played in the Christmas half, even under the hot sun of September. Cricket belongs to the spring half, and is never played in early fall no matter how pleasant the weather may be, for it would be contrary to tradition. There are two kinds of football, known as "field" and "wall" games. The "field" game is very much like our game of football. The play begins with a "bully" or scrimmage, The main feature of the game is dribbling. The "wall" game is entirely different. It is supposed to be derived from passage football which the Etonians play on rainy winter days in the passages of the houses, using the doors at the ends as goals. This originated at a time when there were no playing fields. The field beside the wall is only six yards wide by one hundred and twenty yards long. Five of the eleven players on either side form against their wall what is called a "bully." The ball is placed between them while the other

players watch for it to come out. The object of the game is to get the ball into a "calx" that is beyond a white line near each end of the field. Once beyond this line the player's object is to get it up in a peculiar manner with his foot against the wall and touch when he gets a "shy," that is the privilege of throwing the ball at the goal. It is a very rare occurrence that a goal is made, as it is almost impossible to get the ball past the defenders of the goals. The game is usually decided by the number of "shies" obtained. This game would die out were it not for the annual game between the Oppidans and "tugs." The Oppidans wear orange and purple colors, the Collegers mauve and white. Those who are to play in the "bully" are incased in heavy padded jerseys, football pants and head harnesses.

Fives, racquets and athletic sports fill out the intermediate half. Cricket is the great game at Eton and stands next to boating in the sports, the captain of the eleven standing next to the captain of the crew among the swells. Every house has an eleven, while the school has two, a first and a second eleven. The boys on entering the Upper school decide whether they will be "wet bobs" or "dry bobs" that is, whether they will play cricket or row. The great games of the year are those of Winchester and of Harrow. The Harrow game is played at Lord's Field, London and the Winchester game alternates between Winchester and Eton. The enthusiasm at these matches is very great, but there is no concerted cheering as there is at our own great games.

Boating is the great sport at Eton. For many years the school has led in rowing and has defeated many of the crack college erews. Eton stands in the foremost place, like our own St. Paul's, furnishing the majority of the men who row on the great university crews. Everything is in favor of boating at

Eton. The Thames lies very near Eton, flowing between the college and Windsor Castle. Ever since Eton was founded the boys have probably rowed, fished and swam in the Thames. Many boys have hunted the waterfowl which frequent its banks.

Before the middle of this century the boys were obliged to go through a marvelous performance called "shirking" on their way to and from the river. When they saw, in the distance, the form of any of the masters they would dodge into the nearest shop to escape being caught. In this way the boys were allowed to boat on the river. After 1868 "shirking" was done away with and the boys were free to go to the river as they liked.

Before a boy can row upon the river he must "pass" at swimming. In 1846 a boy was drowned in the river, and on account of that the masters forbade all who could not swim to row. Bathing masters were appointed and Athens, Upper Hope and Cuckoo Weir were appointed bathing places. No boy could bathe in any place but Cuckoo Weir till he had "passed." This is a very pretty ceremony. A number of boys whom the water-men think proficient enough, appear undressed in a punt. A pole is stuck up in the water about thirty yards off, at a point which is out of The master stands on a high place called Acropolis. As the names are read off each in turn swims around the pole twice. They must also be able to swim with their clothes on. Since "passing" was established there has been only one boy drowned, although many are swamped in all kinds of circumstances. A boy who has not passed belongs to the class called "non-nants."

From time immemorial there has been a ten-oar, several eight-oar and six-oar boats, with regular crews, captains and coxswains. No lower boy can get into the "boats" at all, but must content himself with a "lock-up" or an outrigger. A "lock-up" means a boat hired

by a boy alone or with several others. The tenoar is called the Monarch, as it is the head boat in all the processions. The captain of the boats rows stroke and the second captain rows stroke in the second boat. The boats themselves bear certain names. Britannia was the second boat. The Hibernia, Etonian and Nelson completed the list of the five "Up per boats." The "Lower boats" are six oars, Defiance, Rivals and Victory. Today the Victory is the second boat.

Boating begins March 1st or as soon after that as possible. It opens with a procession of boats to Surly Hall, each crew in flannel shirts and straw hats, with the name of the boat on the hat band. Many of the houses have representative crews upon the water, and the rivalry between them is intense. The special training for the boats in furnished by the novice eights. About a hundred men from the "fifth" and "sixth forms" pass in their names as candidates. The leading oarsmen then take them out in scratch eights, and the rest of the candidates are chosen for the novice eights. The races are three-quarters of a mile, from the Sandbank to Windsor bridge. The successful candidates get their boats. The 4th of June is the gala day, and every true Etonian celebrates this day of all days. The town is filled with the parents and friends of the scholars and sight seers. Luncheon is served in the college hall. At 4 o'clock there is chapel and later the boys serve small spreads in their rooms. Then every one goes to the river to see the departure of the boats for Surly. The return of the boats is welcomed by fireworks.

Dr. Warre is the father of rowing at Eton. He was a boating man himself, and when he came to Eton in 1860, he was asked to coach the crew. He had charge of rowing until 1884, when he was made head master. The method of selecting the eight is that which

Mr. Lehmann has introduced at Harvard, There are two crews selected from the best oars in the upper boats in the Easter term. Then from these the final eights are selected. They practice regularly on the Thames. The captain of the crew is the acknowledged "swell" of the school. He has unlimited power overthe "boats," managing and controlling all the affairs connected with them. As secretary and treasurer he keeps the accounts and writes the journal of races and events. No one disputes his authority. No money can be levied, however, without the authority of the head master.

For many years Eton has entered a crew at Henley for the Ladies' plate. She won it in 1864, '66, '67, '68, '69, '70, '82, '84 and '85, and has won heats for several years in the race for the Grand Challenge Cup, beating many of the crack college crews. When Yale sent a crew to England, a short time ago, Eton entered the Grand Challenge in hopes of being drawn against her.

Among the many Etonians who have made themselves famous in various ways we find the following: Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Marquis Cornwallis, Duke of Wellington, Thomas Gray, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Henry Fielding, the novelist, Robert Boyle, "the father of Experimental Philosophy," Sir Robert Walpole, Charles James Fox and Lord North and Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, Lord Roseberry, Mr. Balfour, Lord Randolph Churchill and Lord Kimberly of our own day.

Eton is rather an expensive school. The school charges are not heavier than those of some of the other great public schools, but there is a prevailing air of wealth. When there is so much money spent around him, it is hard for a boy to resist, and so the average young Englishman spends his money freely. The majority of the boys at Eton are of high birth and take their life easily.

as they have no hard work to look forward to. The standard of general industry is not very high, but the whole school spirit and the tradition of Eton places it far above the rest in desirability, and that alone accounts for its popularity.

MY TURKEY-HUNT.

Part III.

ONCE around the curve, the old fellow quickening his pace, began to sing, in a deep, rolling voice, one of his ditties, which ran something like this:

"Oh, my Lor', what do I see?
Way down in a-Egyp' lan'.
Two Tall Angels comin' atter me,
Way down in a-Egyp' lan'."

As we progressed the woods became thicker; the great pines towered sixty feet on every side, and the sparkling, snow-laden bushes were so dense that the ground could not be seen for any distance. I loaded my gun again, with my best shells, and then we continued in silence for a long distance up the railroad. At last we turned aside and sat down at the foot of a dense evergreen to rest. I had called a halt, and in consequence Harry offered me this information free of charge: "Dat's des de way wid dees no 'count Yankee boys. Dey muss go huntin', yit dey doan' wanter walk, same as dev muss git all de money, yit dey won't do no wuk. Hit uz dat way wid Rey Sims, de po'-sto'-keeper, yit he come out wid de speshy and gone 'for you know it."

A dark, forbidding cloud had covered the western sky and a gloom was cast over the whole landscape. My feet soon became wet and cold after we left the railroad, and I was beginning to feel that I was on a wild goose chase, as I had been told the night before; only it was worse, for turkeys are worse than

geese. Indeed, I felt like quitting the whole affair and giving up, gun, glory, fame and visionary turkeys. I am sure Joe felt likewise, for though generally in good spirits, he now hunted with little or no zeal. And, again, my knowledge, scanty though it was, was far from encouraging, for I knew these birds were extremely wild and wary, and that a shot could but seldom be obtained even when they were encountered. They generally have to be called up with a yelper after they have been scattered; and although I had a yelper, I knew well enough that I couldn't fool a sagacious old gobbler with it. Then, too, we had been walking for an hour in a region where Harry said that the creatures could be found and yet none had made their appearance so far.

But my thoughts were pleasantly interrupted when I noticed that Joe had suddenly become alert, and set off to our right, as if inspired with all the vigor of twenty hounds fresh on the scent of the fox. At the same time the old darkey set up a whoop, and declared: "Gentlemens! dem turkeys ain't fur, dat dey ain't." And if the signs could be depended upon, they certainly were not. There, as fresh as morning dew, was a regular trail where the feathered band had passed, evidently very recently.

We followed hot after the dog, I with my gun cocked and ready to shoot. We had not advanced far when we heard the dog barking fiercely, and in a moment the whole flock of frightened turkeys, beautiful to behold, broke

into view on a little incline some three hundred yards beyond. Just then the cloud drew to one side, and the sun, doubly brilliant, smiled upon the scene, and seemed to make the affair as pleasant as possible in my mind. But it was sadly disappointing not to be able to even have a shot at them, though it was a sight long to be remembered. I suppose that there were twenty, some large and glossy and as black as crows, while others had tinges of brown in their plumage. They gave us little time to see them, however, for they tore away through the woods like a drove of frightened horses. The old gobbler was setting the pace, and I doubt if bird ever ran faster. He was an immense patriarch, with a great long beard, well trained in the business. He knew well how to manœuvre his band and keep them out of harm's way. If all the flock had followed him they would all have been safe now, so far as I am concerned. In another moment our four-footed companion appeared in hot pursuit, and the veteran of many winters gave the order, "Take to the wing." Then the whole band, under the same leadership, rose into the "elements an' lit out frum da," leaving Joe in the lurch. We set off in the same direction as the turkeys, little expecting to see more of the wily creatures that day.

I had hardly taken three steps, however, when there was a great whirring noise in a bush near to me. Harry leaped back, and two fine specimens of America's greatest game bird cut the sharp winter air with their wings. One flew directly away from us and was soon lost to view in the woods, but the other, a yearling gobbler, turned and came like a cannon ball right across my path. Had he followed the old leader "swift death" would not have overtaken him so soon. I wasn't so sure about his death when I saw him going like an arrow for the nearest brush; but up went my big double-barreled gun, and when I thought him somewhere in the neighborhood of my

aim I pulled the trigger, although my hand was shaking like a leaf. The shot did not entirely miss its mark, for a bunch of feathers flew into the air and floated slowly to the ground. Hardly a second later I gave him all that was left in the old piece. That swift messenger of death brought the great bird tumbling to the ground. Harry gave vent to his feelings by first a whoop and then uproarious laughter.

Joe pounced upon my quarry and laid it at my feet. When the old darkey tied the bird's legs together, he muttered, half to himself:

"I boun' you, dat boy'll be one er deze yere ol time, sho' nuff, hearter men, like de Marz Frank uster be. He, oh, de ol' boss wuz a shootin' man, or my name ain't Harry Rastus Benjamin Bijums."

PART IV.

The last of a story ought to be the best part, yet, I can never think of the last of this poor little tale without anger and chagrin. When one does something worth doing and gets absolutely no credit for it, it is hard luck surely.

As we proceeded back toward the railroad, Harry, Joe, the Turk, and myself, I was feeling mighty good. My feet were wet and my hands were cold, but I didn't mind that. The way home was long and I was thirsty, but pshaw! all these things were trivial. Didn't I have a real big, glossy wild turkey gobbler, killed by my own hand, after all the talk of the cracks on the day before? Yes, sir, and were not those three hundred smokeless waterproof twelve-gauge shells mine, and more than that, wasn't the gun I carried on my shoulder mine because of my right to call myself a hunter? Now the sun had gone down and the whole landscape had a dim white pleasant expression on one hand and Harry had an equally pleasant black one on the other.

So we went on, and although Joe started

up several rabbits, I let Old Molly Cottontail off, for I cared for no more game that day. At last we came to the top of a little hill, from which the railroad could be seen some distance in front of us. A sandy road, covered with snow, lay near us, leading from Barnup's plantation across to Ray's vineyard. were beside the tree that Harry had blazed as a guide for any of us who should chance to come up alone. Harry stopped a lengthy description of the Yankee army as it appeared when it had first come to his master's place, long enough to tell me that at the bottom of the incline to the right there was a spring of clear water, which couldn't be frozen over, and suggested that we put down our traps and go to get a drink. We did not hesitate to leave all our luggage where we were, for persons rarely came out there into the wood, and if any one had come, he wouldn't have touched it in any probability. So, proceeding to the spring, we drank our fill out of an old tin can which Harry had put there himself a year before. "Yessar, I keeps dis whole trac o' lan' in good condition. I keeps de roads clear frum trash an' trees blown down, an' de springs cleared out, an' I has my axes hid all through de woods so dat when I wanter cut hyar I ain't bleeged to bring an axe nor go dar to git one. Yessar, if it wa'n't fer me, I cyan't tell what wud happen ter dis neighborhood." So much for Harry's conceit. He talked as if . the land couldn't exist as it had for centuries before he was born.

We started to get our things, but when we were half way back we noticed "a shabby, low-down, no 'count nigger runnin' round lookin' fer a way to git inter de chain gang." He was standing near the place where we had left our things, gun, axes and turkey, and the minute we came in sight he set up a most horrible din:

"Oh, Lordy, run yeer, Boss. Dat nasty ol' hawk dun run off wid yer chicken, I wuz jes gwine shoot him but I hates ter pester wid

yuther folkses' things. Yasser Boss, I wuz jes gwine save dat turkey, but de ol' hawk wuz too quiek."

The blackamoor looked frightened. An explanation was necessary for the turkey was nowhere to be seen, and my gun was in the fellow's hand. I didn't know what to do, but Harry was equal to the occasion. Seizing a great pine knot, he rushed on the negro in a very menacing manner.

"Put down dat gun, you wuz 'bout ter steal an' keep yo mouf shet, 'fo' I snatch yo bakdheaded. Whar 'bouts is dat turkey at?"

"Fo' de Lord, Mister, I dunno whar hit is."
"What fur you said you seed a hawk wid
it?" Harry came closer.

"Case I did, an' dat's de Lord's truf. Ain't I gwine ter kill dat hawk, an' save yo' chicken, when long you come, 'bout ter lam me side de head?"

I am sure Harry would have followed his inclinations and have been arrested next day for murder if I hadn't said that perhaps the hawk had carried the turkey off. Then the negro said that he thought that he saw the hawk drop it, some little distance off, and that he would get it. Well, I saw that he was trying to crawl and thinking that he would bring the turkey from the place where he had hidden it, I told him to hurry. He went off into the woods for about twenty yards, reached under a log, pulled out something, and then, amid great profanity on our part, hastened away in an entirely different direction at a rate well calculated to discourage pursuit. caught up the gun and blazed away at him, but he was too far off and too well sheltered by the trunks of the trees. Harry dropped his ax, shook his fist, and hurled at the fast disappearing form threats and curses, much like those which small street gamins call at one another.

"Just wait till I catch you again, you just wait"—and then proceeded to tell in the most

vigorous language what would happen if that event should ever happen again.

We did all that was left to do, namely, to proceed homeward, until Harry left me to attend to his duties. Three longer or more weary miles I never walked, but worse, far worse than that was the great roar of laughter that welcomed my return, and when I finished my story, they all laughed again and Will expressed the feelings of the whole company of hunters—a hard-hearted set, it seemed to me—in these words:

"You're a great hunter. Start out at seven o'clock in the morning and come home at six

in the evening without a sign of game except one poor, miserable turkey-feather, although you saw birds and rabbits by the dozen, and bring home that likely yarn. If you were the right kind of a hunter, you would have killed the nigger too and shut up about it. Ha! Ha! Ha!" and they all laughed again until George at last said:

"You mustn't mind, sonny, you are a good hunter for a fellow of fourteen and you did well. If you don't get the gun, you shall have the shells." But I was not to be consoled. If I had ever met that black scoundrel again, I should have followed Will's advice, I feel sure.

E. H. S. DRAMA.

The drama, given by the class of '98, English High School, on March 7, at Odd Fellows' hall, was by far the best piece of work that has been done by that school during the past few years. The parts were well taken, the play well chosen and the whole affair went off without any break to mar it.

The following is the cast:

John Stevenson, from India. Frank Spencer Robert Joy (alias Lightheart), his nephew,

Samuel Usher Dr. Paul Potter, of New York...J. D. Lucas Sam Buttons, the Irrepressible..W. L. Gray Barney, the Gardener.....Leon Jacquith Kate, a Little Joker..Miss Bertha May Close Alice, the Doctor's Wife..Miss Mildred Gray Mary, the Maid.....Miss Alice M. Powers The Baby, a Gem in Pottery....By Herself

Kate, Miss Close, carried off the honors of the evening. Her acting was good and her singing very sweet. Miss Alice Gray made a charming matron and seemed perfectly at home upon the stage. Miss Powers, as Mary, the maid, was very attractive and assumed a true Irish brogue. She acted exceedingly well and sang with great expression.

Mr. Spencer, the uncle, took his part very cleverly, imitating the walk, voice and carriage of an old gentleman to perfec-His appearance when painted as an Indian was quite startling. Usher as the hero, Robert Joy, was most attractive in the first act, when his costume became him well. However, he carried himself with ease throughout the play, and his interpretation of the part was good. Mr. Lucas was very good and his make-up perfect. Mr. Gray was the life of the play and was well applauded throughout. His anger at having Mary kissed by another was well assumed. Mr. Jacquith made an ideal Irish gardener, very few recognizing him under his excellent make-up.

The baby was a great success and in spite of its rather harsh treatment seemed to be very little stage-struck even before so large an audience.

The programmes were very business-like and the dance orders were quite pretty. The drama was well attended and many stayed to dance after the performance.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The class games will take place sometime about the first of May.

Candidates for the track team will be called out the last part of this month, April.



Guy Bancroft, '98, has been elected temporary captain of the Cambridge High and Latin School crew.



The May number of the Review comes out the twelfth of May. All copy must be in by the last of April.



R. B. Clark, '98, has been ratified by the supervisory committee as manager of this year's baseball team.



Holland Bennett, 1900, has been ratified by the supervisory committee as manager of next year's football team.



G. L. Dow, '98, has been elected to the executive committee of the New England Interscholastic Athletic association.



The interscholastic outdoor meet comes off the fourth of June at Worcester, Mass. The reason why the meet is to be held at Worcester is because no meet can be held at Holmes Field after May 14th.



The April number of the Review can be found on sale at the same stores as last month, namely, Sever's and Amee Bros.', Harvard square, Beunke's on Massachusetts avenue, and Ketchum's, 735 Massachusetts avenue.



Wanted—The issues of May, 1895, and February, 1896. Any one having the same and willing to part with either or both, will kindly communicate with the Editor.

... ALUMNI NOTES ...

College:

K. L. Mark, '94, is assistant in chemistry at Harvard.

The class of '97, E. H. S., will hold a reunion dance on Friday evening, April 15.

R. T. Capen, C. L. S. '91, Harvard '95, has been in Scotland studying for the ministry.

L. Warren, E. H. S. '96, is doing fast work in the low hurdles with the Harvard Mott Haven team.

K. L. Mark, C. L. S. '94, is to take part in the Delta Upsilon play, to be given the latter part of April.

J. F. Osborn, C. L. S. '92, is studying engineering in the Harvard Graduate school and assistant in drawing.

R. P. Utter, C. L. S. '94, has written part of the words for the Hasty Pudding play, "Boscabello," to be given early in May.

H. N. Stearns, '95, and H. S. Hyde, '97, will take part in the French play soon to be given by the Cerele Français of Harvard.

W. B. McDaniel, C. L. S. '89, A.B., Harvard '93, A.M. '94, is studying the classics in England. He holds a John Harvard fellowship.

A. S. Bacon, C. L. S. '91, is studying at the Harvard Medical school. He is assisting in chemistry there, and also at the Dental school.

H. Bancroft, C. L. S. '94, is rowing at 4 in the Harvard '98 crew, and C. W. Locke '97 is stroking the freshman crew. N. W. Tilton, '96, and J. B. Hawes, 2d, '96, are rowing in the 1900 Weld crew.

A. F. Barnes, C. L. S. '94, and W. L. Holt, '96, are playing with the Harvard Banjo club, and H. H. Fox, '96, with the Pierian Sodality. J. F. Bacon, '95, J. B. Hawes, '96, and J. E.

Sharkey, E. H. S. '95, are singing on the Harvard Glee club, of which Bacon is treasurer. C. W. Locke, '97, and H. H. Murdock, '97, are singing with the Freshmen Glee club.

A study of the Harvard catalogue for 1897-98 shows that there are this year in Harvard and Radcliffe one hundred and fifty-three students who either graduated from the High and Latin schools or attended one of those schools for some length of time. The following table shows the distribution among the various departments:

798 15 799 17 700 22 701 20 Specials 4 Total 78 Scientific School 8 Graduate School 6 Law School 7 Medical School 7 Dental School 2 Radcliffe: 7 Graduates 7 798 9 799 4	
'0012	
'0110	
Total45	
Summary:	
College	78
L. S. S.	8
Gr. S	6
L. S	7
M. S	7
D. S	2
Radeliffe	45
Total Prof. Lect. Instruc	
Grand total	160

Three Harvard professors are High school graduates, three Latin school alumni are assistants, and Mr. Huling is lecturer in the Graduate school. Thus it is seen that the Latin and High school influence at Harvard and Radcliffe this year is 160.

Leslie M. Bigelow, C. L. S. '91, died on March 24 of pneumonia. He received an A.B. from Harvard in '95, and was in the third year class at the Law school. While in college, he played on his class nine.

THE "CASUS" OF CACUS.

A Tragic Idyll.

In the palmy days of yore, On the Tiber's sandy shore,

Stood, with stern and beetling brow, a precipice.

In this cliff ('tis not a bluff), In a cavern dark and rough,

Bloody Cacus dwelt in solitary bliss.

When in battle, his the day, Luckless foes their heads would pay, To this man of mighty mien ('twas mighty

While with Iv'ry Soap galore, He would wash the bloody gore

mean).

From his clothes and heal his cuts with vaseline.

Hercules now chanced along, Having just slain Geryon,

And his restive steeds were pastured in the vale.

Cacus thought he saw his chance, So he set out from his manse,

Captured eight and dragged each homeward by its tail. Lowing, Hercules could hear, Of a cow (this is no steer),

Sounding faintly from the cave with plaintive call.

He determined to attack, Said, "I'll get my heifers back,

And will turn that villain's picture to the wall."

Jutting out above the cave
Was a rock. The hero brave

Grasped and shook it till 'twas rent with crack and seam.

It's as κυία as κυία can be, ('Pologies to Mr. B——),

But the mighty crag was hurled into the stream.

Now the cavern was laid bare, And the dank and fetid air

Was impinged with pitchy smoke from Cacus' jaws.

But it was of no avail,

Cacus could not make him quail,

Neither could the fire nor darkness make him pause.

Caeus felt the hero's grasp,
Gave a little smother'd gasp,
And his lifeless body dropped upon the floor.
As he chanced to have the price,
Caeus bought a cake of ice,
And a Pullman took for Pluto's sultry shore.

ROSE MAIDEN.

On Tuesday evening, March 15, the Rose Maiden, from the German, by R. C. Francillon, and composed by Frederick H. Cowen, was given at Union hall under the direction of Frederick E. Chapman. The music is entirely free from the mannerisms of the time in which it was written, and therefore it approaches the classical. The chorus, composed mostly of High School pupils, was splendidly trained, and Mr. Chapman's careful study of the score and knowledge of music enabled him to gain the best results from the orchestra, which was composed of the Cambridge Festival orchestra and eight members of the Germania orchestra. The wooden wind and brass instruments were good, excepting the oboe, which was out of tune. stringed instruments could not have been played better, with the exception of the viola, played by a member of the Germania orchestra. He unfortunately broke one of his strings. The solo, which he played, should have been written in the G clef for the violin, is solely without melody until the entrance of the whole orchestra, when the time and theme changes. The harp was beautifully played by Miss Kunhardt.

Miss Bradbury, the soprano, has a full voice, very clear and melodious. She sang her part with feeling, in fine tune, and she reached her highest notes without apparent effort. Miss Webber has a beautiful alto voice, very reaching, clear and true, although

as yet undeveloped. She sang with expression, and one felt that she had more power in her voice than she displayed. The demand on the tenor was not very great, and Mr. Townsend sang his part in fine voice and with a little show of dramatic expression. Mr. Dwyer has a strong tenor voice. His long recitatives were finely sung. The chorus could not have been better.

Last year when the cantata of Ruth was given, Union hall was packed to the doors. This year, when a cantata superior to Ruth was given, produced by a reinforced orchestra, four excellent soloists and a stronger chorus, it was attended by only six hundred persons. But the blame lies with the Latin School scholars, so indifferent to the welfare of their school that they did not let their parents and friends know that a cantata was to be given. Many of the parents came to Mr. Chapman afterwards saying that they would most certainly have attended the cantata had they known that such a performance was to be given. What seems strangest of all is that while the chorus came mostly from the High School, the proceeds went entirely to the Latin School to pay the fees of the scholars taking the examinations at Radcliffe.

Under Mr. Chapman's direction the cantata was very successful. There were a great many musical people in the audience who attested to the merits of the performance.

Sketches.

A RIDE.

Or all sports I like horseback riding best, but I get a chance to ride only about three times in the winter. A few weeks ago I got a chance to go riding with my cousin, who is a very swell rider and has very stylish and frisky horses. Somebody had told her that I was fond of riding, so she asked me to go with her. Now I like riding very much, but going to ride on Commonwealth avenue, on a horse I knew I could not manage, rather appalled me. However, if I said I could not go, then everybody would say I did not like riding, so I said that I should be very happy to go, and she appointed a day a week off.

The day arrived at last. I was so scared that I could scarcely sleep the night before. I was to be at her house on Commonwealth avenue at half past three. When the time to start came I almost gave out, but I mustered up my courage and went. I got there a little before the horses and waited in the parlor with my cousin. I had almost forgotten how scared I was when my cousin said: "Here they are!" I looked out of the window and there were two horses with a groom between them. The one with a man's saddle on its back was jumping around, first on his hind legs and then on his fore.

We mounted and started. Everything went well for a few minutes, until I came abreast of a carriage. The coachman driving it cracked his whip, starting my horse. He jumped half across the street and started off like an engine. I had lost my stirrup and could not think of holding him in when I was almost falling off. I swayed from one side to the other; all the rest seems like a dream. I only remember the horse brushing against a carriage and then falling off, expecting to

come down with a bang on the street, but I did not fall far, and I fell very easily. Wondering the cause, I looked up, and found myself in the lap of a stylishly dressed young lady, who was calling frantically to the coachman to stop. I picked myself up and spoke to the coachman. He stopped the horses and I backed out of the carriage, uttering profuse apologies to the young lady whose carriage I had invaded so unceremoniously.

Once out I found my hat and some one brought me my horse. I did not attempt to ride back to the house, where, on arriving, I found my cousin, who thought that I had met with an untimely end. Needless to say she has never asked me to ride with her again.

TIMELY HINTS FOR SPORTSMEN.

Many sportsmen have already been duck shooting this spring. There are a great many species of ducks. Perhaps the eider duck and the teal are hunted as much as any. Personally "eider" good "teal" rather hunt the latter. There are many other kinds, however, notably the "White" duck. There is one of this genus in the Class of '98. This species, like the chinchilla, is more or less chin.

At the Zoo in Boston there are a pair of toucan. The toucan, as is well known, is a species of parrot. These "two can" swear proficiently in "polly"-syllables.

At the same institution they also have a very intelligent lion. When he sees his dinner coming he always says: "O-O-OW-O-W O-O-O!" in a very loud voice. By that he gives the attendant to understand that he desires his meat "roar.'

It is stated that Colonel Benson, the South American explorer, once came face to face with a jaguar while under the influence of liquor, which he had taken for a snake bite. It is always embarrassing to meet a wild animal, but extremely so if a "jag you are."

We quote the following from the Fishermen's Gazette: "It is understood on good authority that sole and plaice are being gradually exterminated." The "sole place" where they can now be found is in the Indian Ocean.

A small proportion of sportsmen are able to hunt in the far North. The best means of getting there is by boat, though Andrée recently tried it by balloon. No one is advised carriage and then my falling off, expecting to invented so far whose mechanism can be depended upon. Most of them are troubled with a defective "flue."

In the North the polar bear is met with.

I wish to state emphatically, however, that this quadruped is not "an ice" animal to eat.

The seal is also very popular with sportsmen. Although not always "in the swim," it is generally "on the floe."

Latest dispatches from Africa say that hunting the horned horse has very recently become a popular sport; that, in fact, it is a pastime distinctly "gnu."

A stare bird belongs to the sub-family Ptilonorhynchinæ. The name of the sub-family makes you stare quite as much as the bird itself. If you try to pronounce it quickly your tongue is apt to get tied up in a bow knot similar to the green one which "fair Miss N——, who plays the violin," wore in her hair on St. Patrick's Day.

A CONVERSATION

FROM A RECENTLY DISCOVERED FRAGMENT OF THE ANABASIS — WITH FREE TRANSLATION.

Said Cyrus to Clearchus: ὀφθαλμῷ (with a wink), εἶs μία ἕν οὐδείς οὐδέν (That means: "Come have a drink.")

Said Κλέαρχος to Κῦρος ώς ἴνα ὅπως μὴ That means: "Oh thank you very much, But guess I won't today.")

Said noble Cyrus in a tone Which was extremely foxy: ἀνά κατά τινί ἅ ἅ!!! (That means: "It's only Moxie.")

Said Κλέαρχος to noble Cy: τιθείς διδούς ἱστάς
That means: "I'll stop a little while, And have a little glass.")

Said Xenophon to Proxenus
As Clearchus home they took:
"Oh! Proxy lad, that Moxic had
A very potent look."



A stern necessity—a rudder.

The largest revolver in the world—The Ferris Wheel.

"That remains to be seen," said the boy when he spilt the ink on the table-cloth.

The staff of life on the point of death—a loaf of bread on a bayonet.

What fruit is most visionary? The apple of the eye.

Died of an eruption—"the people who lost their lives at the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

That changes the complexion of things, mused Wigwag, as he gazed on his wife's dressing-case.

"Can you tell us the way to Tarryville?" "G-G-G-Go on. You c-can g-get there quicker'n I can t-tell you."

"What's veal, Benny?"

"Oh, it's that part of the cow we eat before she grows up."

"They say Smith's new suit is tremendously loud."

"Loud! Why it would disturb the nap of a silk hat."

Professor (in logic)—"Mr. J—, what is the universal negative?"

J.—"Not prepared, sir."

Bobby—"Papa," who was Peter the Great?"

Papa—"That's a nice question for a Sun day school boy to ask. Why don't you study your Bible?"

Crossing the Irish channel—"Can I do anything for you?" said the judge.

"Yes," gasped the seasick lawyer. "I wish your lordship would overrule this motion."

The deacon, having read somewhere that three of a kind beat two pair, is now driving three horses abreast on his heavy loads instead of a four-horse team as formerly.

She—"Her horse ran away and he stopped it and now they are married."

He (sadly)—"Yes, but some horses never run away."

Wife (at breakfast—"Henry, will you ask a blessing?"

Henry (examining hash)—"We've blessed everything here before, dear."

"Martha, dost thou love me?" said a young Quaker.

"Why Seth, we are commanded to love each other."

"Ah! Martha, but dost thou feel what the world calls love?"

"I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth, I have tried to bestow my love upon all, but I have sometimes thought, perhaps, that thou wast getting more than thy share."

Doubting woman—"Really, now, are these eggs fresh?"

Grocer—"Madam, if you will kindly step to the telephone and call up our farm, you can hear the hens that laid those eggs still cackling."

"It isn't getting into trouble that's hard," said the philosophical young man, "it's getting out of it."

"Yes," replied Willie Wishington, "I think of that evewy time I twy to wepose in a hammock."

Lady—"Now that you have partaken of a good dinner, are you equal to the task of sawing some wood?"

Tramp—"Madam, equal is not the proper word; I'm superior to it."

A.—"Well, and how did you sleep last night? Did you follow my advice and begin counting?"

B.—"Yes; I counted up to eighteen thousand."

Λ.—"And then you fell asleep?"

B.—"No; then it was time to get up."

"Rabbi, who is happier, the man who owns a million dollars or he who has seven daughters?"

The Rabbi—"The man who has many daughters, because he who has a million dollars wishes for more, and he who has seven daughters does not."

Latin pupil—"Hominy is the food for man."

Friend--"How do you know?"

Latin pupil—"I read in a book that homo is man, hominis of man, and homini is for man."

Grandpa's Birthday—"Many happy returns on the day, grandpa! And mamma says, if you give us each fifty cents, we mustn't lose it."

A Frenchman was calling on a young American lady who could not speak French. In an excess of enthusiasm he said: "Mademoiselle, je t'adore!"

"Shut it yourself," promptly replied the young lady.

First crook—"Any luck lately?"

Second crook—"No. Worked all night on a safe; and, when I got it blowed open, it was a folding bed."

Small brother—"O grandma, Harry broke the record at the college contest!"

Grandma—"Well, I declare! that boy is always breaking something. What will it cost to fix it, or will he have to get a new one?"

A visitor at a school during a geography lesson asked a bright boy: "What is the axis of the earth?"

"An imaginary line passing from one pole to the other on which the earth revolves," he answered proudly.

"Yes," said his examiner, well pleased, "and could you hang a bonnet on it?"

"Yes sir!"

"Indeed, and what sort of a bonnet?"

"An imaginary bonnet, sir."

Teacher—"What do you know about the early Christians?"

Tommy—"Our girl's one of them. She gets up in the morning and goes to church before breakfast."

Debating Societies.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN SCHOOL.

The regular meeting of the society was held on the fourth. After the roll call Mr. Flanagan stated that during the last few days an agreement to join with the High School had been circulated and signed by twenty-four of the thirty members of the society. A committee of three was then appointed to see what arrangements could be made with the High School. The regular debate for the evening was then begun. Messrs. Blanchard and Bennett, 1900, upheld the affirmative and Messrs. Flanagan, '98, and Bennett, '01, the negative of the question: Resolved, "That the Postal Savings Bank System should be adopted by the United States." The jury awarded the debate to the affirmative.

Mr. Benshimol was present and made a strong speech against the proposed union of the two societies.

Towards the last of the evening a number of members of the High School society came down, and they stated that their school had just refused to unite by a vote of eleven to three.

The meeting was one of the best that has been held this year, and four new members were elected.

A well attended meeting was held on Friday evening, March 18. In the absence of the president, the vice president, Mr. Witte, presided. When the routine business had been disposed of, the following subject was discussed: "Resolved, That the United States is justified in going to war with Spain." Messrs. White, '02, and Pierce, '02, upheld the affirmative, and Messrs. Regan ,1900, and Ellis, 1900, the negative. When the debate was thrown open to the house, nearly everybody on the floor expressed an opinion. Among the others who spoke were seven new members. Miss Marston, '02, and Miss Sturtevant and Messrs. Barhun, 1900, Chase, 1900, Toohy, '02, and Mills, '01. Mr. Hill took the rebuttal for the affirmative and Mr. Regan for the negative. The jury awarded the debate to the affirmative and the best speech of the evening to Mr. Hill. After an attempt to have a hash debate the society adjourned, as certain members from the High school who were present saw fit to raise a point of order and insist upon it, so that no further business could be accomplished. It might be well for these High school boys to take to themselves some of the remarks that they have recently made with regard to the order kept at our meetings.

On motion of Mr. Blanchard, the society voted to ask Mr. Benshimol to speak before the whole school on the subject of debating.

ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL.

THE society held a mock trial Friday evening, March 25, there being about 250 people present. The trial was a complete success and the solemnity and dignity of an ideal court was carried out to the letter. The jury was made up of many famous men who had expressly left their cold beds to serve as jurymen, namely, Napoleon Bonaparte, General Maceo and Oliver Cromwell. The charge was one which is very common hereabouts, one which causes to the farmers of adjacent cities much annoyance—stealing of apples. The prisoner, Geoffrey Whalen, 1900, was thoroughly aware of the graveness of the charge as was shown by the expressions of his face during the trial. Mr. Donovan, '98, appeared as prosecuting attorney, and Mr. Dewing, '98, as attorney for the government. Mr. Donovan ably pleaded his case and his cross-examination was the cause of much amusement. The following served as clerk, crier and court officer respectively: Mr. Oakes, '99; Mr. Tobin, '98, and Mr. Mills, '99. Of the witnesses, Mr. Houston, '98, displayed his natural witty qualities to good advantage and Mr. Fish, '01, also did well. Mr. Connolly acted as judge.

The society has chosen the following to represent the school in its annual joint debate with Latin school: Mr. Donovan, '98, Mr. Connolly (special), and Mr. Dewing, '98. The society membership roll has greatly increased, there now being 80 members in the society.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

"Oh dear!!"

Gove, '98, has left school.

Oh! but those boots squeak!

"What does little Birdie say?"

Cutler, formerly of '98, is now on the "Enterprise."

The season had a good start but it seems to have punctured its tire.

We all regret to learn that Miss Spare will be unable to return to school this year.

'98 begins to realize how near it is to graduation, especially those who have talked to Mr. Huling.

How many engagements for wheeling were spoiled by that unfortunate snowstorm in vacation week?

Miss M—'s affections seem to be very variable, although it must be admitted that her taste inclines ever toward beauty.

Evidently Houston does not intend to break any of the by-laws of the "Sons of Rest," of which he claims to be president.

The view on Broadway at certain hours is most interesting, though one '98 girl says that her pet view is on Mount Auburn street.

Some of the '98 girls have been keeping the office in Miss Babbitt's absence and say it is great fun, especially when Mr. Warner "sends for things."

A great many of the graduating class have already got their pictures and they seem to be excellent likenesses. Those who intend to sit for pictures had better make no delay. One of the High School girls whose brothers are in the militia declare that if they are called out she is going with them as chaperon. "I really couldn't trust them alone with all those pretty Spanish girls."

It is truly amusing to see some of our shrinking, timid young ladies gather up courage enough to accost the boys. The following is an excellent example: "Oh-er-I—Won't you please swap pictures with me?"

A great many of our girls have declared their intention to go down and nurse in case of war. We hope that those "jealous and passionate Cubans and Spaniards" will not prevent loyalty to our own American boys.

On March 28, Mrs. Gleason, who is a natitional lecturer for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, gave a short talk to the school on the use of narcotics. It was both interesting and instructive and we hope its results will be what she wished.

List of new books by '98 authors:

"The Art of Music," by A. R. L. A most instructive volume. The chapter of "Serenades" may be read with profit by all

"When to be at Home," by B. M. C. A most instructive book for girls, written by an adept in the art.

"How to Woo and How to Win Her," by J. M. F. Mr. F. is fully competent to write upon this subject, his own efforts in that direction having been attended with unexampled success.

"The Art of Photography with a Treatise on Flash Lights," by W. L. G. Mr. G. has long practiced this art and is peculiarly well fitted to write upon it. His book will be found a great aid to all amateurs.

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LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

All feel relieved since the Physic's mid-year is over.

Miss Glidden, 1901, has left school on account of ill-health.

1902's track team may be seen training in front of the Colony at recess.

We hear that Blanchard's club is planning to give a drama. We wish them all success.

The weather during vacation was very bad, but all enjoyed, no doubt, the week's rest.

Carl Thayer, 1901, has left school, and has commenced work as an entry clerk for his father, at Fancuil Market, Boston.

Miss Marston and Miss Sturtevant, of 1902, have the honor of being the first and only female members of the debating society.

The new organization of 1900 is growing steadily. Every member of the class should belong to this society and give it his heartiest support.

A bright student of 1902, on being asked the gender of *fruges*, replied that as *arbor* was feminine, *fruges* must be feminine, for fruit grew on trees.

Does any one know why 1902 cannot have their socials on a Friday evening!

The prize recently offered by Mr. Benshimol for the best story, best essay and best poem has awakened some interest in the slumbering class of 1902. We shall expect more of them when they grow.

The fifth class social was held on February 10th at the home of Miss Lewis, Ellery street. It was an unexpected success.

Miss Towers, of 1902, has returned as a special.

A prominent member of 1902 seems despondent lately. Is it his card?

When you raise your eyes to the landscape, To look for a distant hill:

You see instead in the foreground,

A dog on a window sill.

"Cave canem."

On the eighteenth of March, '99 gave its junior dance in the Colonial Club hall. The matrons were Mrs. Stevens and Miss Stevens. Although the dance was not a financial success, those present had a very pleasant time. Much credit is due to Mr. Stevens for making the dance the success it was.

It is hoped that the school tennis tournament, which is to be held soon, will be a success. All who can play tennis, and even those who "play at" it, should enter the tournament. The first three men are permitted to enter the Interscholastic tournament with their dues paid by the supervisory committee. This should be an incentive to all.

1900 held a very enjoyable social at the home of Mr. Davenport, on Coolidge Hill avenue, Watertown, on Friday evening, March 25. There was a very large attendance. A drama entitled "Cinderella" was presented, and the brilliant acting called forth

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much applause from the spectators. Messrs. Bennett, Davidson, Davenport, and the Misses Norris, Crocker, and Coleman took the principal parts.

On Friday evening, March 25th, a picked team from the two schools bowled against a team from the class of '97, C. L. S., on the Colonial club alleys. The school team won by 83 pins. C. H. and L. was represented by F. Dow, Woodbury, Sherman, Warnock and Stevens; '97's team was composed of Reed, Thomas, Kendall, Lewis and Peters.

1902 held its second social on Wednesday evening, March 23d, at the home of Miss Rogers, 55 Dana street. A party of twenty-five spent a very pleasant evening. The four boys present seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly. The prizes were won by Miss Russell and Mr. Reid.

Now is the time for the class baseball teams to organize, if they have not already done so. 1902 has set an example by forming a team and electing Bailey as captain. It is hoped that each class will have a team, and that the nines will play for the class championship.

On Wednesday, March 30th, a whist party was held at the home of Miss Warnock, North Cambridge. Many members of the two schools were present and enjoyed a most pleasant evening. The first prizes were won by Miss Umbehend and Mr. Kendall, the second by Miss Fish and Mr. Sherman. Dancing was indulged in later in the evening. Miss Warnock proved a charming hostess.

'98 held its monthly social at the home of Miss Gauss, 58 Lake View avenue, on Thursday evening, March 24. The first part of the evening was pleasantly spent in playing "cat's cradle," at which Mr. Durant and Miss White excelled. Later on the game of "conversation" was enjoyed and Mr. Seaver and Miss White were pronounced by popular vote to be the most interesting talkers. Mr. Bradbury, Miss Leighton and Miss Albee were the guests of the class.



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The crew, our new venture in athletics, is proving a success. On March 18, a meeting was held at the High school to consider the Boston Athletic Association's offer of the use of their boat-house and shells. It was voted to accept the offer and take steps to put a crew on the water at once. Guy Bancroft, C. L. S. '98, was elected temporary captain. On Monday of the following week candidates were called out and training began. About twenty men came out to take the preliminary exercise.

A week later a meeting was held at the B. A. A., at which the proposition was considered and hours for rowing assigned. The following schools were represented and signified their intention to put crews into the water: Noble and Greenough's, Roxbury Latin, Boston Latin, English High, Stone's, Mechanics', Arts, Volkman's and Cambridge High and Latin.

Our crew went out on the water for the first time on Saturday, the second of April. The fellows rowed in pairs and were coached by Carl Adams, Harvard '99, who has kindly offered his services to coach the crew. The following men are at present rowing: G. Bancroft, Kenneth Adams, H. Winslow, Usher Barnes, Carpenter, Oakes and Williams, Durant is a candidate for coxswain.

THE base-ball team has been practicing since the second week in March. They have played one game, that with the Law school, which resulted in a defeat for our team; the score was nine to five.

The infield is nearly decided upon, but the outfield lacks candidates. Many fellows who play ball well have not come out to try. There should be twice the number of candidates out as at present.

Fred Clarkson will pitch and Walter Clarkson catch. These two will make as good a battery as we have had for some years. Lucas will play first, Hurley second, Dyer third and Carr short. Sullivan, Woodbury, Banks, Murphy and Stevens are trying for the outfield.

At the meeting held in the High school March 18, it was voted to hold a tennis tournament some time before the interscholastic tournament to decide who should be entered in that tournament. All those wishing to enter should hand in their names at once to Mr. Benshimol at the Latin school.

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CAMBRIDGE, MASS. MAY, 1898. XII.

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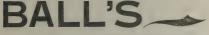
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THE

LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL

VOL. XII.

REVIEW.

NO. VIII.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, MAY, 1898.

THE MONTH.

We take pleasure this month in printing several contributions regarding school matters, one in particular in regard to the fouryear course and in answer to an article which appeared in these columns not long since.

We also take pleasure in printing the prize essay and story, in the competition in the lowest class in the Latin school.



There has been a great deal of controversy during the past few years concerning the establishment of a Manual Training school for girls in Cambridge. The Cantabrigia club have carried on under their auspices an excellent school of this nature which has proved very successful. Cooking, sloyd work and drawing have been taken up and the girls who have had the advantage of this training have received instruction in a branch, which will be quite as necessary to them as the branches which they take up in the grammar and higher schools. Every girl should know how to cook a simple meal and how to drive a nail straight. It has been suggested that the old Latin school be fitted up as a training school. Surely it could not be used to a greater advantage to the girls of Cambridge.

Since the commencement of hostilities between our country and Spain, there has been considerable desire shown on the part of the boys of both schools to form a military company. If the fellows go into it with a determination to obtain the benefit from the training, we should be in favor of its organization, providing a competent drill-master could be secured. But on the other hand, if the idea is a wild one to drill and then volunteer, we should advise that the matter be carefully considered. We very much fear that the fellows will go into this in the same half-hearted sort of way with which they go into most of their sports. It should be remembered too that it will require some very hard drilling on the part of the boys, harder than they now have any thought of, and that they may after all hate the drill as much as they now are in favor of it.



The question of the benefits and the evils of secret societies has been discussed by those who are members, and those who are not. Much may be said on both sides. When there is some good purpose in view, it is worthy to work for that purpose, whether the effort be made by one person, or by many, whether the many are working together, or

individually. The purpose may be of a literary nature, a reformatory nature, or of a purely social nature. Whatever its nature, it should be a moral, intellectual and beneficial one. A society can do a great deal of good by starting some excellent movement, and creating enthusiasm among its members and outsiders also. Sometimes it seems as if a wider dissemination of interest would be more advantageous, then again the combined efforts of a few can accomplish much more. Many think that anything secret is opposed to the democratic interests of a school, but the secretive part of a society need not be forced upon outsiders to a disagreeable degree. We should use judgment before joining a secret society, assuring ourselves that its purposes and practices satisfy the dictates of our conscience. The realization of such conditions in a society depends entirely upon its members.

It is needless to say that college fraternities are not made up, as a rule, of men of high character. In fact, many of them seem to have none at all, their chief motives being purely selfish. If fraternities are made up of such men who have previously been students in a High or Latin school, then their character must have affected the spirit of the society to which they belonged in the latter schools. Such a character is the consequence of a lack of proper home training and not the result of a membership to any secret society. By the efforts of such members a society grows more and more selfish in its aims; then an undesirable exclusion is created, no interest is shown for outsiders, and we distinctly feel the secretive spirit and therefore do not mingle with its members. It seems clear then, that if a society is to be honorable, and useful, it must contain honorable and useful members.

MISS MARIA E. SPARE, E. H. S. '61, one of the oldest school teachers in Cambridge, died Tuesday morning, April 12, after an illness of several weeks. Miss Spare had taught school in Cambridge for 35 years, her schools being the Putnam Grammar and the English High. She had taught German and French in the English High school for the past thirteen years. Miss Spare was born in East Cambridge about 56 years ago and was at one time a pupil of Mr. Cogswell, now superintendent of schools. During the last five years, she had made a special study of Egyptian hieroglyphics. Two years ago, she made a European trip. Out of respect to Miss Spare, the High school was closed the day of her funeral.

The class of 1898, English High school, have passed the following resolutions upon the death of Miss Spare:

Resolved, That we, the class of 1898, deeply mourn the death of our beloved teacher, Miss Spare, and wish to record our sincere regret that she has been taken from our midst.

Resolved, That we recognize her affectionate nature, her fidelity to her profession and her sterling character. That her loving manners and her deep interest in her pupils have given her an abiding place in our hearts. That we wish to express our gratitude for the privilege of having been under the guidance of one of the most successful of her profession, and our belief that her work will continue to bear fruit in the mental and moral natures of those to whose development she was so devoted.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the sister of our late teacher; also that they become a part of our record.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor of the Review:

In the Review of April, 1898, there are some statements about the Latin school that seem to need remark.

First: "There seems to be a steady movement toward the establishment of a four years' course at the Latin school."

From 1849 to 1853 the classical course in the High school was four years; from 1857 to 1873 it was four years. At this time the requirements for admission to Harvard College were increased by the addition of French, and from 1873 to 1898, that is, for the last twentyfive years, the college course has been five years. The present writer is not aware that there is any movement toward a five years' course for the Latin school. Since 1873 Harvard has added English and physics to its requirements, and now is to add for the preliminary examination in Latin, two to three thousand lines of poetry, four of Cicero's orations and Latin composition; and in Greek, twenty to sixty pages of text, and the writing of Greek sentences, and after 1902, solid geometry. In other subjects the requirements have certainly not been lessened. The selections for both Greek and Latin composition for sight translations have been much more difficult of late years.

Second: "There have been many pupils in past years who have completed the course in less than the required time."

The number who finished the course in four years is as follows:

1887, of 11	1 1892, of 22 3
1888, of 22	5 1893, of 24 1
1889, of 27	5 1894, of 25 3
1890, of 17	$5 1895$, of $25 \dots 3$
1891, of 361	4 1896, of 34 3
1897, of	366

In the class of 1898, of 45, there are two who are trying to complete the work in four years; in that of 1899, of 58, three; of 1900, of 67, two; of 1901, of 104, there are now seven.

That it is not an easy thing to cover the course in four years is also shown by the number who have started to do the work in this time, and have fallen by the wayside.

In 1890, 18 started, but only 3 succeeded.

In 1891, 10 started and 3 succeeded.

In 1892, 19 started and 3 succeeded.

In 1893, 13 started and 6 succeeded.

In 1894, 21 started and 2 succeeded.

In 1894, 21 started and 2 only are left.

In 1895, 18 started and 3 only are left.

In 1896, 7 started and 2 only are left.

In 1897, 17 started and of those who began last September, only 2 are left.

In this class (entering last September,), seven of the best were allowed to begin French last January. So many who thought they could do the work in four years have fallen out that hereafter only those who, before January of the year they enter, have shown exceptional ability, are to be allowed to take French or German as an additional study. Often those who could do the work in four years, do not wish to do so. They are usually the youngest in the class, and their parents wisely do not wish to run the risk of overwork.

Third: "When in the junior class the student recites four periods every day. In the previous years, however, only three hours or periods a day are required for recitations."

The third (III.) class also recites four periods every other day, and there are forty others—either in the first (I.) or the fourth (IV.) class—who from failure in the past or for

other reasons, are reciting four times every day or every other day.

Fourth: "This leaves two hours for the preparation of three lessons. Many scholars can do all the necessary study in school, which leaves them free outside."

The present writer would like to have those who can do "all the necessary study in school" report to him. Occosionally, but only occasionally, one is found who admits that he does not study out of school; such soon fall by the wayside. They never graduate. According to the above statement, it seems that the recitation time is as 3:2; that is, 50 per cent more time is to be spent in recitation than in preparation of a lesson. We are of the opinion that at least 50 per cent more time should be given to preparation than to recitation. The time may come when the pupil will ride all the time.

Fifth: "There are very few schools at present that require so long a time for the preparation for college as the Latin school. Yet there is no other school which has the reputation for thoroughness in fitting for college that our school has."

The Roxbury Latin school and the Boston Latin school have more than five years. In these schools, the last five years' correspond very nearly to the five years' course of the Cambridge Latin school. In these schools that have four years, very much work is done outside of school hours, the candidates for college are few and are obliged to spend their afternoons and their Saturdays with their teachers, who give them this extra time. If the writer of the above sentence would change "yet" to "and therefore," it would improve the logic.

Sixth: "The four years' course has many advantages over the five, but we doubt if without greater effort on the part of the scholars than is displayed at present, the four years' course can be accomplished successfully." The last sentence of the article is almost the only sentence in which we fully agree with the writer.

But what need is there of changing a five years' course to a four, when the work is so arranged that any one who shows his ability to do so and chooses can do it in four, and any one who chooses—or is obliged to take five years—can do so without feeling that he is disgraced? Certainly, now when Harvard is increasing its demands very much, it is not the part of wisdom to lessen the time of preparation.

WILLIAM F. BRADBURY,

Head-Master Cambridge Latin School.

SPIRIT IN THE SCHOOL.

A GRADUATE of last year, now in Radeliffe, said to me recently: "I meet very few Cambridge girls in college. We are largest in numbers, but I meet mostly Newton girls and girls from other schools. The Cambridge girls haven't any enthusiasm and get-up-and-get about them." Evidently, then, the so-called class-socials are not accomplishing the unifying of detached

portions of the classes, and really, then, have no reason for existing. Time enough has elapsed since the first experiments were made in class socials to make some conclusions as to their efficacy. The conclusions are clear and concise. The class socials are signal failures. Is there any way, then, of bringing about the much-to-be-desired spirit of unity and enthusiasm? Among the boys, if the repeated ef-

forts of an active athletic committee have no effect, then they must search for something else. A common bond of unity arises often in the common application of one's leisure time to a given purpose or end. Such would be of intense interest to a girl's nature, and might stir up some of the lacking fire in the boys.

The idea is not a new one in college circles, but is practically a new one in school interests. In the great mass of detail attendant upon the new movement in education, that has for its ultimate object the enrichment of the grammar school curriculum, there is one eminently satisfactory feature: school extension. Let girls and boys once begin to use some of their knowledge which they are accumulating upon an outside world, and they would go at their own work with renewed vigor and enjoyment. Girls especially have a leaning toward this

work. Some of them are even now capable of handling classes in the Latin school, and might be given the chance, if it were not for the laugh such a thing might create. But if a room or two could be set apart, if times could be arranged, if the necessary (though small) expense could be met, the scholars in this school could have a splendid influence upon the community at large. Many an older person, who has not had an opportunity of education, would gladly embrace the opportunity of meeting the fresh and vigorous mind of a Latin school student, in the position of a pupil. Once the way were open to this movement, the fascination of it would draw many otherwise uncongenial spirits together, the artificial barriers of North, East, West Cambridge and Cambridgeport would be broken down, and the much desired and wofully lacking enthusiasm would burst forth.

M. B.

LOVE AS AN INCIDENT.

"I po wish the girls would send in something besides love-stories," remarked the editor-in-chief of "The College Chat," scornfully, emphasizing her sentiments by putting a bundle of manuscript into the waste-basket.

"But, Eleanor," remonstrated Nan Edgerton, seating herself gracefully (she was always graceful) on the low window-seat; "may I mildly suggest that love is quite an important factor in most people's lives?"

"Well, it need not be in stories," retorted Eleanor disdainfully, her pretty head in the air. "Now if I should write a story, I'd leave out love altogether, or bring it in merely as an incident."

"Look out of the window, quick," cried Nan with a laugh; "Here's an argument on my side with a vengeance." A glance out of the low window showed Agnes Wilber and one of her numerous "cousins" from New Haven strolling aimlessly over the campus, while he held a fluffy parasol over her at a decidedly dangerous angle. Eleanor Griffith gave a little mock groan, while Nan smiled a wicked, triumphant little smile.

"Miss Wilber knows that man pretty well," she proclaimed wisely, bending forward to get a better view. "You can always tell by the way a man carries a girl's parasol what his state of mind is. When he first knows you, he carries it as straight as anything, and is awfully careful to shade you from the sun—then he doesn't pay quite as much attention to the parasol—but I wonder what he's saying."

"Seems to me you know all about it," said Eleanor chillingly. "Oh! come, Eleanor, you know it's love that makes the world—"

"Grow silly," supplemented Miss Griffith.
"Just the same, I'm going to write a story that'll be interesting, but not lovey-dovey."

"All right, good luck to you," smiled Nan knowingly. "Come over to Sargent's and we'll see how many barges we'll want for tomorrow. It looks now as if it would be a perfect Mountain Day."

"I'm sorry, but I've an engagement with Miss Redland."

"Well, good-bye then. I'll see you at supper."

So they parted, Eleanor Griffith walking slowly over the grass, thinking to herself:

"What characters shall I have in that story of mine? A girl, of course,—it always takes a girl to make a story interesting—and her aunt or grandmother, and her brother—from Harvard—I won't have any one else's brother in it, at least. Well, I won't think of it now. There's Miss Redland."

The sun certainly had a warm feeling for Senior Mountain Day, for he shone brightly the next morning. The carriage-loads of seniors, in fresh, dainty costumes drove off in state, while admiring and devoted freshmen gave the senior cheer with a decidedly freshman emphasis. The long, hot drive along the river was enlivened by merry chatter and college songs.

When the mountain-top was reached, there was a general scattering to all the favorite nooks and glens. Eleanor Griffith and Nan Edgerton, with a merry crowd, wandered over to the next peak, to spend an hour hunting for pink lady's-slipper and wild azalea. Bushes all aglow with blossoms rewarded their efforts.

"Oh! dear," cried Eleanor Griffith, as she fastened some exquisite sprays of the fragrant azalea on her dress; "I forgot Miss Redland said she was coming up here soon after we did, and wanted me to go down the mountain and walk up with her. I'm afraid I must go back."

"Do you expect us to feel sorry for you, or not?" saucily enquired one of the girls. "We'll go down with you if you say so."

Eleanor flushed a little; she was sensitive over remarks about her friendship for Miss Redland.

"Thank you, but I'm perfectly willing to go down alone," she answered spiritedly. "Please don't come back for me." So she walked back alone to the Mountain House with the dignity of a Juno.

She had to wait a moment or two for the car when she reached the chutes, until it came in view, holding two gentlemen.

"I declare, Hardwick, I left my grip down there," said one of them as they reached the top. "I guess I'll go right back and get it."

Eleanor had hardly time, in seating herself, to notice the man who was going down with her, but she did observe that he was tall and had merry eyes. Then they were swallowed up in the darkness, and she caught her breath as the motion quickened. All of a sudden there came a jerk, the car stopped, and she would have fallen off her seat if the stranger had not leaned forward and grasped her arm.

"I fear something has happened to the cables," he said, trying to reassure her. "It's all right, though, if only we don't go down by the weight of the car."

Eleanor's heart stood still for a moment, and then she laughed a little. The situation was so absurd, and yet she did not dare move lest she start the car in a swift ride to destruction. Soon the silence grew oppressive.

"I hope we won't have to stay here long,"

began Eleanor,—then she laughed out of pure nervousness at the needlessness of her remark. And then she felt ashamed of herself, but he joined in her laugh heartily, making her wish she could see those merry eyes instead of the blackness all around.

At last he ventured a remark: "If we weren't so shut up in this hole, I could almost imagine I smelt wild azalea blossoms, but I must be mistaken."

"I have just picked some," answered Eleanor; then after a pause which she thought must seem very ungracious and selfish, she added: "Would you like a spray?"

And before he could answer, she took a branch and reached her hand out towards him. She very nearly dropped the flowers, though, when she suddenly felt her hand touch his face. She felt fervently thankful that the darkness would hide her crimson cheeks.

"Oh—ah—thank you," began the stranger, "I fear it's too much—but—I'm very fond of them, and you are very kind to—ah—give them to me."

Eleanor grew a trifle indignant because she thought she detected a ripple of merriment under his tone, and sat up very straight, trying to feel properly shocked at the idea of a college-girl's talking to a stranger in this way. Her meditations received a shock, when with a tremendous lurch, the car started again, though quite slowly. With a sigh of relief Eleanor suddenly wished she could throw her flowers away before she came to the light again. The odor seemed to stifle her. But it would seem so foolish-and before she could make up her mind whether her hat was on straight or not, they had reached the bottom, where one of the operators came up with profuse apologies for the misfortune. He gave Eleanor a note which he said had just been brought. She tore it open-Miss Redland had

visitors from a distance, and so must give up her visit to the mountain for that day.

Disappointed, she turned to climb the mountain alone, for nothing would tempther to get in the car again, she thought. Evidently so the stranger thought, too, for she found him walking meekly behind her, and this annoyed her so she dropped her handkerchief. Of course he hurried to pick it up for her. She grew crimson with annoyance and embarrassment, but while she thanked him coldly, he fell into step at her side, and had reached out his hand to help her over a bad place in the rough mountain path. How it happened, Eleanor never knew, but they walked leisurely together up the mountain, stopping to admire the view at different points. The time passed very pleasantly, she remembered. When they neared the house, she wondered what the girls would think,-probably that it was some old friend, and Nan of course would expect an introduction. She grew so silent her companion finally ventured to ask:

"Are you very tired?"

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed, quickening her foot-steps, and nothing more did she say to him, except a swift "good-bye" as they were mounting the hotel steps under the eyes of a hundred girls, leaning over the piazza railing. As soon as she reached the top, Nan Edgerton rushed up to her.

"For pity's sake, Eleanor, where did you get acquainted with Professor Horton? I met him abroad last summer, but I did not know you knew any Harvard professors."

"I didn't know it, either," thought Eleanor inwardly, but with a careless "Oh, didn't you?" she refused to say anything more on the subject, and began to tell the girls a long, thrilling story about a yacht-ride she had the summer before. She dropped her azaleas several times, accidentally, but each time one

of the girls would come up with them, and she was forced to say thank you as gratefully as possible. At any rate he had disappeared.

So Senior Mountain Day passed into history, and the seniors themselves came back to be as busy and hurried as only seniors can be during the last days of their college course. Eleanor Griffith had little time to meditate on the Mountain Day episode, though once or twice she caught herself wondering whether Professor Horton ever found any more wild azaleas. Even her ideal story was forgotten, until one afternoon, near commencement time, Nan Edgerton asked: "By the way, Eleanor, have you written that model story of yours, with love only as an incident? Or have you been convinced of the error of your ways, and think love is more than a mere incident?"

"I don't think of it at all," returned Eleanor with dignity. "Have you studied your Psychy for tomorrow's exam.?"

That very evening as Eleanor was hurrying by the drawing-room door, she heard Miss Redland calling her name. She stopped and entered the room, where she saw Miss Redland talking with a tall, distinguished-looking man.

"I would like to introduce to you my friend, Professor Horton of Harvard, Miss Griffith," said Miss Redland pleasantly. With a start Eleanor looked up into the merrily-earnest eyes of her companion in misfortune on that memorable Mountain Day. But her senior dignity did not forsake her even then.

"Thank you, but I believe I have met Professor Horton before," she said calmly, though she could not help the faint color that crept into her cheeks.

"Yes, I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Griffith once before, though under rather trying circumstances," said Professor Horton, trying not to smile.

"Indeed!" said Miss Redland, with great interest. "Was it on some summer trip?"

"It was a little incident one day last spring," hurriedly answered Eleanor.

"Isn't it strange that seemingly trifling incidents often bring about delightful results?" said Miss Redland, sure that for once she was saying the right thing. "You read about them so often in books, especially in love-stories, where there are so many bright little incidents brought in,—though of course love is the main subject, not just an incident. Don't you remember any?"

"Oh!" said Eleanor with a blush; for she did remember!

A DIVIDED DUTY.

My brother bids me bind my hair With ribands of Yale blue, But all my heart's with Harvard fair, Ah! me! What shall I do?

Can I, dissembling, hide my pain, If Yale should win the toss, Or grieve, e'en though a lover's gain Should prove a brother's loss?

Then, fade and droop, ye azure bows,
If points are lost to Yale,
The while my cheek with crimson glows,
And tells another tale.

A NEW ENGLAND BOY.

Prize Story.

BY P. CERES HEYWOOD.

Horace Gilmore was born in an old, white farmhouse, at the foot of one of our New England mountains. His father was kindhearted but stern, a man who loved his farm and stock as well as he did his children. From him, Horace inherited many of the qualities he needed so much in later days,—his judgment, his bravery in facing trouble, his determination in overcoming it. His gentleness, endurance, love of beauty and artistic skill came from his mother. She was a gentle woman with a sweet, sympathetic face, that claimed a wrinkle for each care she had borne. When young, she had been a school teacher, and so, as the mountain home was remote from the distant school, she taught Horace and his two younger sisters in the long, winter days. In summer, when the children went hand in hand to the pastures to pick blueberries, Horace never forgot to find one big berry to "take home to mother." On entering the woodshed door, he would run to put it in her mouth, and whisper in her ear how sweet were the berries they had picked that day. To his father he always told the quantity, never the quality.

Each year that went its way left a deeper impression on Horace's mind. He realized the conditions of his home,—an impetuous father, who made no provision for the morrow, a tired, worn-out mother, two young sisters and a mortgaged farm. The boy's foremost ambition, at that time, was to learn to do everything, that he might some day care for the family. At times, he heard something of larger and better schools, where he might learn to draw and paint, but he decided not to

think of them. What he had been taught remained in his mind forever, and his natural genius continued to develop. He cared more for one short hour on the mountain with pencil and paper, than for any childish sport. Until he was fourteen, his life was about the same each day, except that the hired man had long since been dismissed, and he became his father's only helpmate about the farm.

On Horace's fourteenth birthday, he asked his father, at the breakfast table, if he would not be able to run the farm pretty soon, and Mr. Gilmore answered, "In six years, my son, I will give it to you." The six years proved, instead, to be six short hours. While hoeing in the garden, Horace saw his father drive into the barn to pitch hay up the loft. He heard the horse's stamp and wondered why they were so restless. In a moment a cry from his father startled him. Up to the barn at full speed he ran, only to find his father lying unconscious on the floor. The horses had sprung forward just as Mr. Gilmore had lifted up his fork of hay. He lost his balance and fell backward with great force. Horace called loudly to his mother, then unharnessed a horse and galloped off for the doctor. But it was too late, Mr. Gilmore was already dead.

After all the hard, sad duties were done, Horace drove his mother and sisters home from the cemetery, put the horse in the barn, brought up the cows and milked them, doing everything with the fixed regularity taught him by his father. During the afternoon he had decided that his duty was to bear all, and comfort his mother. When his chores were finished, he went into the kitchen where she

was getting the supper. He put his arms around her and kissed her tired, grief-stricken face. She looked up to her fourteen-year-old boy, so tall, so strong, so gentle, and said: "Horace, you will be father and son to me." From that night he was father and son. They asked Hiram, the hired man, to come back and take part of his pay in produce to resell and the rest in what money could be spared. Together they worked the farm, cutting and selling lumber in winter, and in summer having for themselves and their neighbors. In the summer evenings, Horace peddled his sisters' berries in the distant town. The way began to seem clear. Horace thought many times, it is true, of his beloved art and wondered if, in the life before him, he should ever again have a moment to draw a rugged hillside or one graceful tree.

Horace had laid his father away on a beautiful day in July, but his mother left her life of care on a cold, windy day in January, when happiness was just coming into her life again. His father's death was an incentive to work for his mother and sisters, a home, and, perhaps, in the distant future, a little time to devote to art. This work he had done faithfully and with a cheerful heart, but his mother had always been his adviser and helpmate. Now she was gone, he felt bewildered; he only knew that his sisters must have a home and that it was his duty to furnish it. They must keep together at whatever cost, he thought. The winter was finished on the farm, but in the spring the interest was one year overdue, and the mortgage was foreclosed. The pious deacon who held it always thought Horace too smart and headstrong to run the farm without ruining it. Horace wondered if the deacon really did care for the farm, or if he only wanted the year's interest to put into the church treasury, so that he might continue to have the name of being the most generous contributor in the county. The Gilmore children were now homeless. Lucy and Emily went to live with their grandmother, in a good and comfortable home, though not a cheerful or congenial one. Horace was left alone as his grandmother said that he could hire out.

At sixteen he was fatherless, motherless, homeless; left to start out in the world alone, to continue the work in which he was experienced; or to follow the genius and ambition which would carry him he knew not where. He chose the latter. Through the minister he had heard of Southfield Academy. He thought that through his knowledge of so many kinds of work, he could earn his way easily. Two months after his seventeenth birthday he arrived there. His daily duties were first arranged, so that all he received in return might be well paid for. Then he took up his studies. Each day the manager received a fresh surprise as to Horace's working abilities and each day "Gilmore" was given a new duty. seemed to think of him as merely a poor farmer-boy who came to work for his education. Still his ambitions were not diminished; he only strove the harder to attain them. But however hopeful, however ageous we may be, there is a limit to physical endurance. So Horace began to fail, day by day cutting off from some study, a little time here, a little time there, until mind and body gave out entirely. On a sunny day in May he was out in the large garden, looking after the planting, when a strange feeling came over him. He went to his room and lay down sobbing, for the first time since his mother's death. That evening found him ill with typhoid fever. At the end of three weeks, all hope was given up, and Horace Gilmore went to join his mother.

CRANBERRY CULTIVATION.

Prize Story.

By JOHN DeQ. BRIGGS.

NEAR where I stay in the summer there are many cranberry bogs, for in the low valleys there are swamps well suited for this purpose. Before being made into a bog, the swamp is a wild-looking place, with here and there a decayed oak tree or a young pine. The ground is damp and mossy, and is covered with a kind of laurel, which is so thick that the moss cannot be seen except by careful observation. Under the surface-moss, which is a faded green color, there is a deep layer of peat or decayed moss, which is very combustible when not damp.

The most advantageous situation for a swamp out of which a cranberry bog is to be made is near a pond or brook, or better, with a brook flowing through it, as at certain times of the year the bog should, if possible, be flooded. Some bogs are made in places where flooding is impossible, but these bogs are in danger from an early frost, which will often spoil the berries for the market. When a frost comes, and a bog whose crop has not yet been removed is in such a position that it can be flooded, it is seldom entirely immersed, for while the bog is wet it cannot be picked; in such cases the water is made higher in the ditches.

The first thing done when a bog is to be made is the cutting down of the trees and the mowing of the laurel. The cut laurel is often put on a road in very sandy places, to make the wheeling better, but it is not good, for in case of a wood fire a road which would ordinarily stop or check a fire, now only helps. After the ground has been cleared, the peat is taken off and piled near the bog. This turf is

sometimes used for bedding horses. When the ground has been well levelled it is sanded, a layer of sand from three to four inches thick being put on the turf.

A good bog has always some means of flooding, for a late spring, when the bog is in bloom, or a September or October frost when the berries are on the vines, will damage the crop. When a bog is situated between two ponds, one of which is higher than the other, flooding is fairly simple; for water may be let on from one pond and drained into the other. If a brook flows through the bog it may be dammed up below the bog at the time of flooding, or it may be made into a reservoir by damming above the bog. When a reservoir is made, it is, if possible, kept full at all seasons, and when flooding-time comes the water is let on to the bog through the brook, which has previously been dammed below. This method insures quick flooding at any time of the year.

The water is generally conveyed on the bog by a large ditch or brook, from which branch many smaller ditches dividing the bog into sections and insuring a good distribution of water.

A large bog on which several kinds of berries are grown is sometimes divided by dykes, which enable the owner to flood sections bearing the more tender berries, without flooding the whole bog. This method saves much water, but is disadvantageous in the fact that dykes throw a shadow over the adjoining bog, and check the growth of the berries. A similar disadvantage is found in having tall trees near the bog.

When only one pond is near a bog, some artificial force must be used for flooding, for if the bog-level is lower than that of the pond, the bog when once flooded cannot be drained, and when the pond-level is lower, it cannot be flooded. In one of these cases, if the bog is large and bears well, it is sometimes worth while to employ a windmill or steam-pump for flooding, and the force of gravity for draining or vice versa.

When the bog has been sanded, the ditches made, and the flooding arrangements perfected, it is ready for planting. Planting is generally done in the spring, although it may be done in the fall if it is done early enough to let the vines get a good start before flooding becomes necessary—very young vines are not able to bear the water. Cranberries are planted by slips. To start a new variety of cranberries, slips are taken from some especially thriving growth of wild berries, and planted on a prepared bog.

Slips are planted in a peculiar way; a slip is doubled over the end of a flat stick, then the stick is driven into the ground. When the stick is removed the slip remains and takes root. The slips are put in about three feet apart. First the slip grows into a tiny bush, a few inches high; then it sends out runners. Before the bog bears, the vines all run together, covering the bog with a network three or four inches thick, and so close that at first glance it is impossible to see the ground. Once in a while a bog may bear a small crop the third year after planting, but never a large one until the fourth year. In June the vines blossom and the bog is covered with tiny, pinkish-white flowers. The berries come in September and October.

The worst enemy to the bog, except the frost, is the fireworm. To kill fireworms the bog is sometimes flooded and sometimes

sprinkled with tobacco steeped in water. A number of torches, into which the moths fly, are sometimes set up, for it is needless to say that if the fireworm moths are killed, there will be no fireworms. After a bog is made it needs occasional sanding. If possible the bog is kept under water during the winter months and the sand is simply spread on the ice. When the ice melts the sand sinks to the bog. Cranberry vines are hardy perennials, and if neglected will still grow year after year although the bog becomes weedy.

Picking is begun late in September, and is continued through October. In the common method of picking, men, women and children come to the bogs for employment, and camp near the bogs in small shanties made for the purpose. They pick daily, and, when there is reason for taking the berries off very quickly, Sundays. They pick into six-quart measures, and are paid from five to ten cents per measure. Before the pickers go on the bog, a few men pick the "ditch-rows," or the berries growing along the ditches, so that the pickers may walk along the ditches without injuring the berries. Then the sections between the ditches are divided into long strips about five feet wide, the division lines being twine. When the picking begins each one of these sections or strips is assigned to from two to five pickers.

When a picker fills his measure he takes it to the tally keeper, who puts it down to that picker's credit. A hand-picking machine has been introduced which combs the vines and knocks off the berries. The berries fall into a receptacle made for them, whence they are dumped into the measure. With one of these picking machines, a man has been known to pick a hundred measures a day, but if the machine is not used carefully it injures the vines and batters the berries.

Sometimes the berries are brought to the edge of the bog by a tramway, which is placed over a ditch, so as not to injure the vines, and keep the sun off of them. The hand-car on this tramway is large enough to hold several crates in which the berries are carried to the "screening-house" to be "screened."

Lately a new method of picking has been introduced. A large scoop, say one and one-half feet wide has a row of slits in the bottom. A few men combing the vines with these scoops can pick a bog in a comparatively short time. The advantages in the scoopmethod over the old one are that fewer people trample the vines, and the vines are less roughly used and less injured. When a bog is flooded after being scooped or picked, a number of uninjured berries come to the surface. After a favorable wind, when these berries are blown to one side of the bog, they may be scooped from the bog, and when dry are as good as ever.

When the berries are taken from the bog, in crates, they are taken to the screening-house to be picked over. First they are put into a cranberry separator. This is a machine to separate the berries from vines, stones, etc., which may be among them, and to separate the different qualities of berries. The berries are put into a hopper, whence they fall past a revolving fan, which is made to move by a crank. This fan blows the vines from among the berries. Then the berries bounce on a slanting leather or rubber belt, and along a series of steps between which are openings leading to boxes beneath. As the poorer berries are not so hard and sound, they do not bounce so far, but roll from the slanting steps down into the boxes. Of course stones roll or slide into the first box, with crushed berries. The best berries go into the box farthest from the hopper, the next best into the next box and so on.

When the berries are taken from the separator, they are put in long wooden trays which have slits along the bottom. Then the screeners, generally women, push the berries about, picking out the bad ones. Small, poor berries fall through the slits. When they are well screened the berries are put in barrels are to be shipped. The temperature of the room where the berries are packed is of great importance. It should neither be very hot nor very cold, for the heat injures the berries, and if the frost is in them when they are packed, it will melt when the barrel is opened, and make them squashy and bad. A perfect berry is hard and free from bruises.

After the berries are packed, they are taken in large wagons to the nearest railway station, and thence they are freighted to dealers in cities. A wagon load is from ten barrels upwards, ten barrels being allowed to each horse. A barrel weighs about one hundred and twenty-five pounds. A carload is two hundred barrels. Berries are sold at a retail price of from three to thirteen dollars per barrel, and from five to fifteen cents per quart.

The two commonest ways of cooking cranberries are making sauce and jelly. To make sauce the berries are put in a kettle and covered with water. They float, and a layer of sugar is put over them. As soon as the berries begin to pop, they should be taken off the stove and allowed to cool. Good cranberry sauce, where the skins are not tough, is seldom found. When jelly is made the sauce is strained to get the skins out. Different kinds of berries taste differently. It is seldom known that there are many kinds; one man in a large grocery store in Boston said he knew only two kinds, the round berries and the "bugle" berries (oblong berries).

Following are the names of a few kinds: Early Black, Early Red, McFarlin, J. P. Howe, Matthews, Centreville, Chipman, Lawrence, Smalley, Black Eagle and Belle of the Cape. Of these kinds, perhaps the Early Reds and Blacks and Centrevilles are best known. Cranberries are mostly raised on Cape Cod and in New Jersey.

THE

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.



The Review offers to bind any volume of the Review at a reduced price, sixty cents per volume. If new uncut Reviews are desired, it offers Vol. XII. for one dollar per volume, bound in green cloth or canvas. All those desiring to have their Reviews bound will please notify the business manager as soon as possible.



All those desiring to attend the interscholastic outdoor meet at Worcester on the fourth of June, can secure tickets to Worcester and return for one dollar apiece, by seeing Captain Winslow.



The May number of the Review can be found on sale at the same stores as last month, namely, Sever's and Amee Bros.', Harvard square, Beunke's on Massachusetts avenue, and Ketchum's, 735 Massachusetts avenue.



The June number of the Review will appear about the sixteenth of June. All copy must be in by the first of the month.



The following are the dates for the league games vet to be played by Cambridge: May 17, Somerville; May 20, Boston Latin school; May 31, Brookline High school.



The crew races come off on the twenty-fifth and sixth and the thirtieth of May. They will be rowed on the Charles, probably finishing near the B. A. A. boathouse at the lower end of the basin.

Guy Bancroft, '98, has been elected captain of the crew.

ALUMNI HOTES.

H. N. Stearns, '95, is playing on the Harvard second nine, as pitcher and at first base.

Miss Annie Kirby, E. H. S. '96, is now attending the Pernin Shorthand school in Boston.

R. E. Andrews, C. L. S. '95, and J. F. Bacon, '95, took part in the Pi Eta play given at Harvard last April.

A. J. Marshall, C. L. S. '95, will graduate from Harvard next June, completing the course in three years.

Miss Bessie M. Busiel, C. L. S. '95, is singing in the Boston University Glee club, and is also singing in public with great success.

In the April issue, in the table of Latin school alumni at Radeliffe, there should have appeared, "specials, 3," making a total of 45.

Miss Gertrude Oliver, E. H. S. '97, has just completed a course at the Pernin Shorthand school, Boston, and is now stenographer to Dr. Whittier, 118 Boylston street, Boston.

The class of '97, C. L. S., held its second reunion at the home of Arthur D. Wyman, on Saturday evening, April 23. Games were played, music was provided by members of the class, refreshments were served, and all spent a very pleasant evening. The next reunion will be held next winter.

The class of '97, E. H. S., held a reunion and dance at the Newtowne club house, on Friday evening, April 15. Over thirty members of the class were present, and the affair was very successful. The officers of the class are: president, William J. Greene; vice president,

dent, Henry N. Hudson; secretary, Olmore C. Francis; treasurer, Miss May E. Lathrop. The executive committee consists of the officers and Miss Stella M. Coker.

Mr. Huling of the High school is lecturer at the Harvard Graduate school, during the current year, on "Organization and Management of Schools"; LeBaron R. Briggs, E. H. S. '71, is dean of Harvard College and professor of English; Henry B. Hill, E. H. S., is professor of chemistry and director of the chemical laboratory at Harvard; Edward S. Wood, E. H. S. '63, is professor of chemistry at the Harvard Medical school; N. S. Bacon, C. L. S. '91, J. F. Osborn, '92, and K. L. Mark, '94, are assisting at the Harvard Medical and Dental schools and in the college, in the departments respectively of chemistry, mechanical drawing and descriptive geometry and chemistry.

The Harvard catalogue for 1897-98 shows that during this college year, five C. L. S. alumni hold scholarships, two in the first, or honor group, two in the second, and one in the third; two also hold scholarships in the Lawrence Scientific school, one in the Law school and one a fellowship in the Graduate school. H. H. Fox, C. L. S. '96, received a Detur, and C. K. Moore, '94, won the Sales prize. J. A. L. Oddé, '94, received second year honors in classics, and eight C. L. S. men received honorable mention with their A.B.'s last June. Sixteen C. L. S. men received the degree of A.B. last commencement, four cum laude, three magna cum laude; two received the degree of A.M., one an L.L.B., two an M.D., one cum laude.

DEBATING SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN SCHOOL.

On Friday evening, April 8, a lively debate took place on the question: "Resolved, that the principles of the Republican party deserve the support of the American people." Messrs. White, '02, and Potter, '01, upheld the affirmative, and Messrs. Ammidon and Mills, '01, attempted to show them that the Democratic party alone held the correct principles, but the jury thought otherwise, for they awarded the debate to the affirmative. This question never fails to start up a hot debate between the Republicans and Democrats on the floor, and this evening there was no exception to the rule.

On motion of Mr. Blanchard, it was voted to hold a series of class debates.

The first class debate was held on the twenty-second of April between the fourth and fifth classes. The subject discussed was: "Resolved, that the Chinese exclusion bill is justifiable." Messrs. Bennett and Ammidon, '01, came off victorious, but they were hard pressed by their opponents, Messrs. Hill and Burns, who defended the affirmative of the question. Before the debate opened, there was a long business meeting. The High school committee was present and asked the society to join with them in an informal joint debate and entertainment. Messrs. Bennett, 1900, Blanchard and Ammidon were appointed as a committee to confer with the High school. They reported in favor of joining with the High school in a debate and entertainment to be given on Friday, May 27, the question to be: "Resolved, that immigration should be further restricted by law." The High school has taken the negative of this subject. The report was accepted. It was then voted to have a competitive debate at the next meeting. Mr. Wilson handed in his resignation as secretary, and it was unanimously accepted, as he said that he did not have time

to do the work. Mr. Bennett, 1900, was then elected secretary, but Mr. Wilson raised the point of "no quorum" so that the election did not stand.

ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL.

In spite of the inclemency of the weather the meetings of the society for the month of April have been well attended. The gain in membership has been wonderful, there now being 108 members in the society. This increase is due to the untiring efforts of Harold Oakes, '99, and the class of '99 in general. At a recent meeting, Mr. Oakes, alone, brought in the names of 38 members.

At the meeting held April 15 many subjects were discussed. The speakers were Connolly, Oakes, Stephens and Donovan. At a special meeting called by Mr. Donovan, April 22, it was voted to give the president power to appoint a committee of five to make arrangements for a ladies' night to be held May 27 in the large hall. A musical entertainment will be given and probably a short debate.

On April 29 the society discussed the following question: Resolved, that present differences existing between the United States and Spain should be settled by arbitration. The speakers for the affirmative were Messrs. Prentice, Ross, Garfield; for the negative, Messrs. Stephens, '01, Gove and Barry. Mr. Gove's speech was a good one, causing much applause and laughter. The report of the committee of five was accepted. Mr. Connolly moved an amendment to the constitution, declaring seven a quorum instead of a majority as heretofore. This was also accepted. For a hash debate: "Resolved, that all Spanish spys 'when caught' should be hanged." The speakers were Rhoades, Connolly and Donovan. The meeting adjourned at 10 o'clock with about forty present.



I TRUST that there is no one who fails to appreciate the delight of sitting for a picture. You start out laden with a bandbox full of finery which is sure to hit against every one in the car, yourself included. At last, after the wind has blown your hair awry, you arrive at the photographer's and make your way to the dressing-room where you proceed with great anxiety to make your prettiest toilet. After you have arranged your hair two or three times, you at last proceed to the waiting-room where every one immediately fixes his gaze upon you. You pretend not to notice this, however, sit down unconcernedly. There are merous interesting pictures about the room; but after you have surveyed each one carefully, and then repeated the process, they become a trifle monotonous. After you become tired of sitting in one chair, you change to another. You make a firm resolve never to come again, without first making an appoint-. ment; why were you so foolish as to overlook it this time?

At last your name is called, and having taken a hurried glance in the mirror, you hasten

to the scene of action and at the photographer's bidding, place yourself in front of the camera in a chair which reminds you strongly of the one you sit in at the dentist's. The photographer moves your head about in different directions until the muscles of your neck ache; then he finally fixes it in position, with your chin at an angle of sixty degrees. You are told to look at a picture adorning a long pole. It is not a very beautiful picture, but you try to look at it in an animated way. After gazing at it for a short time, you cease to feel like smiling. It is at this point in the proceeding, when you can think of nothing but how uncomfortable your head feels in its unwonted position, that the photographer remarks cheerfully "Now look pleasant." You force a smile to hide your uncomfortable feelings and manfully struggle to keep it from fading before you hear the welcome words, "That is all." As you go out, you emphatically assure yourself that you will not sit for your picture again for twenty years; but, perhaps you do not like your proofs and are obliged to go through the painful process again the next week.



Naughty but nice—\$1,000,000.

A little boy, seeing a policeman whose number was 98, said: "Say, Mister, are you marked down from a dollar?"

She—This road is very steep. Can't I get a donkey to take me up?

He—Lean on me, my darling!

What is the difference between a young woman and an old one? One is careless and happy, and the other is hairless and cappy.

"Our verdict," said the foreman of an Arkansas jury, "is, that the prisoner is guilty, and must be hanged, and we hope it will be a warning to him."

A music dealer, not long since, received the following order: "Please send me the music to 'Strike the Harp in Praise of God and Paddle your own Canoe.'"

Flora pointed to the masses of clouds in the sky and said: "I wonder where those clouds are going?" and her brother remarked, "I think they are going to thunder." "Do you think your sister will be down soon, Willie?"

"Yes. She said she was coming down as soon as she could so as to have it over with."

"So your daughter hasn't told you that she is engaged to me?"

"No; I told her not to bother me with those things unless she meant to get married."

Caller—Nellie, is your mother in?
Nellie—Mother is out shopping.
Caller—When will she return, Nellie?
Nellie (calling back)—Mamma, what shall
I say now?

A gentleman going up Sixth avenue, New York, met a laborer to whom he said: "Will you tell me if I am half way to Central Park?" "Faith, an' I will," was the reply, "if you will tell me where you started from."

"It's a shame," cried the young wife, "not a thing in the house fit to eat! I'm going right home to Papa."

"If you don't mind, dear," said the husband, reaching for his hat, "I'll go with you."

She had sent off a telegram, and was waiting for an answer. Suddenly the peculiar, halting click of the receiving machine sounded in the office, and she said to her companion, "That's from George, I can tell his stutter."

Teacher-Who was the first man?

Head Scholar—Washington; he was first in war, first in——

Teacher—No, no; Adam was the first man. Head Scholar—Oh, if you're talking of foreigners, I s'pose he was.

"I've taken all your loose furniture," said the constable, looking about the room, "and the judgment isn't satisfied yet. I'll have to levy on the fire-place."

"Great Cæsar," exclaimed the debtor.

"Yes," replied the constable, "that's what I am."

Aunt Dorothy—How many commandments are there, Johnny?

Johnny (glibly)—Ten.

Aunt Dorothy—And now, suppose you were to break one of them?

Johnny (tentatively)—Then there'd be nine.

"Oh! Horace," mouned the young bride, who a moment before had paced the deck with a smiling face and a love-lit eye, "I feel so queer. Let me lean on your shoulder."

"No, dearest, don't do that!" exclaimed Horace hastily; "lean over the side of the steamer."

"Is there an opening here for an intellectual writer?" asked a seedy, red-nosed individual of the editor.

"Yes, my friend," replied the man of letters: "a considerate carpenter, foreseeing your visit, left an opening for you; turn the knob to the right!" A negro, about dying, was told by his minister that he must forgive a certain darkey against whom he seemed to entertain very bitter feelings. "Yes, sah," he replied, "if I dies, I forgive dat nigger, but if I gets well, dat nigger must take care."

A Buffalo teacher was being examined by the school board. Among the questions asked was this: "Do you think the world is round or flat?" "Well," said the teacher, as he scratched his head in deep thought, "some people think one way, and some another, and I'll teach round or flat, just as the parents please."

"What would be your notion of absentmindedness?" asked Rufus Choate of a witness whom he was cross-examining. "Well," said the witness, with a strong Yankee accent, "I should say that a man who thought he'd left his watch to hum and took it out'n his pocket to see if he'd time to go hum and get it, was a leetle absent-minded."

A Harvard professor dining at the Parker House, ordered a bottle of hock saying: "Here waiter, bring me a bottle of hock—hic, hace, hoc." The waiter, who had been to college, smiled, but never stirred. "What are you standing there for?" exclaimed the professor; "didn't I order some hock?" "Yes sir," replied the waiter, "you ordered it, but afterwards declined it."

Bobby (at the breakfast table)—Maud, did Mr. Jones take any of the umbrellas or hats from the hall last night?

Maud—Why, of course not! Why should he?

Bobby—That's just what I'd like to know. I thought he did, because I heard him say, when he was going out, I'm going to steal just one, and—why, what's the matter Maud?

· HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

Hurrah for "Cuba Libre"!

The beginning of the end—these last two months of school.

Miss Florence Beckett, '99, has left school.

'99 will have no more class socials this year. The finals are too near.

Miss Brownell, '99, is to take part in a concert to be held in the Y. M. C. Λ. hall on May 8.

There has been considerable talk about forming a High school base-ball team. Was it only talk?

Spragg, '99, has returned to school after a two weeks' illness, contracted during the spring vacation.

Walter Clarkson, '99, is pitching for the "crack" Newtowne team. His brother, Fred, is playing third base on the same team.

The three upper classes have contributed a man apiece to make up the crew: '98, Usher; '99, Oakes, and 1900, Adams.

Although our eyes may turn with envy toward the new building of the Latin school, yet we have the satisfaction of knowing that the Latin school will always be behind us.

This year with the graduating class the school will lose one of its best helpers, Miss Alice Powers, whose excellent playing is greatly appreciated by all, especially the patriotic music.

We greatly miss "our boy soprano's" clear, sweet voice in our singing, but hope he has a successful trip in New Jersey, where he now is.

The Omicron Epsilon held a meeting at the home of Miss Warnock on April 7, and one at the home of Mr. Soule on April 21. It is understood that this society is now flourishing and hopes to continue.

The new hymnbooks were gladly received by all of the scholars as well as the teachers. They are certainly more appropriate, it seeming rather inconsistent to begin the day by "Lullaby and Good Night."

Miss Babcock, 1901, gave a very enjoyable whist party at her home Friday evening, April 29. Mr. James Brown, formerly '99, and who is now attending Burdett's, and Miss Brownell, captured the first prizes.

During the past month or two, a few scholars of Miss Rogers' senior French divisions have given scenes from a French play for the benefit of their classmates. These have been very successful and show careful preparation on the part of the participants.

The senior class are to be congratulated on the financial as well as the social success of their drama. They cleared sixty-one dollars, which is far ahead of last year's profits. This success is due to the efforts of all concerned, committee, participants and manager. The lack of interest taken in tennis this year was deplorable. Tennis is just as much a branch of school athletics as base-ball and foot-ball are, and it should receive the support of every undergraduate who can wield a racquet. It is earnestly hoped that next year a much larger team will represent the school.

The class of '98 held a social on April 16 at the home of Miss Miller. All who attended greatly enjoyed the evening, particularly as a social was a great treat. The evening was made all the more enjoyable by the presence of four of the teachers, Miss Deering, Miss Smith, Mr. Greene and Mr. Coolidge.

All were glad to learn that the city had appropriated enough money for graduation for us to have an orchestra. When the class heard that possibly they could not, they thought that even their sweet voices would not make up for that loss.

All have great hopes and expectations concerning the crew. This is the first year that anything of the sort has been tried, and if we could win this year, it would give our school a great prestige, and would also awaken some of the spirit in Cambridge students which is fast being known as "Cambridge indifference."

O Ernest, Ernest, Ernest,
I heard a maiden say,
The day on which I see you not,
Is aye a heavy day.

O maiden, foolish maiden, Said Ernest with a grin, Altho' you break your heart, I do not care a pin.

O Ernest, cruel Ernest,
Then did the maiden sigh,
Since your hard heart is cold to me
What can I do but die?

Yet Ernest but smiled coldly, Nor would the maiden save, Her faithful heart is broken now, She lieth in the grave.

[Written by a High school girl. Whether there is more truth than poetry in this we cannot say.]

LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

Cheer up!

F. Myles, '03, has returned to school after an illness.

Shurtleff, 1902, has left school on account of ill health.

The Debating society expects to have a Ladies' Night soon.

Where are the two young lady members of the Debating society?

'98 is so attentive in recitations that even the dropping of a book is not noticed.

The graduation exercises of the senior class will probably take place about June 25.

The average weight of our crew is heavier by a few pounds than that of any other school crew.

Translation in French II.: "She threw her eyes to the ceiling, then, with a moan, tore up the back stairs."

Pierce, 1902, while handling a revolver, accidentally shot himself in the thigh. He may be obliged to leave school.

1900 held their monthly social on April 30 at the home of Miss Briggs. The evening was pleasantly spent in playing games.

Wisdom in 1901 is clearly shown by the "pointers" which the younger gentlemen of the class are kindly giving to their teachers.

We wish all success to the scholars taking the four-year course. Experience proves that it is very difficult to go through the school in four years. At the opening of the school year, 1902 had about one hundred and thirty members. It now has about one hundred and five. Quite a falling off!

The picked team which bowled against '97 last month, bowled again on Tuesday, April 5. This time '97 turned the tables and won by the large score of 268 pins.

The team which represented the school in the Harvard interscholastic tennis tournament held on May 7 consisted of Messrs. Metcalf, H. Locke, Seaver and Sparrow.

'99 seems sadly to lack spirit. Very few in the class possess true school feeling. While we may find "sports" or "grinds," the class as a whole totally ignores the welfare of school athletics.

1901 has formed a ball team under the captaincy of Murray, and won its first game with 1902 by a score of 19 to 9. 1900 also has a team which has already developed championship form.

'98 has elected a committee to take full charge of the reception held after the graduation in June. The committee consists of Miss Chase, Miss Nichols, Mr. Barbour, Mr. Sparrow and Mr. Kelsey.

Out of the number who ride bicycles to school it would seem that more ought to enter the bicycle race at the outdoor meet. Soule, E. II. S. 1900, is the only man who was in the race last year, and he should make a good showing this year.

A large number of '98 have had their pictures taken, and many are exchanging with one another. Again it is urged that all who have not yet sat for their pictures do so at the earliest time possible.

1900, 1901 and 1902 have organized class ball nines and the last two have already played a game. We hope that '98 and '99 will organize soon. This is a branch of athletics which should be encouraged.

'99 held a most enjoyable class social at the home of Miss Emerson, 395 Broadway, on Saturday evening, April 9. The evening was spent in playing "peanut jackstraws." Of the teachers, Mr. Phinney and Miss Batchelder were present.

After serious and lengthy consideration. '98 has selected the following to take part in the graduation exercises: prophet, Miss White; poet, Mr. Ybarra; history, Miss Dimick; class will, Mr. Metcalf. Mr. Kelsey will give the salutatory and Miss Abbott the valedictory.

Miss Barr, 1902, has recently experienced a great sorrow in the loss of her mother. A floral tribute of sympathy and affection was sent her by her class-mates. 1902 has just begun to read Nepos. Mr. Benshimol has earnestly warned his division against the use of "trots." It is to be hoped that the class will follow his advice.

Miss M. Shaw has lately returned from a very enjoyable trip to Washington and vicinity. She visited our battleships and cruisers at Hampton Roads. At Washington she had the pleasure of seeing President McKinley, who looked harassed and worn.

The Omicron Nu Omicron club of 1900 scored a great success in their first drama "Class Day," April 28, at the home of Mr. Henry Mason. The play was laid at a student's room at Harvard, Monroe, Taylor, Regan, Ellis and Barham as the male characters, and Counihan, Blanchard and Weldon as the female. All acted well.

The U. S. held an "at home" on Monday evening, April 18, at Miss Dimick's home, 13 Russell avenue, Watertown. The evening was spent in playing "domino whist," at which Mr. Durant and Miss White won the prizes. After refreshments, Mr. Barbour and Mr. Kelsey favored the company with piano selections, and Miss Heald sang. Then after singing patriotic airs, the party broke up, all having passed a most delightful evening.

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ANNUAL CLASS GAMES.

The annual class games were held on Holmes Field Saturday, May 7, at ten o'clock. There were about six hundred spectators and all were much interested in the events. Silk badges, a gift from the Review, were given as prizes to those obtaining first and second places in each event. Badges were also furnished to the officials. The events were as follows:

440-yard dash—Won by H. J. Winslow, '98; A. S. Proudfoot, '98, second; P. Adams, '99, third. Time, 54 3-5 seconds.

120-yard hurdles—Won by R. Locke, '99; F. Fuller, '99, second; Donnelly, 1900, third. Time, 17 3-5 seconds.

One mile bicycle—won by L. Arnold, 1900; Soule, 1900, second, Munro, '99, third. Time, 2 minutes 57.1 seconds.

Running broad jump—Won by H. J. Winslow, '98; S. C. Richardson, '98, second; A. H. Carpenter, '98, third. Distance, 19 feet, 6 inches.

220-yard dash—Won by H. J. Winslow, '98; T. Ybarra, '98, second; S. C. Richardson, '98, third. Time, 24 2-5 seconds.

One mile run—Won by A. H. Carpenter, '98; L. Jaquith, '98, second; H. W. Pierpont,

'99, third. Time, 5 minutes, 42 4-5 seconds. Running high jump—Won by H. J. Winslow, '98; E. H. Taylor, 1900, second; R. Locke, '99, third. Height, 5 feet, 1½ inches.

100-yard dash—First heat: won by H. J. Winslow, '98; Donnelly, 1900, second. Time, 11 1-5 seconds. Second heat: won by F. Fuller, '99; W. E. Spragg, '99, second. Time, 11 1-5 seconds. Final heat: won by F. Fuller, '99; H. J. Winslow, '98, second; W. E. Spragg, '99 third. Time, 11 seconds.

Shot put—Won by C. A. Leitch, 1900, 35 feet, $10\frac{3}{4}$ inches; second, G. L. Whalen, 1900, 32 feet, 11 inches; third, H. J. Winslow, '98, 29 feet, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

880-yard run—Won by R. Locke, '99; Cappelle, '98, second; K. Adams, '98, third. Time, 2 minutes, $25\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.

J. Blackburn, formerly '98, gave an exhibition high-jump clearing 5 feet, 4½ inches.

The points won by each class were as follows: '98, 47 points; '99, 23 points and 1900, 20 points.

The officials were as follows: starter, M. C. O'Brien, Cambridge Y. M. C. A.; timers, Mr. Lathrop, H. A. A.; W. A. Applegate, H. A. A.; field manager, H. H. Murdock, Harvard '01; judges at the finish, Clark, '98; Walker, Davenport and Bennett, all of 1900.

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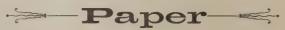
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Carr, s 3	0	0	3	2	1
Sullivan, m 2	2	1	0	0	0
W. Clarkson, c 3	1	2	8	3	1
Lucas, 1b 3	1	2	9	0	1
F. Clarkson, p 3	0	1	1	3	()
Dyer, 3b 3	1	1	0	1	; 1
Hurley, 2b 3	1	0	0	2	0
Woodbury, lf 3	0	1	0	0	1
Banks, rf 1	0	0	0	0	0
Murphy, r 2		0	0	0	3
-	_				
26	6	8	21	11	8

Two-base hits: Coolidge, Stickney 2. Home runs: W. Clarkson, Lucas. Stolen bases: Carr, Putnam 3, Milne 3, Finke 4, Jaynes, Whittemore. Struck out: by Clarkson, Putnam, Milne, Kendall 2, Jaynes, Coolidge, Lavarack 2; by Stickney, Lucas, Woodbury, Murphy, Banks. Base on balls: by Clarkson, Milne, Finke 2, Coolidge 2, Whittemore 4. Wild pitch, Clarkson. Passed ball, Clarkson.

Innings	. 1	2	3	4	5	6	7 .
Harvard '01	.1	9	2	2	0	1	0 - 15
C. II. & L	0.	2	1	0	2	1	0 6

April 19, a four-inning game was played with Newtowne on Soldiers Field. The game was very listlessly played on both sides. F. Clarkson pitched two innings, getting six strike-outs, and W. Clarkson pitched the other two with four strike-outs. Six of the Cambridge team struck out also. The score was: Newtowne, 6; C. H. & L., 5.

The first championship game resulted in our defeat by Hopkinson, 15 to 4. Fred Clarkson started in pitching but was ineffective. In four innings he gave nine bases on balls, allowed seven hits and struck out five men. In the last five innings, W. Clarkson, who took his place, gave four bases, allowed two hits and struck out eleven. Besides, when Lucas was at third and W. Clarkson eatch, they made errors owing to their inex-

perience in playing the position, which were costly. Sullivan played rather poorly at first. Carr put up a magnificent game, and if he keeps up his good work through the season he will take rank among the best short stops the school has produced. Woodbury and Banks also fielded their positions well.

HOPKINSON.

	AB	R	вн	ТВ	P()	Λ	\mathbf{E}
Clark, &c	3	180	1	2	9	3	1
Parker, m							0
Wood, 2b	+	2	2	4	4	0	0
Stillman, p	4	2	1	2	2	3	1
Ware, 3b	1	1	0	0	2	1	0
Wright, s	4	3	2	2	- 2	0	0
Ladd, 1b	. 6	1	1	1	5	0	0
Cole, If	3	1	1	2	1	0	0
Emmes, rf	3	1	0	0	0	0	1
			_			—	—
	36	15	9	13	27	9	3

C. II. & L.

AR R BH TR PO A

	27.13	11	DIL	T T3	1 ()	43.	1.
Carr, s	. 3	2	2	2	0	2	0
F. Clarkson, p, 3b	4	0	0	0	2	1	1
W. Clarkson, c, p	. 4	1	2	2	6	2	2
Lucas, 3b, c	. 4	0	0	0	13	3	4
Dyer, m	4	0	0	0	0	0	1
Hurley, lf	3	1	0	0	0	0	1
Woodbury, 2b	4	0.	17:	1	1	1	()
Sullivan, 1b							
Banks, r	2	0	0	0	1	0	()

32 4 6 6 27 9 12 Innings......1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 Hopkinson2 0 2 7 0 1 0 0 3—15 Cambridge2 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0— 4

Two-base hits: Stillman, Wood 2, Cole. Stolen bases: Clark 3, Parker, Stillman, Ware, Wright, Cole 3, Emmes 2, Carr 2, W. Clarkson 2, Hurley. Base on balls: by Stillman, Carr 2, Hurley, Banks 2; by F. Clarkson, Clark, Parker, Stillman, Ware 2, Wright, Cole, Emmes; by W. Clarkson, Clark, Wood, Stillman, Cole, Emmes. Struck out: by Stillman, F. Clarkson 3, Lucas, Dyer 2, Hurley, Woodbury, Sullivan, Banks 2; by F. Clarkson, Parker, Ware, Cole, Emmes; by W. Clarkson, Parker, Ware, Cole, Emmes; by W. Clarkson, Parker, Ware, Cole, Emmes; by W. Clarkson, Parker, Ware, Cole, Emmes;

son, Parker 2, Ware 3, Stillman 2, Ladd 2, Cole, Emmes. Double plays: Parker and Wood, Wright and Wood. Passed balls: Clark 2, W. Clarkson, Lucas 2. Wild pitches: Stillman 3. Hit by pitched ball: by W. Clarkson, Clark, Wright. Umpire: Weeden. Time: 2h., 30m.



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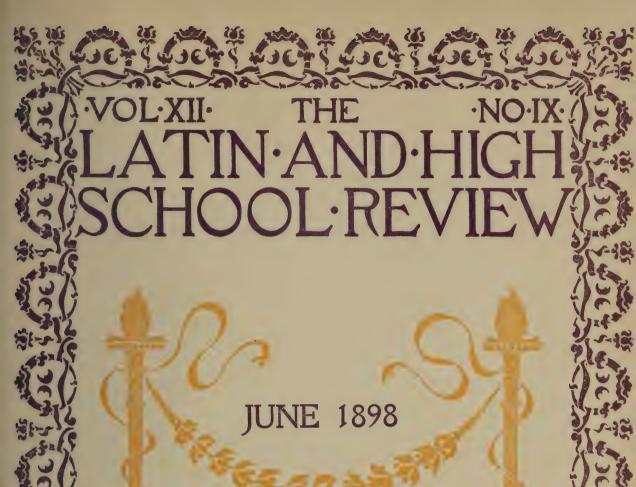
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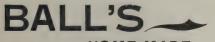
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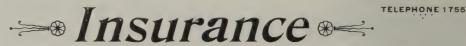
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THE

LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL

VOL. XII.

REVIEW.

NO. IX.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, JUNE, 1898.

THE MONTH.

To the senior classes in the English High and Latin schools, we humbly dedicate this year's Graduation Number.

To all those who have helped us in our work during the year, we extend our heartiest thanks. Especial acknowledgment is due to Mr. Benshimol, whose kind aid has helped us over the hard places during the year.

To the Boards of Directors and Editors and to the Class Editors we are very grateful; to their many contributions, both financial and literary, we feel that we are much indebted.



With the next issue of the Review a new volume is to begin, the management passing from the hands of Ninety-eight to those of Ninety-nine. The Editor and Business Manager, who will have the volume in charge are Parker E. Marean and Clifford II. Walker. We hope that the undergraduates will give them even more cordial support than they gave us, and that the Review will be a better paper than ever before.



We quote the following from the Springfield Republican, which after speaking of the enormous profits derived from the manufacture of cigarettes, says: And what are these profits derived from? Cigarettes, which are chiefly in demand among the boys and youth of the land, whose smoke is generally inhaled so as to affect as much of the surface of the respiratory organs as possible, and which can be consumed in well-nigh unlimited quantity without producing a sickening satiety of the nicotine. Cigarettes are popularly supposed to contain drugs foreign to tobacco, but the makers strenuously deny this and produce at intervals no end of sworn statements, analyses and descriptions of the process of manufacture to prove the purity (in tobacco) of their wares.

Nevertheless we hear every few days of some young cigarette-smoker falling dead in his tracks from heart failure, and we see these fiends, as they are called, on every hand, with a dried-up, saffron-hued appearance to the skin, as if having been dragged from a smoke-house where they cure bacon. And now worse remains to be told. Everybody has known and remarked upon the large percentage of militia volunteers for the war who have been rejected by the federal medical examiners on account of physical defects and infirmities, and it has been given out by the examiners that weakness of the heart was the more general trouble leading to rejection. Cigarettes? Un-

doubtedly. They are notoriously effective in producing heart trouble and weakness, and our young men are notoriously addicted to the cigarette habit. So palpable is the connection between cigarettes and this surprising physical state of the national guard that General Lincoln of Iowa has felt impelled to warn the militiamen against the use of cigarettes.

It is a melancholy train of facts and reasonable inferences which we have brought together. The peril to the physical life of the nation involved in the cigarette may well be regarded with apprehension.

×

Under an article headed "Spirit in the School," which appeared in the May number of the Review, the following astonishing remarks were made: "A graduate of last year, now in Radcliffe, said to me recently: 'I meet very few Cambridge girls in college. We are largest in numbers, but I meet mostly Newton girls and girls from other schools. The Cambridge girls haven't any enthusiasm and getup-and-get about them.'"

These remarks are most certainly without foundation. The Cambridge Latin School club of Radcliffe College has had a very successful year and a great deal of enthusiasm and energy have been displayed by the girls. Two plays were presented very successfully during the winter and the sum of one hundred dollars realized for the club scholarship. Social meetings have been held frequently during the year and the Cambridge girls have shown decided interest in its success. This is the second year of its existence, and the officers of this year hope that every year may have as satisfying results.

It does not seem justifiable that such remarks as the foregoing should be made when there is no ground for them.

M. H. W.

×

The annual out-door athletic games were held at Worcester June 4. The weather was very unfavorable and the track heavy, accounting for the slow time in the dashes and runs. Worcester Academy won first place easily, with Worcester High hard pressed by Hopkinson, second. Cambridge was tied for fifth place.

Winslow was the only C. H. & L. man to compete and he covered himself with glory by winning his heat and event with ease. His work is deserving of the prize, for he had trained very conscientiously all the spring. The summary:

100-yard dash—Final heat won by A. F. Duffy, Worcester Academy. Time, 10 1-5s.

220-yard dash—Final heat won by A. F. Duffy, Worcester Academy. Time, 22 4-5s. 220-yard low hurdles—Final heat won by

P. P Edson, Worcester High. Time 26 1-5s. 440-yard dash—Second heat won by H. J. Winslow, Cambridge High and Latin; second, J. W. Morgan, Phillips Andover; third, W. Moran, Worcester High; fourth, G. A. Knowles, Hopkinson. Time, 53 4-5s. Final heat won by H. J. Winslow, Cambridge High and Latin; second, J. T. Doyle, English High; third, W. Moran, Worcester High. Time, 53 4-5s.

880-yard run—Won by R. C. Batchelder, Waban school. Time, 2m., 4 2-5s.

One-mile walk—Won by Dow, Worcester Academy. Time, 7m., 57s.

One-mile run—Won by E. Clifford, Worcester High. Time, 4m., 59s.

220-yard hurdles—Final heat won by P. P. Edson, Worcester High. Time 26 1-5s.

Running broad jump—Won by G. N. Hersey, Phillips Exeter, 20 ft., $7\frac{5}{8}$ in.

Running high jump—Won by J. Converse, Hales, 5 ft., $5\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Putting 16-pound shot—Won by Leroy Spear, Worcester Academy, 39 ft., 24 in.

Throwing 12-pound hammer—Won by W. W. Coe, Hopkinson, 128 ft., 14 in.

Pole vault—Won by Shuber, Worcester Academy, 9 ft., 10½ in.

All those who obtained first place in their event were sent on to New York to compete in the National Interscholastic, in which meet the ten fellows who were sent won sixty-six points out of a possible hundred and thirty-five. II. J. Winslow won the quarter in 51 4-5 seconds.



CAMBRIDGE LATIN SCHOOL.

In the Review of March, 1894, is a historical sketch of the Cambridge High school in which appears the statement, "Mr. Johnson resigned in the middle of the year" (1856-57). Such a statement, without comment, suggests that he left through some failure in his school work. The fact is that Mr. Osgood Johnson, who became principal of the school September, 1856, after an illness of two weeks, died early in April, 1857. He had been remarkably successful, and his death was a great loss to the school.

Connected with the High school was the Hopkins classical department. Up to the date of the division of the school there had graduated from this department, four hundred and sixty-eight pupils.

March 1, 1886, without a break in their recitations, one hundred and sixty-nine pupils, with six teachers, began their work in what had been the Lee street church, which had been divided horizontally into two stories and cut up into six class-rooms and an office. It was supposed that the building would be large enough for the Latin school for a number of years. But in March, 1887, the office had to be utilized as a recitation room, and in Sep-

tember, 1887, in a year and a half after the division of the schools, a colony of some sixty, with two teachers, was sent to the Harvard Grammar school building. The next year this colony went to the Brattle square city building, and in September, 1889, back to the Harvard school, where it remained two years; in September, 1891, the colony took up its quarters in the old City hall.

In September, 1892, the Latin school moved to the High school building at the corner of Broadway and Fayette street. This building had been put in fine condition for the reception of the Latin school. The number of pupils in September, 1892, was two hundred and fifty-seven and the number of teachers ten.

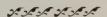
It was fully believed that this building would be ample for the school for ten years at least. But in September, 1894, the boys' coat-room and the entrance hall had to be used as recitation rooms, and in September, 1895, a colony of one hundred and eight pupils and three teachers went to the Lee street building. In September, 1897, this colony had increased to one hundred and thirty pupils and four teachers. Since March, 1886,

the number of teachers has increased from six to sixteen, and the number of pupils from one hundred and sixty-nine to four hundred (the maximum for the year).

The number of graduates from the Latin school is two hundred and eighty. Nearly all of these have entered college. Of these, not one has failed to pass the admission examinations. To the preliminary examinations there have been sent three hundred and eighty-six, and of these only four failed to pass.

So rapid has been the growth of the school that the authorities wisely decided that larger and better quarters should be prepared, and appropriated two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a new building.

This building is now well on the way toward completion. It is a magnificent piece of work, not surpassed by any schoolhouse in New England. It is hoped that the school can be moved into it early in the fall.



To the Editor of the Review:

I have a few statements to offer in regard to the financial side of the school athletics for the past year.

The '97 foot-ball season was fairly satisfactory from a financial standpoint. No supplies were bought and all the receipts were used toward paying off the old debts which have been accumulating for the past two years. These receipts were not enough, however, to liquidate the indebtedness, and a part of the subscriptions which were collected about December first had to be used. Below is a list of the debts which have been paid:

Incurred	by	'95	foot-l	ball	tean	1	 	\$12.62
Incurred	by	² 96	foot-l	ball	tean	1	 	31.63
${\rm Incurred}$								
							_	
Total.							 !	\$49.25

I have heard that dissatisfaction has been expressed by a few because the receipts of the foot-ball team were not used to purchase supplies for the team. If, however, the dissatisfied ones give the matter any attention they can't help but sanction my action, especially

since the debt was, in a large part, contracted by past foot-ball teams.

Very few are aware, I think, of the amount paid annually for dues to the various leagues to which Cambridge High and Latin belongs.

Boston Interscholastic Foot-ball	\$10.00
New England Polo	5.00
New England Interscholastic (Track).	5.00
Harvard Interscholastic Tennis	5.00
Boston Interscholastic Base-ball	10.00
Boston Interscholastic Rowing	20.00
- Name	

Total\$55.0	Total.																									\$55.0	0
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In addition to this amount, eleven dollars (\$11.00) has been paid this year for entry fees to the B. A. A. Indoor Meet, the Interscholastic Outdoor Meet and the Tennis Tournament. This amount is exceedingly small for a school of our importance.

One-half the expense of the suits for the track-team was borne by the treasury and the base-ball team was furnished with suits throughout for the first time since 1895. Last year nothing was spent on tennis and there were no crew dues to meet.

This year's base-ball season has been a financial failure, unfortunately, and it is on this account that a small debt must lay over until next year to be settled. This will not be a serious inconvenience, however.

Undergraduate subscriptions have been very unsatisfactory, especially at the High school, where a disgracefully small amount was raised. There is reason to believe that these subscriptions will be more successful another year, as this year was mostly an experiment.

The teachers, with three exceptions, have not supported the school athletics, financially or otherwise, in the manner they should. At other schools (I am speaking now from personal inquiry) the teachers do not have to be asked to contribute toward the athletic fund, but do so of their own accord, and contribute liberally, too.

But in spite of our numerous drawbacks, we have accomplished a good deal toward putting our athletics on a systematic basis and toward repairing our credit with the athletic firms and other schools with whom we are brought in contact. I have been continually shocked to find that our credit was regarded as very uncertain. At two different athletic stores they refused to deliver goods to our school unless I would, personally, vouch for the payment. I could count a score of instances where I have found out the crooked dealings of a few of our past managers. I do not wish to be understood as saying that all of our dealings have been crooked, or that all of our past managers have been dishonest; but some of them have, and the name of our school has suffered thereby.

In behalf of the supervisory committee, I wish to thank the Review of its kind donation of two trade advertisements amounting to about twenty dollars (\$20.00).

(Signed)

H. H. Murdock, Graduate Treasurer.

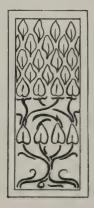
Cambridge, June 1, 1898.

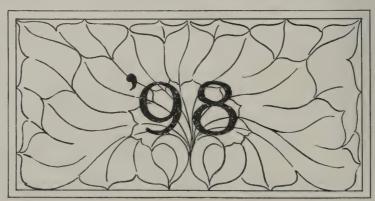


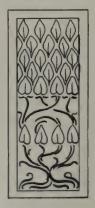














x board an ocean liner, on A genial summer's day, I sit upon the quarter-deck And puff my cares away.

My doctor said, "You need relief From ev'ry kind of care. You'll find it, I am very sure, In mild Italian air."

And as I sit upon the deck
And smoke with peaceful mind,
The faces of my school-mates all
Are in the smoke outlined.

I see bewitching Sammy with A smile upon his face; An eager huntsman, truly, for He greatly likes the Chase.

All hail! the captain of our crew,
Our crew, the crew of crews.
'Twas crew-el that with such a Guy-d
We had to win—and lose.

A maid with rosy cheeks I see Whose spirits never fail. But I believe that "reine" would be A better name than Hale.

Now Miss Pevear, Miss Lansing, and Miss Dimick, bright as Mars, With Miss Gauss make a quartet from U. S. (United Stars).

That mighty Proudfoot now comes forth,
Like Hercules he stands.
His muscles bands of iron are,
In fact, they "beat the bands."

Ah! Here is G. C. Davenport,
Behold her happy face.
'Tis very seldom, yes, indeed!
One sees such charming Grace.

Next Anderson and G. A. P. Before my vision pass. We are quite fortunate to have Two parsons in our class.

And there's the speaker of our class, His speeches always awe it. He has indeed most wondrous Witte, (Λ joke!) I hope he S-Λ-W-itte.

Now comes a maid whose oval face A smile of welcome crowns. If we have not the ups of life, We surely have the Downes.

And here's the aged Helenus
Who in the play will chant.
Take my advice; don't rant or howl
Though many say Du-rant.

This maiden is Light-hearted, and She is Obliging, she's Effulgent, she is Earnest, and That's why she's L. O. E.'s.

Miss Conant and Miss Crowley; they're A very quiet pair.
Though with us silence golden is,
With them 'tis speech that's rare.

And Adams, raven-crested, with A smile upon his cheek. He thinks of "bluffs" he used to give To get excused in Greek.

A smoke-encircled prodigy!

Our most a-Paul-ing wonder.

Tis said (I can't believe it though)

That once he made a blunder.

And here is one in passing whom
My lips shall not be sealed,
For any one is badly sole-d
Who does not know Miss Heald.

Next there appeareth Tommy Y., The only Y. we prize. Though only one, yet he is more, For isn't Tommy Y.'s?

Ah! Cliff, our tennis fiend, who ne'er Was known to make a miss. He will re-Seaver spasm to Sea ver-ses writ like this.

Now see this grinning little boy He is, in truth, a "beaut." My powers fail me to describe This youth, he is so Kehew-t.

Behold "you maid sedate and pale"
(I quote great Whitney's line),
Her views on Jonah and the whale
Do not agree with mine.

By George! Of Georgie's sprinting, The school, no Dow-t, is proud. He goes to grind at Dartmouth, and She'll then be well en-Dow-ed.

Here is the girl who owns the pin, The cause of so much trouble. For mischief and for fickleness 'Tis hard to find her double.

Here is the brilliant scholar who A prophet is (not isn't).
A μάντις that would be in Greek. With us, though, a man 'tisn't.

Come on! my lovely Chunky dear! Thou art a wicked boy! For isn't betting on the games Thy everlasting joy!

This girl in everything excels, She beats us badly (very). Our patience is exhausted, "quo Usque tandem Abbott-ere?" The stately Mr. Eaton now
His lofty head doth rear.
He should have joined the class before
Its fifth and final year.

Ah! were I not to see this youth
It would be quite a loss.
Unlike most Barnes this one does not
Possess a single "hoss."

Our manager! our editor!
Our actor, E-T-C.,
All of you surely must see whom
I mean. Does Bobby C.?

Aha! Miss Goodridge and Miss Brooks, It isn't queer, I ween; For Lilies as a rule, you know, Beside the Brooks are seen.

Young Metcalf now goes gliding by; To writing he's inclined. His "class will" always will be classed With classics of its kind.

When Henry's in the race, the cakes Of other men are dough. He wins his races fast, though one Would think that he'd Win-slow.

This maid is good in Latin and In Greek she's very wise, But Nellie's best of all in "Fudge," In that she takes the prize.

And now the valiant Hector comes,
 His face is most ecstatic.
He lives on "plane," but "solid" food,
 And speaks in purest Attic.

Hail Flanagan! A soldier heWhose heart by war is stirred.When in the fight he lifts his voice,No cannon will be heard.

Shy Berta. Rather Helen. (That Is what she's going to be.) Would I were Paris that she might Be carried away with me.

In truth I've heard that this maid was (For so most people preach)
An Apple, 't-on the contrary
We know she is a peach.

Lowe and behold! This is a girl In whispering a-Lowe-n.

And here, at last, is Sparrow, too, I thought that bird had flown.

Miss Anderson, Miss Walker and
Miss Ruggli by me pass,
Miss Richardson, Miss Kastman. Why!
I've seen th' entire class.

But now my strange cigar is but A butt (how very tragie). And all I subsequently light Have none of that one's magic.

NEW MUSIC.

From White-Smith Music Publishing Co.: Vocal—"Fighting Life's Battles Alone"; music by Gussie L. Davis, words by William H. Gardner.

"Tried and True"; music by Allen Lowe, words by G. Trewella Martin.

A patriotic song, "Columbia's Glory"; music by George Lowell Tracy, words by William H. Gardner.

"The Volunteer's Farewell," "My Country Bids Me Go"; music by George Lowell Tracy, words by William H. Gardner.

Patriotic song, "Our Country Forever"; music by Adam Geibel, words by Richard H. Buck.

"The Suwanee Shore"; by the same authors as "The Fate of Black Tabby."

"Jack and Jill," from the farcical operetta, "The Chorus Girl, or Knights of the Garter."

Instrumental—"Clover Tops," a polkamarch by H. B. Marcy.

"Iowa March," two-step by L. W. Keiffer.

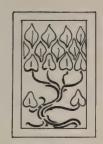
"Darkies' Moonlight Dance," by Richard Goerdeler.

"Ne Plus Ultra," a march on the melody of the celebrated song, "I'm a Peach," by Theo. A. Metz, composer of " Λ Hot Time in the Old Town."

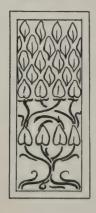
Any of this music can be bought at Briggs & Briggs', Harvard square, Cambridge.

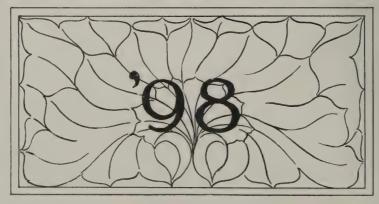


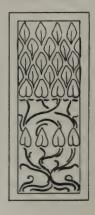












Anna G. Acker:

"Her cheeks were like the dawn of day."

Ella T. Arnold:

"Silence in woman is like speech in man."

Bessie W. Baldwin:

"What a noble figure."

Eleanor L. Barbour:

"A rosebud set with little wilful thorns."

Myra D. Bartlett:

"There's a little of the melancholy element in her."

May Benner:

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace."

Millie E. Beunke:

"Who well deserves needs not another's praise."

Esther L. Bradley:

"By my troth, a pleasant-spirited young lady."

Ellen G. Breslin:

"As merry as the day is long."

Elizabeth M. Breslin:

"Her hair's the raven's wing in hue."

Mabel T. Brigham:

"If to her share some female errors fall, Look in her face and you'll forget them all."

Elva E. Buck:

"Youthful and simply dressed."

Della E. Cabot:

"For what I will, I will, and there an end."

Bertha M. Close:

"To plague me and to please me, she knows a thousand arts."

Edith F. Cooledge:

"She speaks, behaves and acts just as she ought."

Mary S. Dexter:

"She looks as clear

As morning roses, newly washed in dew."

Jennie W. Cronin:

"They love that win."

Carita B. Dickson:

"Thou cans't not frown, thou cans't not look askance."

Ethel L. Duncan:

"But slow in speech, yet sweet as springtime flowers."

Alice M. Edwards:

"Whose every look and gesture was a joke."

Marion G. Emerson:

"A noble type of good, heroic womanhood."

Carrie W. Emery:

"Thou art a woman,

And that is saying the best and worst of thee."

E. Bernice Estabrook:

"She

Found constancy, devotion, truth, the plain And easy commonplace of character."

Mary E. Fiske:

"Though of no great quantity, quality's good."

Alice C. Fitzpatrick:

"Pleasant 'tis to be with her whose heart is ever light."

Mabelle E. Fuller:

"Is she not more than painting can express, Or youthful poets fancy when they love?"

Nellie G. Garraghan:

"When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

Mabel E. Gray:

"If music be the food of love, play on."

Mildred Gray:

"She bore herself

So gently, that the lily on its stalk Bends not so easily its dewy head."

Susan B. Hall:

"Golden hair, like sunlight streaming."

Elizabeth Hanson:

"Her sweet sedateness won all hearts."

Mary E. Holman:

"None but thyself can be thy parallel."

Alice G. Houlahan:

Emma J. Houlahan:

"And they while their companions slept, Were toiling upward through the night."

Helen W. Howard:

"Thy praises I leave unexpressed."

Eva C. Katon:

Elizabeth Lane:

"Whereso'er we went, like Juno's swans. Still we went coupled, and inseparable."

Beatrice J. Kay:

"She spake not a word."

Kittie L. Kelley:

"Ambition is the germ

From which all growth of nobleness proceeds."

Sadie M. Knox:

"Or light or dark, or short or tall, She'll set a snare to catch them all."

Alice E. Lilienthal:

"You can't for the soul of you learn how to frown."

Anna P. Lockman:

"Good nature and good sense must ever join."

Annie L. Majewski:

"Her very hair is of a dissembling color."

Florence Howard:

"She has the true poetic temperament."

Blanche E. McIntire:

"Of many charms to her as natural

As sweetness to the flower, or salt to ocean."

Mary E. MacMahon:

"The music of her laughter thrills the heart."

Agnes C. MacPeake:

"Be to her faults a little blind, Be to her virtues a little kind."

Ida A. Messer:

"Methinks you're over nice."

Mildred A. Miller:

"Truly, I would the gods had made theo poetical."

Olive B. Morrison:

"Thou art fickle as the sea,

Thou art wandering as the wind."

Mabel K. Murch:

"For if she will, she will, you may depend on't.

And if she won't, she won't, so there's an end on't.

Annie N. Morse:

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

Nellie O'Keefe:

"Her voice was ever gentle and low."

Nellie L. Power:

"Poor child! thou too must learn like others."

Alice M. Powers:

"Why, then I'll tell her plain, She sings as sweetly as a nightingale."

Elizabeth M. Ryan:

"Fair nature's sweet simplicity, With elegance refined."

Mabel A. Sands:

"Perfect woman, nobly planned."

Mary G. Seymour:

"Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman."

Margaret Sheehan:

"Daughter of the Gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair."

Grace L. Sherwin:

"The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp."

Carrie E. Simpson:

"She attracts me daily with her gentle virtues."

Cordelia Taylor:

"Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong."

Katherine M. Toomey:

"Happy as fair."

Nanna P. Wardwell:

"She is complete in feature and in mind."

Nina R. Watts:

"O would I had a voice as sweet as thine."

Edith P. Wood:

"A sunny face, hath holy grace
To dim the sun forever."

Carrie Wysansky:

"Born to enchant, thou studiest to perplex."

Charles L. Bragg:

"We grant, although he had much wit, He was very shy of using it."

John M. Fitzgerald:

"From toil he wins his spirits light."

Otis H. Bramhall:

"To be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune."

Arthur Carpenter:

"Whoever acts as conscience cries."

Leon Campbell:

"Short but sweet."

William F. Clapp:

"The world loves a spice of wickedness."

Edmund Cutler:

"Go your way, you're a good plain man But none of the seven sages of Greece."

Arthur Dewing:

"Thou sayest an undisputed thing, In such a solemn way."

William Donovan:

"Thank you, and for the silence most of all."

John C. Fearns:

"I am not in the roll of common men."

Robert Hayden:

"He must hurry more, that's all."

Gorden D. Houstan:

"A fellow of infinite jest; of most excellent fancy."

Dennis F. Hurley:

"Is not this a rare fellow, my lord?"

Henry Locke:

"What now Harry? Tennis balls?"

Julian D. Lucas:

"An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man"

Henry B. Stimson:

"A merrier man,

Within the limits of becoming mirth, I never spent an hour's talk withal."

Peter J. Nelligan:

"Men of few words are the best men."

John J. Sullivan:

"Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth."

Samuel P. Richardson:

"For thou are pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous."

Samuel Usher:

"O, he sits high in all the people's hearts."

Joseph L. Tobin:

"Thou art ever meek and mild."

Alfred Lincoln:

"I find you passing gentle."

Herbert Burdick:

"Sweetness, long-drawn out."

Ernest B. McNaughton:

"He is a great observer, and he looks Quite through the deeds of men."

John H. Murray:

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

William L. Gray:

"I had a soul above 'buttons.'"

Donne Millet:

"A youth there was of quiet ways."

Homer C. Wheeler:

Mellville Wheeler:

"Their gentle virtues win the hearts of all that know them."

Curtis Cappelle:

"Tetchy and wayward."

Vincent M. Frost:

"I am Sir Oracle,

And when I ope my lips,

Let no dog bark."

Harry J. Clark:

"I have a passion for the name of 'Mary."

J. Howard Hayes:

"My legs can keep no pace with my desires."

Herbert Raymond:

"I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with you."

Truman D. Hayes:

"He is a scholar, and a ripe and good one."

Herbert Snow:

"A calm and resolute bearing."

Frank Spencer:

"Surely I shall be wiser in a year."

Leo MacDonald:

"Here's one, a friend and one that knows you well."

THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

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L'ENVOL

WHEN Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried,

When the oldest colors have faded and the youngest critic has died,

We shall rest—and faith, we shall need it! lie down for an æon or two,

Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy; they shall sit in a golden chair:

They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair;

They shall find real saints to draw from---Magdalene, Peter and Paul;

They shall work for an age at a sitting, and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;

And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;

But each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star,

Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are!

—[Rudyard Kipling in the "Seven Seas."



The Athletic Review of the year is in some respects satisfactory. In foot-ball and baseball, we have accomplished nothing worthy of mention, and the teams have not been true representative teams, as they have not contained the best material in the schools. In polo, we came very near winning the championship and were only defeated by superior playing on the part of Melrose. On the track we have won five points in each interscholastic meet and have brought out two excellent athletes in Winslow and Dow. Our tennis team won the third place in the tournament and our crew did exceedingly well in the annual regatta.



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J. C. DAVENPORT, '00



J. C. FEARNS, '98



A. S. PROUDFOOT, '98



G. C. DAVENPORT, '98
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E. D. APPLETON, '98



B. M. CLOSE, '98



E. H. SPARROW, '98

REVIEW STAFF, 1897—'98.



The joint debate and entertainment which took place in the High school hall on Friday, May 27, was a great credit to both the High and Latin school debating societies, under whose management it was given. Not only was the debate itself interesting, but the entertainment, which is an innovation this year, proved excellent with but few exceptions, and certainly added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

When the orchestra began to play promptly at eight o'clock, the spacious hall was crowded to overflowing. Mr. Huling, the head-master of the High school, opened the exercises with a short address in which he welcomed all, and after a few remarks about the debating societies, he introduced Mr. Donovan, the president of the High school debating society, as chairman.

The subject of discussion was: "Resolved, That immigration to the United States should be further restricted by law." The Latin school had the affirmative and the High school the negative. The opening speech was made by Mr. Counihan of the Latin school, who had many points but was lacking in forcible delivery. Mr. Connolly, who replied for the High school, although his arguments in themselves were very weak, massed his statements in such a way that every point was brought out clearly. He made by far the best speech of the evening. He was followed by Mr. Bennett, 1900, of the Latin school, who

answered many of the negative's arguments and made some points for his own side, but failed to sufficiently impress his points upon his hearers. Mr. Rhoades closed for the High school. Although he made no points his delivery was very good. After a recess of five minutes, during which the orchestra played some selections from the "Bohemian Girl," Mr. Bennett and Mr. Connolly summed up for their respective sides. Both rebuttals were excellent, Mr. Bennett doing much better than in his first speech, but again Mr. Connolly showed his power as a debater by taking advantage of being the last speaker and going into every opening left by the affirmative. The debate was very close and the judges evidently thought so, for they were three-quarters of an hour in coming to a decision. While the Latin school plainly had the weight of the argument, yet the High school speakers were far superior in their manner of presenting their points and in their excellent delivery. The judges, Rev. George W. Bicknell, Mr. Charles H. Morse and Mr. Thomas T. Jones, awarded the debate to the High school, highly complimenting all four speakers for the thorough knowledge of the subject they had shown.

After the debate the company enjoyed the following entertainment: "Over the Hills at Break of Day" was sung by a mixed quartet consisting of Miss Fannie Harrington, Miss Teresa McGinnis, Mr. John Mahoney and

Mr. Robert M. Welch. Mr. Paul Kelsey of the Latin school played with his usual skill a piano solo named "Valse Brillante," and then Miss Alice M. Powers of the High school in her beautiful soprano voice sang, "When the Flowing Tide Comes In." Mr. Frances J. Connolly, an ex-member of the Latin school debating society read with great pathos a selection called "The Hero of the Tower." "Horandus" played "Break the News to Mother Gently" on the harmonica, and Mr. Albert J. Faucon played a solo on the violin. Then Miss Fannie Fish of the High school gave an excellent whistling solo. The entertainment closed with a selection by the quartet and another by the orchestra. The accompanists were Miss Kittie M. White, Miss Alice M. Powers and Miss Sarah A. Warnock.

C. L. S. D. S.

The competitive debate to choose the two speakers for the joint debate was held on Friday evening, May 6. None of the members of the first class took part, so that there were only four participants whom the judges, Messrs. Murdock, Thayer and Dyer, arranged in the following order according to the merits of their debates: Mr. Bennett, 1900, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Counihan and Mr. Blanchard. As Mr. Wilson thought that he would not have time to do justice to the debate, Mr. Bennett and Mr. Counihan represented the Latin school in the joint debate.

Mr. Bennett, 1900, was elected secretary to succeed Mr. Wilson, resigned. Messrs. Bicknell and Hastings, '02, became members.

The second class debate between 1900 and 1901 took place on the twentieth of May, and 1900 was the winner. The subject was: "Resolved, That capital punishment should be abolished." Messrs. Bennett and Ammidon of 1901 had the negative while the affirmative was upheld by Messrs. Whittemore and Blan-

chard of 1900. Mr. Good, 1900, was elected to membership.

On Friday, June 3, the last meeting of the term was held. It was election night and the following officers were elected for next year: Holland Bennett, 1900, president; Edward A. Counihan, vice president; Philip R. Ammidon, secretary, and Stuart Whittemore treasurer. After this nominations were begun for the rhetorical committee, almost every person in the society receiving a nomination. The five chosen were Messrs. Regan, 1900; Blanchard, 1900; Ellis, 1900; Burns, 1902; Good, 1900.

The third and last class debate of the series was then opened by Mr. Flanagan, '98, who spoke on the affirmative of the question: "Resolved, That the United States should enter into an offensive and defensive alliance with Great Britain." Mr. Regan, 1900, followed for the negative, but his arguments were all answered by the next speaker, Mr. Witte, '98, who made the best speech of the evening. Mr. Blanchard, 1900, closed for the negative. After a short but interesting debate on the floor, Messrs. Flanagan and Blanchard summed up for their respective sides. The society adopted a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Cahir for his kindness in opening the building for it, and also for the great interest he himself has taken in it, and then adjourned till next fall.

Although there have been many discouragements, the Latin school debating society has had, altogether, a successful year, especially during the past few months; the treasury is in a good condition; the debates on the whole have been interesting and have shown careful preparation; the membership has been increased, and a joint debate with the High school has been held. It is to be hoped that the interest in the society will be much further increased next year, so that it may obtain, if not the hall, at least suitable room in the new building.



SUPERVISORY COMMITTEE.

Graduate Members, Arthur P. Stone, '89. Charles F. Sanborn, '94.

Faculty Members,
Harry Stearns, '95.
Max Benshimol of '91 (Chairman).
Joseph A. Coolidge.

Undergraduate Members, Henry J. Winslow, '98 (Secretary). Walter Clarkson, '99.

Graduate Treasurer, Harris H. Murdock, '97.

DEBATING SOCIETIES.

Latin School.

FIRST HALF YEAR.

President,

Arthur B. Flanagan, '98.

Vice-President,

Henry S. Mason, 1900.

Secretary,

Holland Bennett, 1900.

= Treasurer,

William J. Regan, 1900.

SECOND HALF YEAR.

President.

Arthur B. Flanagan, '98.

Vice-President,

Saul A. Witte, '98.

Secretary,

Holland Bennett, 1900.

Treasurer,

Arthur F. Blanchard, 1900.

English High School.

FIRST HALF YEAR.

President,
William F. Donovan, '98.

Vice-President,
William R. Kelso, '99.

Secretary,
Arthur H. D. Stephens, '99.

Treasurer,
Leon Jacquith, '98.

SECOND HALF YEAR.

President,
William F. Donovan, '98.

Vice-President,
Arthur Dewing, '98.

Secretary,

Leon Jacquith, '98.

HIGH AND LATIN FOOT-BALL TEAM, 97.

W. Crowley, 1900, left end.

R. Bartlett, 1900, left tackle.

B. B. Welch, 1900, left guard.

R. Hayden, '98, centre.

G. L. Whalen, 1900, right guard.

F. L. Haley, '99, right tackle.

W. E. Spragg, '99, right end.

W. F. Donovan, '98, quarter back.

S. Usher, '98 (captain), right half back.

H. W. Locke, '98, left half back.

J. Lovering, '99, full back. J. II. Oakes, '99, substitute.

D. C. Barnes, '98, substitute.

W. A. Warnock, '99, substitute.

G. D. Houston, '98, substitute.

L. J. Kendall, 1900, substitute.

C. L. Bragg, '98, substitute.

W. Clarkson, '99, substitute.

Holland Bennett, manager.

HIGH AND LATIN BASE-BALL TEAM.

Walter Clarkson, '99 (captain), pitch, catch. Fred II. Clarkson, 1900, third base, pitch. Julian D. Lucas, '98, catch, third base. Ralph B. Woodbury, '99, second base. Proctor Carr, 1900, short stop. Dennis F. Hurley, '98, left field. William P. Dyer, '99, centre field. Sidney Banks, '01, right field. Thomas F. Murphy, 1900, substitute. Horace P. Stevens, '99, substitute. Robert B. Clark, '98, manager.

TENNIS TEAM.

Clifford Seaver, '98, 2 points. Ernest H. Sparrow, '98, 1 point. Carleton R. Metcalf, '98, 1 point. Henry W. Locke, '98, 1 point.

TRACK TEAM.

Henry J. Winslow, '98 (captain). George L. Dow, '98. Samuel Usher, '98. Clifford Seaver, '98. Guy Bancroft, '98. Robert W. Locke, '99. Proctor Carr, 1900. Charles A. Leitch, 1900.

CREW.

Samuel Usher, '98, stroke.
John H. Oakes, '99 (3).
Guy Bancroft, '98 (2).
Kenneth S. Adams, 1900, bow.
Harold W. Bennett, 1900, coxswain.
Donald C. Barnes, '98, substitute.

POLO TEAM.

Walter Clarkson, '99, rush, captain. William A. Warnock, '99, rush. Cilford Scaver, '98, centre. Southward, half. Fred H. Clarkson, 1900, goal. Julian D. Lucas, '98, substitute. Frederick W. Hetchin, '99, substitute.

CLASS OFFICERS. Latin School. 1898.

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Ernest H. Sparrow.
Vice-President,
Esther Dimmick.
Treasurer,
Paul H. Kelsy.
Secretary,

Helen W. Gauss.

President, Herbert L. Sherman. Vice-President,
Edith H. Mandell.
Secretary and Treasurer,
Helen M. Prescott.
1900.
President,

President,
Holland Bennett.
Vice-President,
Grace G. Crocker.

Treasurer,
Clifford H. Walker.
Secretary,
Ethel J. Briggs.
1901.

President,
H. Bertram Potter.
Vice-President,
Clara M. Hammond.
Treasurer,

Harold W. Bennett.

Secretary,
Caroline M. Edgerly.

President,
Dana C. Hyde.
Vice-President,
Fannie S. Russell.
Treasurer,
Lewis W. Summer.

Secretary,
P. Ceres Heywood.

English High School. 1898.

President,
Samuel Usher.
Vice-President,
E. Wilbert Marshall.
Treasurer,

Robert Hayden.

Secretary,

Anna P. Lochman.

1899.

President,
William A. Warnock.
Vice-President,
Alice R. Worcester.

Treasurer, Charles E. MacKusick. Secretary, Beula O. Brownell.



Δ Ω Χ

President,
William Alfred Warnock.
Custodian.
Arthur Wirt Dennison.
Treasurer,
John H. Blackburn.

ΦΥΝ

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Ethel Dora Appleton.
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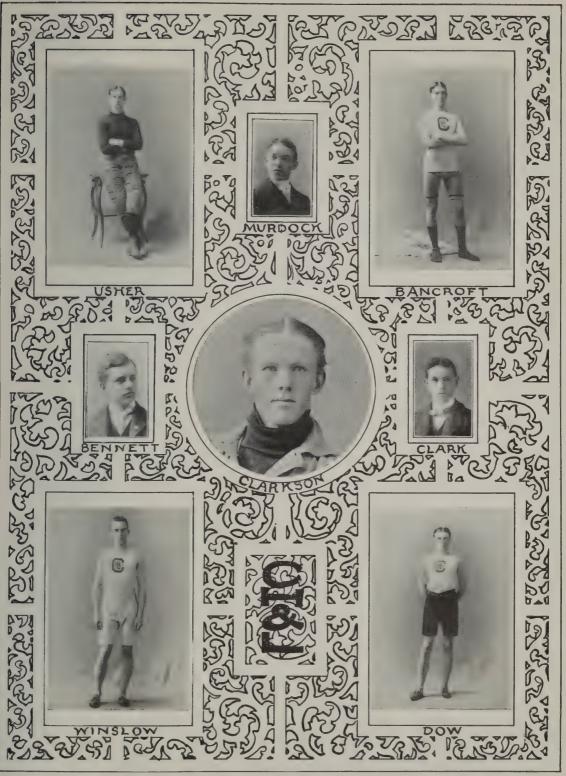
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President,
Hannah L. Pevear.

Secretary,
C. Gertrude Heald.





ROWING.

The first annual races of the Boston Interscholastic Rowing Association were held on the Charles river, May 24, 25, 26 and 28, under the auspices of the Boston Athletic Association.

Two preliminary heats were rowed on the 24th,—Chauncy Hall vs. Mechanic Arts and English High vs. Volkman's. Chauncy Hall won a clean race by about half a length: Volkman's easily defeated English High by over two lengths.

On the 25th, four races were rowed under very unfavorable conditions. There was a strong wind blowing, and this, in addition to the rain and rough water, rendered fast time impossible. Chauncy Hall and Volkman's, the winners of the previous day's races, encountered one another, and Chauncy Hall was easily victorious. The second race was between Noble and Greenough's and Roxbury Latin. This was the best race of the regatta. Roxbury Latin won very prettily by about four feet in 6 minutes, 32 4-5 seconds, which was very good time considering the inclemency of the weather. Boston Latin won from Stone's very easily in the third race of the day. The last race was between Browne and Nichols and Cambridge. Cambridge led by half a length at the half-way mark. She gradually drew away from Browne and Nichols, and won the race by a length and a half in 6 minutes, 53 seconds. Cambridge deserves great credit for rowing so clean a race. The men were very fresh at the finish, and could undoubtedly have made considerably faster time had it been necessary. Browne and Nichols practiced for the race daily, and but for their light weight would undoubtedly have made the contest much closer.

The semi-finals were rowed on the twentysixth. The weather was still very inclement. Roxbury Latin defeated Chauncy Hall by about half a length in a clean exhibition of rowing. In the other race, Cambridge met Boston Latin. Cambridge drew the outside course, and had it not been for this would, without doubt, have rowed a much faster race and might possibly have won. As it was, Boston won by one and one-fourth lengths in 7 minutes, 30 4-5 seconds. Bennett, the coxswain, although severely censured at the time for his erratic steering by many newspapers, did very well when it is taken into consideration that he had occupied his position but little over a week.

The finals came two days later, in which Roxbury Latin competed with Boston Latin for the championship of the Interscholastic Rowing Association. Roxbury Latin won the race by four lengths, and owing to the ideal conditions of wind and water covered the mile in six minutes flat, which exceeded the best previous time made by 25 1-5 seconds.

The following B. A. A. men acted as officials for all the races: II. A. Curtis, referee and starter; R. D. Boardman, timer and assis-

tant referee; J. W. Crooks, judge at finish; Coach Glendon, general manager.

The following is a summary of the Cambridge crew:

Position. Name.	Λ ge.	Wt.
BowK. S. Adams	17	140
2G. Bancroft (capt.)	17	145
3 J. H. Oakes	18	142
StrokeS. Usher	18	155
CoxswainII. W. Bennett	13	83

BASE-BALL.

Although the base-ball team made a wretched showing last year, it seems to have reached a still lower ebb this. The outlook has not been, at any time this season, as bright as last, and although we had the best pitcher in the league we had no support worthy of him.

There has been little or no interest shown in the team this year by the schools and that may have had much to do with the state of the team. Considering the season, financially and otherwise, it was one of the poorest ever experienced by the base-ball team.

Walter Clarkson in all-round work stands at the head of the list. He is individually the best player Cambridge has had for many years, and with proper support would have led the team to victory and the championship.

Lucas, although playing in positions new to him, holds the best fielding average of the team, which is seventy-five points lower than the best last year.

Carr at short has put up a good game and is the best man for the position that we have had for some time. He covers a great deal of ground and is a valuable addition to the team.

Sullivan has played an excellent game at first, considering the newness of the position and next year should make one of the best first-base men in the league.

The averages this year are very much lower

than last. The batting average is 98 points lower, and the fielding average 42. The best batting average last year was Thomas's .533, and the best fielding Warnock's .952. The practice games have not been taken into consideration.

	A.B.	в.п.	т.в.	AV.
Carr	. 12	3	3	.250
F. Clarkson	. 13	2	2	.153
W. Clarkson		5	5	.384
Lucas		1	1	.090
1)yer		3	3	.272
Hurley	. 10	[11	1	.100
Woodbury	. 11	.1	4	.363
Sullivan	. 13	2	2	.153
Banks		2	2	.250
	102	23	23	.225
	P.O.	Λ.	E.	AV.
Carr	2	6	2	.800
F. Clarkson		9	3	.800
W. Clarkson	16	3	4	.826
Lucas		6	5	.875
Dyer		0	2	.666
Hurley		0	2	.500
Woodbury		2	3	.625
Sullivan		0	6	.714
Banks		0	1	.500
			_	
	75	26	28	.783

The second league game resulted in a defeat for Cambridge by the score of 10 to 6. Walter Clarkson pitched a splendid game, striking out 14 men, but received wretched support. At the bat, W. Clarkson and Banks led. The feature of the game was the work of Mooney for E. H. S. The score:

E. H. S.

	AB	\mathbf{R}	BH	TB	PO	Λ	E
Madden, r	3	1	÷ ()	0	0	0	()
Callahan, 1b	4	1	0	0	8	1	()
O'Reilly, 2b	5	2	0	()	3	4	2
Sherlock, ss	4	1,	.11	2	1	35	2
Houghton, 3b							
Barrington, c	4	0	()	0	-9	1	()

Mooney, L	3	2	2	3	5	0	0
Sullivan, m			1	1	0	0	-0
Nettieton, p				5	()	3	0
	34	10	6	<u>-</u>	27	13	5
C. I	П.	& L.					
	ΛB	R	вп	тв	PO	Λ	E
Carr	-1	0	0 9	§ 05	0.5	2	1
F. Clarkson	4	1	1,	31	2	2	2
W. Clarkson	5	1	2	2	2	2	2
Lucas	4	()	()	()	12	3	1
Dyer	3	0	0	0	()	0	-0
Hurley	3	2	0	0	0	0	-0
Woodbury	3	()	1	, (1	0	2	- 0
Sullivan	5	1	1	1	8	0	1
Banks		1	2	2	0	0	1
	34	 6	7	7	<u></u>	<u></u>	9
Innings1		3 4		6 7			
E. II. S3				0 3	0 3	*	-10

C. II. & L...... 2 0 0 0 0 1 1 1— 6 Two-base hits—Mooney, Sherlock, Nettleton 2. Stolen bases—Madden 2, O'Reilly 2, Mooney 2, Nettleton 3, Callahan, Hurley, Sullivan 2. Bases on balls—F. Clarkson, Carr, Lucas, Hurley, Woodbury, Banks, Dyer, Madden 2, Sherlock, Callahan, Houghton, Mooney. Struck out—Callahan 3, Barrington 2, Mooney, Sullivan, Madden, Houghton 2, Sherlock 3, Nettleton, Carr 3, F. Clarkson 2, Woodbury, Banks, Hurley, Sullivan. Passed balls—Lucas 3, Barrington. Wildpitch—Clarkson. Hit by pitched ball— Woodbury, Madden, Dyer. Umpires—Carrick and Curran. Time—1h. 50 m.

A practice game of seven innings was played with Newton High, which resulted in an easy victory for Cambridge.

Innings.					.1	2	3	4	5	6	7
C. H. & L					. 1	1	()	3	()	1	713
N. II. S					. ()	()	()	1	()	()	0 - 1

Hits—C. H. & L., 14; Newton, 3. Errors—Newton, 8; C. H. & L., 0. - Batteries—F. Clarkson and W. Clarkson; Stevens and White.

The game with Somerville resulted in our defeat by the score of 11 to 5. F. Clarkson was batted freely, while Brookhouse was invincible until the sixth. Dyer played the best game for Cambridge, and W. Clarkson and Hurley did well.

SOMERVILLE.

	AB	\mathbf{R}	BII	ТВ	P()	Α	E
MacRae, 2b	. 5	2	3	3	4	0	0
Pipe, c						()	
Rich, r	. 5	1	0	0	0	0.0	()
Cuddy, ss	. 4	2	1	1	3	4	0
Baldwin, 1b	. 4	1	1	1	77	0	0
Saunders, m	. 5	0	1	1	1	0	0
Story, 3b	. 4	1	2	2	1	1	1
Sheridan, 1	. 5	1	3	3	2	1	1
Brookhouse, p	. 2	1	0	0	0	4	1
	_				_		
	40	11	13	13	27	10	3

C. H. & L.

	AB	R	вн	ТВ	P()	Λ	E
Carr, ss	. 5	0	1	1	2	2	1
F. Clarkson, p	. 5	1	1	1	0	4	0
W. Clarkson, c	. 4	1	1	1	8	0	0
Lucas, 3b	. 4	1	1	1	- 3	1	1
Dyer, m	. 4	1	3	3	4	0	1
Hurley, 1	. 4	0	1	1	2	0	1
Woodbury, 2b	. 4	()	2	2	2	0	3
Sullivan, 1b	. 4	0	0	0	3	0	2
Banks, r	. 3	1	0	0	0	0	0
				—			
	37	5	10	10	24	7	9

Innings......1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 Somerville2 0 0 8 1 0 0 0 *—11 C. H. & L.....0 0 0 0 5 0 0 0 0—5

Stolen bases—Dyer, Woodbury, MacRae, Rich, Sheridan 3. Bases on balls—Banks, MacRae, Rich, Cuddy 2, Baldwin, Story, Brookhouse 3. Struck out—Carr 3, F. Clarkson 2, Lucas, Woodbury, Banks 2, Cuddy, Baldwin, Story, Sheridan, Brookhouse. Passed balls—W. Clarkson 4. Umpire—Weeden. Time—2h.

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